

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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#### New Year's Salutation.

BY LITA BARNEY SAYLES.

The silvery bells of Christmas-time  
Ring out their cheering promise-chime—  
But while their music fills the air,  
The Year is dying everywhere!  
The dear Old Year, that brought us pain—  
"Be true; but in my mingled train  
Hath more of joy than sorrow brought;  
(Both have their heavenly lessons taught)—  
A kind old friend and true was he,  
And so we chant his minstrelsy!

Die softly, Year; and thy last breath  
Which shall elude the victor, Death,  
And, phoenix-like, unto thy boy—  
The coming Year—shall pass with joy;  
The coming Year—shall pass with joy;  
From father that ne'er saw his child!  
And thus immortal thou shalt grow—  
One year into another flow—  
And still another, evermore,  
Till Time ends on th' Eternal shore!

And to our world-wide honored friends,  
"Yours truly" thus a greeting sends  
To known and unknown ones, to prove  
The universal bond of love—  
The Love that shall the world set free  
From sounds of war and misery;  
And our good wishes into rhyme  
We render at this New Year's time.

To all the dead—(there is no death!)  
Who have bequeathed to us their breath—  
As the old Year endowed his son—  
With Wisdom gained from ages gone,  
We voice our thanks, and trust that we  
May fully prove our right to be  
By adding to their best bequest—  
And ye with earthly bodies blest.

We wish for thee and thine ALL PEACE;  
May happiness with years increase—  
And every New Year's smiling face  
To thee extend accustomed grace;  
Be every season's ample reward—  
With added stores of Wisdom crowned—  
And life grow brighter all the way  
Till this is merged in perfect Day!

#### Note from Lyman C. Howe.

To the Editor of the Religious-Philosophical Journal:

I have just closed a course of lectures in the Methodist Church at Fairdale, Pa., the first ever delivered there. Two men took the initiative and assumed the responsibility, and said "Come!" If every community had two such men the cause would thrive everywhere. If Spiritualists cared more for the cause than they do for a cigar, there need be no idle speakers nor dormant societies. If believers cared more for truth and the good they can do than they do for gossip and petty scandal, and the gratification of personal prejudice and bickerings, no town or city need be without one or more active influential societies and weekly lectures.

The influence of one man in a community is often more than a whole society weak with indifference and social prejudice. Such a man is C. C. Shelp of Fairdale. Church people and sinners, old and young, high or low alike respect him, notwithstanding he is a Spiritualist, so far as he knows, without having had the opportunity to test the phenomena. The JOURNAL introduced these will do much good. Church people attend our meeting and manifested interest and desired to hear more. The world moves.

Waverly, N. Y. LYMAN C. HOWE.

#### A Criticism Upon Rev. J. D. Fulton.

BY SANFORD B. PERRY, ESQ., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

To the Editor of the Religious-Philosophical Journal:

The aldermen of the city of Brooklyn were enjoined, by a court of that city against doing some act which they had in contemplation, and notice of the injunction had been served on them. A majority of them treated the injunction with contempt, disobeyed it, and did the act they were ordered not to do. For this they were punished by the court by imprisonment.

The Rev. Dr. Fulton, a Baptist clergyman of Brooklyn, made this the subject of a pulpit discourse, taking as a text, "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment." While rejoicing over the deserved punishment of these men, he made it an occasion to blaspheme the Good Father in heaven, and to drag before his audience two women in no way connected with his subject, apparently for the sole purpose of vilifying them.

Without taking space to quote him at length, as he is reported in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, permit me to give your readers some of the specimens of his harangue, which seem to have been uttered with the most zest:

The fact that the representatives of the city government are imprisoned in the common jail, because they interfered with the judicial power of the land, and attempted to set that power aside, is teaching a wonderful lesson. You and I should not let it go. Those preachers who are attempting to do away with the law of creation and salvation, and the sacrifice on Calvary, are brought face to face with the fact that there is a law-making and a law-executing power in the world. They will find it dangerous to trifle with justice. In the opinion of many, it is smart to defy God, and courageous to substitute evolution for the plan of creation and salvation. These aldermen knew there was an injunction, and I think God they are in jail. Their imprisonment shows that it is dangerous to trifle with the law. Even in Brooklyn, the cords stretched from the throne of God, and ensterning the world, are drawn so taut that men when they strike against them find a power they cannot resist. God will be indelible in administering the law. He has written his law, and he will not be trifled with. Look at the council chamber. Look at God's power. There was a little slip, paper on each desk. It was an injunction. Some said, "trample on God who has served an order on us, forbidding certain actions. If we disobey, there is punishment in store for us, which cannot be evaded."

A beautiful woman, surrounded with wealth, was induced to drink by her husband and friends. The appetite grew. She turned from the path of right. She went down, down, and is now in hell. From that pit comes the wailing of that woman, warning all against the use of liquor.

Another beautiful woman entered English society, and became known as the "Jersey Lily." Then came the moment of temptation, when she turned from the path of right and went wrong. She came to this country. God flared the flames of hell in her path. She saw the place where she was to play and debauch herself, go to ruin. There will come a time when hell will open and the wailing fire of the pit will be sent forth. Judgment shall be executed as it has been on the aldermen. Those who reject Christ shall go into everlasting punishment. Nothing can save them.

This strange commingling of two subjects sounds, in the reading, as if one was written between the lines of the other. That the punishment of the aldermen was deserved and just, for their open defiance of the court and the flagrant contempt of its injunction, there can be no difference of opinion among those who desire that law and order should be maintained. It is certainly commendable in the learned clergyman to tender the influence of his pulpit to that side of the question. But how does the conduct of the aldermen, and the action of the court thereon, suggest this terrible arraignment of God, and the abuse of these two women, erring though they may have been?

He declares, speaking as one who knows, that God will be inflexible in his administering the last sentence, and will not be trifled with. He makes God an autocrat, devoid of all justice, mercy or love, influenced only by an inflexible determination to punish, in hell, in the scorching fire of the pit, those who, even under the influence of near friends, go wrong. He rejoices in the punishment of those who disobey, and thanks God the aldermen are in jail. Instead of bewailing the sin, and pitying the sinner, he rejoices in the punishment. He finds the highest delight in the scorching fires of hell. With the same apparent thankfulness that he contemplates the aldermen in jail, he seems to see a beautiful woman, now suffering everlasting torments in hell because she was induced to drink by her husband and friends, by those who, of all others, should have guarded and cherished her, and as a consequence, went wrong. From that pit the wailing of that beautiful woman strikes his ravished senses without causing a twinge. With these walls ringing in his ears, he rejoices that God will not be trifled with, and that his last sentence will be administered inflexibly!

Mrs. Langtry, an English actress, came to this country on a professional tour, and a theatre in New York in which she was to appear, accidentally took fire and was burned up. This also excited in this learned clergyman the profoundest sentiments of gratitude for such a signal display of the wrath of God. Intimately familiar with the plan of creation and salvation, and with the counsels, purposes, decrees and judgments of God, he again declares, as one who knows, that by this accidental burning of the theatre, God flared the flames of hell in the face of Mrs. Langtry; implicitly, as a warning to her of the consequences of playing upon its stage. With the same prescience, he declares, as if addressing this woman, that there will come a time when hell will open, and the scorching fire of the pit will be sent forth, and nothing can save her from being forever engulfed by the inflexible last sentence. In this horrible place of torture. How strange it is that this poor woman does not heed this warning, coming, as it would seem, from such high authority!

These blasphemous expressions, and this

unprovoked vilification of two women, alleged to be beautiful, erring though they may have been, worse than were ever uttered by any infidel or atheist, were uttered from a so-called Christian pulpit, to one of the largest congregations in the "City of Churches," and the blasphemer and vilifier was not reprimanded! What a commentary upon the debasing influence of such teachings!

By the side of such fendish exultations, it is soothing to place some of the tender and kindly utterances of Him who was the best manifestation of "God in the flesh" which has been born to us:

"Blessed are the merciful."  
"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you."  
"Bless them that curse you."  
"Judge not, that ye be not judged."  
"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."  
"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."  
"Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, I will repay thee."  
"Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more."

How utterly astounding the discrepancy, positiveness and assurance with which such egotists declare the plan of creation; the plan of salvation; the counsels, purposes and the will of God; his modes of punishment, and the austere and inflexible character of his judgments! Is it at all surprising, that the pure gospel of Christ, love to God and love to man, is made repulsive by such blasphemous assumption?

Let any man of strong mind, broad culture, pure heart, earnestly seeking the truth, look up into the starry heavens, and inquire of the plan of creation, the purposes and judgments of God, and he is appalled by the magnitude of his inquiries, and his inability to compass them; and the consciousness of his utter insignificance, his absolute incapacity to comprehend God, his works, and the laws of creation, he is content, in humility, to wonder and adore, and to aspire to such knowledge only as he can acquire from a study of God as He is manifested in His works. But nothing appalls the Fultons of the pulpit. Humility is not one of their weaknesses. They can, without seemingly employing half their powers, compass God, all the works of His creation, all His plans, purposes and judgments, and declare the result with infinite assurance, and impudence as well. This assumption of the pulpit, if it were not shameful, would be amusing. If its normal effect on ignorant and trusting people were less injurious, it would be ludicrous to the last degree. But thanks to the increasing intelligence and growing independence of thought, of the great mass of people who attend the churches, the influence of this vicious style of romancing grows less and less every day. The belief that any poor, unfortunate, erring human being is in the hell of the Fultons; or that there is any hell out of or from which God flares flames in the pathway of any person; or any hell which will open, and from the pit of which the scorching fire will be sent forth to destroy, punish or even injure a single child of God's creation, or indeed, any other place or condition of punishment which shall be everlasting to any created being, is now only the remnant of the superstition, which for centuries has cursed the church and dishonored the name of God; or the fancy of a disordered imagination, or the stock in trade of the sensationalist. No intelligent, right-minded, kind-hearted person, who loves the Father in heaven, and his fellow-man; no person who tries unselfishly to follow the examples and teachings of Christ, and to be governed by the influences of the good spirits who try to direct him in the path of duty; no believer in the doctrine taught by the parable of the good Samaritan, either believes, teaches or tolerates such infamous libels on the infinite wisdom, power, love and goodness of God. If the churches desire to exert any healthful influence upon the people; if they desire to be instruments in the hands of God and the angels to lead people out of sin and error into righteousness and truth; if they desire to implant in minds of the youth of their congregations and Sunday schools a genuine love for our Father in heaven; and to cultivate in them the characteristics of that Father, and so fit them for the duties of this life, and for a happy entrance into spirit life, they will have to exclude from their pulpits the superstitions, the bigotry, the ignorance, the blasphemy and the vicious instructions of the entire army of their Fultons.

Chicago, Dec. 25, 1882.

It is recorded in the library of the Great Seal Patent Office that as early as 1691 one John Tynacke took out letters patent for an invention of "A way for an engine to be worked by one or more men for the well and more easy oyling and dressing of leathers and cloath." It is also set forth in the letters patent to this invention that it "may be of great use to all such as do work at those and some other trades, and may be applicable to the raising of water, washing of cloathes, milling of sugar-canes," etc.

Near Salzburg, Austria, a mine has been found which seems to have been abandoned at least 2,000 years ago in consequence of inundation. Bodies of the ancient salt-miners have been discovered among the debris tolerably well preserved. Among the implements were wooden shovels, a basket made of untanned rawhide, a piece of cloth of coarse wool, and the remains of a torch bound together with flax fibres. The disaster which flooded the mine had evidently been sudden.

#### Letter from Florence, Italy.

Italian Peasants.—Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religious-Philosophical Journal:

In your number of the 25th ult. I see a short paragraph about our Italian peasants. Allow me to give you an idea of how our Tuscan peasants live. Tuscany, as you know, is the center of Italy—rather a favored spot, being the birth-place of some of the greatest of human beings, possessing natural beauties not easily found anywhere else, besides being also the home of the most ancient civilization throughout Europe—the Etruscans taught Rome what civilization meant. In fact our civilization dates as far back as five thousand years and was coeval with that of Egypt.

Our Tuscan peasantry can be styled regular farmers and are well off. Our landed properties are divided in what are called *poderi*, i. e. farms, ranging from 20 to 120 acres in extent. The landowner gives each of these farms, *poderi*, in charge to a family of peasants, placing at their disposal a suitable house on the premises, together with all the necessary implements of husbandry as also cows and oxen, mules and donkeys, sheep and swine, carts, etc., all confided to their safe-keeping. A bailiff, overseer or steward, as you may best call him, is entrusted with the administration—and in all the buying and selling he alone receives or pays out the money; besides which he must see that all the necessary work in point of agriculture be properly done and at the right time. Then when the crops come in, viz.: of corn, wine and oil, besides silk (coccons), hemp, flax, maize, beans, tomato, and all greens and vegetables, the peasant and the owner of the land divide them all in two equal parts, even as regards the product in money obtained by the cattle—buying and selling and fattening—although the capital required be entirely subordinated by the owner of the land. This is, as you see, socialism, true practical socialism, and it has worked well with us for hundreds of years. You occasionally find a family that has been on the same *poderi* from father to son, for two or three hundred years and they are generally the very best and worthy of respect. I have had, and have several of such families on our estates and I must say that the impression they left on me, when I for several years looked to these affairs for my father, was such that I felt inclined, almost, to take off my hat when I met them.

Well now as regards their fare, it is neither so scanty nor indeed such as your correspondent has made out. True that our peasantry are very sober and thrifty and that they generally partake of meat but twice a week, as a rule, but then they have very good home-made bread, cheese, eggs, besides kidney beans, chickpeas, rice, maize, onions, potatoes, cabbage, turnips, tomato, chestnuts, walnuts, grapes, figs, peaches, apples, pears, cherries, plums, etc., etc., and they drink good wine of their own, but always mixed with water. All our peasants rise with the sun and work till sunset, taking one hour's rest for breakfast and two for dinner, in summer; but in winter never more than two hours for the two meals, say half an hour for breakfast and a little more than an hour for dinner. They manage the cooking very fairly and the soup they often make with kidney beans and cabbage is truly appetizing.

Our peasants are generally good, polite, courteous and hospitable; their homes are tolerably clean and their habits are rather refined and it affords one much pleasure to hear their pure Italian, Tuscan being the only part of Italy where the written language is spoken by the lower classes. Our peasants are all conservatives; they are like and strong and make excellent soldiers, very brave and daring.

The Rector of the Tolomei College of Siena, one of our best institutions for the higher classes, paid a visit yesterday to a Professor of my acquaintance, whom he found reading my lecture on Spiritualism (that I read and had printed at our Philosophical Institution here in Florence, a very daring thing to do considering that the prejudice against Spiritualism is as fierce as ever) and thereupon began to talk on the subject. The Rector (a priest) said he had read it and found it *dotta e senza esagerazione di sorta*: full of knowledge and learning and without the slightest exaggeration. He also said that he fully believed in the phenomena of which it treated; "yet," he added, "until we have sufficient proof that they do not originate through the nefarious arts of the archfiend, as we priests believe (?), it certainly will be repugnant to any one to adopt this new creed as a principle of universal religion."

I have put that point of interrogation, because I fully understand that priests are more or less slaves to the Vatican, and dare not speak out, but I cannot convince myself that any one of these learned people can ever stoop to believe in a personal devil; which, to say the least, is the negation of God! At the same time it is, perhaps, of some importance to know that they believe in the phenomena—they cannot well help it, as the Bible and the gospels speak of them; but I should like to ask them why they should give them an interpretation contrary to what the Bible and the gospels in many points have given out to the world. It is a *parricida* on their part, because it stands to reason that Spiritualism breaks up their "shop of holy lies," by which they have become powerful and have led humankind for centuries by the nose, stunting it intellectually and also

physically, by having until now been fiercely opposed to physical culture of any kind, as their maxim was: "All for the soul and nothing for the body, that material garb destined to be the pasture of worms," and we know how much harm this has done to our sunny Italy during the last 300 years!

SEBASTIANO FENZI.  
Florence, Italy, Dec. 11, 1882.

#### With Myself.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

I sit down in the solitude of my own heart to think. The years have come and gone, and I hear in the silence of this clear cold night, the low moan of the breakers at the harbor's bar, where life's current mingles with the ocean of eternity it seeks. I have been loitering in the sunny meadows, by the shady springs, listening to music of gaudy birds or droning insects, while the day has been passing. I have reached the western slope, and soon the sun's slant rays will tell me of the coming night. The day has been so long I forget its morning, yet how short; and what there is left of it, I begrudge its moments as a miser does his gold. The past, imperfect as has been its employment, is our treasure. Its experiences are all we have to carry forward with us. They are a part of ourselves. Hard and uncompromising experiences, how they have moulded our character and made us happy or miserable. We met with selfishness where we expected unselfishness, and our devotion has been made a scoff. When we have trusted, the trust has been betrayed, the love and devotion we poured out in fullest measure, has sank into the arid sands and left no green memory, only a wasted desert. Where we have looked for assistance in some dark hour, ingratitude has snarled at us. We have sought to be just, and have been crushed by injustice. We have sought to love our enemies, and they have blasted us with the fiery tongue of slander. Friends whom we trusted, as true, have proved false. Those we idealized and ennobled, how ignoble have they proved on the day of trial.

We have wearied of the strife, the pettiness, the selfish conflict, and feel alone in the teeming throng; alone and lonesome with no one on whom to rely but ourselves. There has come a consciousness of weakness or of strength. We have been overpowered with the feeling of utter inability to meet the requirements made upon us, and were ready to faint beneath our burdens, or have received a strange strength and power, when we have found that nothing would be given us from without. This rude breath destroys when it makes us morose, vindictive and revengeful; when it weakens our finer faculties, blunts our susceptibilities, and quickens our suspicions and selfishness. But it may have the opposite effect. As the blood with a rebound reacts against the biting north wind, so this antagonism may effect a reaction, which will intensify all the good and noble faculties, and sweeten the character with the benediction of love. Truly great and happy are those who thus out of the poison flowers of strife, extract the honey of peace and joy. They have reached the goal of rest.

Why should the tongue of slander, the subtle insinuation, the open falsehood trouble us? Do we not know ourselves; and knowing, why be disturbed? Why stop to weep over the ingratitude and forgetfulness of friends, their weakness, their changing qualities? We have expected too much and have been brought to the reality. Do we mourn because we have reached the truth? Let all go by, fleeting and changeable as the face of waters. We remain, profiting by the changes. Stand fast, O soul, and abide thy time! The march of years and generation of things is thine heritage, if thou so improve as to become the qualified heir. Stand fast, nor shall distrust or enmity, or disappointment make us less truthful in humanity or less hopeful of the future. What we ought to have expected, has come. We should be satisfied. We went out to find better company than ourselves, when we ought to have known that when we sit down with ourselves, we sit with our king.

Prof. Bischoff's system of water filtration has been for some time before the public. The use of spongy iron has now been applied on a large scale to the water obtained from the River Netze for the supply of the City of Antwerp. Dr. Frankland has visited the Antwerp water-works at Waelheim, about fifteen miles above that city, and reported on the results of his inquiry. He attaches especial value to the fact that spongy iron filtration "is absolutely fatal to bacteria and their germs," and he considers it would be "an invaluable boon to the metropolis if all water supplied from the Thames and Lea were submitted to this treatment in default of a new supply from unimpeachable sources."

At the Munich Electrical Exhibition one of the curiosities was a telephone transmitting music performed at Ober-Ammergau, over a distance of sixty-three miles. At the palace a huge telephonic arrangement brought over music from the English Café, so that the whole immense audience could hear the pieces quite distinctly. But perhaps the most significant exhibit was a single wire which conveyed electrical energy a distance of thirty-seven miles from the coal-mines of Miesbach, where it was generated.

M. Margis, of Paris, has succeeded in obtaining oxygen direct from the atmosphere by dialysis.







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Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 6, 1883.

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions not paid in advance are charged at the old price of \$3.15 per year. To accommodate those old subscribers who through force of habit or inability, do not keep paid in advance, the credit system is for the present continued; but it must be distinctly understood that it is wholly as a favor on the part of the Publisher, as the terms are PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

## Education.

Not alone children and youth, men and women, but all things are the subjects of Education. The chance-dropped seed on the mountain-side is educated; that is, it gives out force, it controls the manifestation of all the forces that have been exerted on its life. Has the wind persistently blown from one direction, it leans in the opposite one; has the food been scanty or unsuitable, it is dwarfed in youth, but the plant becomes what it has made itself under the conditions of its environment. And this general statement applies alike to every manifestation of life, whether conscious or not. The fixed law of organization, which controls all spirit-force, to make any degree of manifestation, controls alike reception and manifestation, (spirit is not absolute master of matter), determines what shall be the outcome of the totality of conditions. We may give a plant all possible favoring conditions of growth, but cannot give it power to appropriate the abundant food, and it may starve, dwindle and die from sheer inability to receive. So highest wisdom may be offered to a child or man, and the offering be useless, from sheer lack of appropriate power. Whatever a plant receives must be used according to the law of its own organization. Give a rose the food and other conditions needed for a lily, you will not thereby make the rose a lily. So with children or men; give them profoundest theories, they may reject them, but each one who does receive them, does so in a manner peculiar to himself; their giving out of what they have received will of necessity, be largely divergent. From this it follows that you cannot teach any truth, present any fact (the lowest form of a diluted truth) but most opposite conclusions will be reached. Least of all, can you make facts supply the place of principles for facts are, so to speak, only incidental illustrations of principles and the steady tendency of all thinking beings, is to ascend from facts to the truths they represent. One is by his organization drawn toward one aspect of truth; another to a different one; the same facts tell a different story to each, and uniformity of perception, conception and expression, is impossible. True, we may teach that a certain fact proves a certain truth, and the scholar may believe it, but does he believe in the truth or the teacher? Is it a truth or only a larger fact to him? Does he believe in a principle or a man?

Citizens of the United States as a class boast of the American system of education, are proud of the common schools; yet there is grave reason to believe that the methods are false in principle, injurious or ineffective in practice, and measurably a failure in result. We object to them because the teaching is made up of simple cramming the pupils with facts, with no effort to secure digestion of them; ray, positive discouragement of any scholar who shall try to find a law, or explain a process in any other words than those in the books. We have listened for months to the efforts of a bright girl to commit to memory a long list of words, when a week's drill on the sounds of the letters, would have enabled her to spell any word, almost, without difficulty. A proof-reader of our acquaintance was much plagued by ignorant copy-holders, boys and girls, who had just left school, and stumbled at any unusual word. At last he regularly instructed them: "I don't want to hear the words, only the letters."

Speak as many letters at once as you can—that is all." To the astonishment of the copy-holders, they found the hardest words, even foreign ones, were easy to read. A week of experiment and demonstration would give a child a better knowledge of physical science than a year devoted to memorizing facts about it.

One serious defect with the system of teaching is that there is no recognition of individuality; no effort to draw forth any thought or any relation of a thought to other facts, than those in the book. Teachers are too few in number for the scholars. In some of our large cities it is impossible to get all the scholars of some districts into the buildings provided, and half of them come one day, the other half the next. Classes of 100 or more are not uncommon—it is not easy to recollect the names of the scholars; all separate watch of the differing mental actions is manifestly impossible. The scholars with much labor learn to read, write and cipher; generally all of them badly, and that is all. These would be forgotten as soon as the rest, were it not that the conditions surrounding the lives of most of them demand their exercise. Where these are wanting, the reading becomes difficult, the writing illegible, the ciphering inaccurate. There are graduates of our colleges to-day who are woefully deficient in spelling and grammar. A friend of ours astonished the pastor of his church by avowing that he owed more to the theater than he did to the school for his training.

Another objection is: the teachers have mostly been trained in the schools, are familiar with the system used and no other; they have not been trained to think themselves; there is no need of it in their business; they are to run the machine, cram all the facts they can into the heads of the scholars, careless whether they tend to their best nourishment or not; and they do it persistently, remorselessly stirred to diligence by inspectors and school boards. We have occasionally met a teacher who was thoroughly posted on all the words of grammatical rules, and knew all about the exercises given in the books, but in private life when using her own words, she was grossly inaccurate.

Because the system is all details and no effort is made at evolving principles, the schools are without moral power. The children are told, perhaps, that they ought or ought not to do this or that—only another group of facts, so much more to be committed to memory, so much more that would be altogether forgotten if the deficiency were not supplied from other sources.

Owing to the defective educational system, the men of to-day are as they are. They know what they have learned since they left school as to facts; they know, such generalizations as business or society or the church has taught them; their morality, staidness as it may be, is dictated by public opinion; their knowledge and morality are, after all, only more facts, whose relations are hidden from them. They have learned to think only a little; their very life is not what they make it, but what other people say it must be. Hence they are afraid of new thoughts, shrink from reforms, hold fast to old dogmas and creeds, though they have never tried to understand them—we sometimes busy ourselves in imagining the result if they did. Some there are—the list is daily enlarging—who dimly recognize that the school and the church alike do nothing more than present facts to be memorized, that intellectual life is dwarfed in both. A writer in the New York Herald of a late date, counts up the number of facts a child must be crammed with—so many for history, so many for grammar, etc., and makes an appalling list, which he declares—and we agree with him—it is utterly impossible the child could retain, and they would be utterly useless even if retained, as their relation to each other, or to any general principle, has never been shown. As to the church, we quote the following from the New York Sun:

"The Congregational Club of Boston has been discussing the question how to win young men to Christianity. The Rev. E. B. Meredith said: 'The churches to-day do not get the best and sharpest young men. They get the good-looking ones, easily enough; but those who do the thinking are not brought into the Church in great numbers. You cannot reach them by the Bible? How many did Moody touch in this city during his revival days? You can count them on your fingers. The man who wants them cannot get them with the Bible under his arm. He must be like them, sharp. They cannot be gathered by sentimentality. If you say to them, 'Come to Jesus,' very likely they will reply, 'Go to thunder.' The thing to be done with such a man is to get into his heart, and then lead him into salvation before he knows it.'

What a confession for a minister to make. The school and the church both fail to educate in the true sense; they fail to draw out the powers of those under training.

Spiritualists should look to this matter. You know how astonished one is who comes to your meetings for the first time, startled at your freedom of thought—does it not show you what is needed? You are doing a good and effective educational work in your conferences. There should be a hundred times as many more than we have, but that is not enough. Spiritualists need to give more attention to the young, to the development of their powers. The Progressive Lyceum is now the only agency for this; let Spiritualists see to it that these be fostered and improved; that whatever others may do, at least their children shall not be mentally cramped, but free, taught how to use their powers, to discover, to classify facts for themselves, to become thinking beings, not mere depositories of the thoughts of others. No need is greater than this, for the spread of Spiritualism or, what is of far more consequence, for the good of humanity.

Amos Brockway has remitted his subscription, but has failed to give his postoffice.

## The Sky Grows Brighter.

Looking over the history of Spiritualism for a few years past, we can see upon every side the evidence of progress. Never was there a time when true Spiritualism had so strong an influence upon the minds and hearts of the people as now. It everywhere finds a voice. The press and pulpit are proclaiming it, and much of modern literature bears its impress. We do not mean that Spiritualism under the distinctive name, is so universally proclaimed, but we do mean to assert that the essential elements of the spiritual philosophy, are generally accepted by the masses.

Moreover, the rank and file of so-called Spiritualists has greatly improved. The long-haired fanatics are rapidly disappearing. A few years ago a hungry brood of special missionaries were traveling over the country, feeding like leeches upon the hospitality of Spiritualists, and sowing the seeds of social discord on the hearths that warmed them. This class has faded out, or at least they are so nearly gone that only a few specimens are now left.

Mediumship begins to assume a higher and better tone. The leprous brood of unblushing frauds who have walked the streets at noonday with the endorsement of the "old" Spiritualist paper in the world, are less both in numbers and impudence. This organized gang of traveling mountebanks, backed by their "organs," seemed for a time to shadow the whole movement; but they are now growing beautifully less day by day. Many of them have discovered that like Othello their occupation is gone, and they have gone with it into the silence they so justly merit; others are on the way, having found that the good sense of Spiritualists ignores all their shams.

The JOURNAL has fought these hydra-headed monsters almost single handed. Their public, private and anonymous threats will furnish an interesting chapter in the future. Our work, we are glad to see, is largely done, yet is not entirely completed, and by the help of our friends in both worlds we propose to go on until the last polluted villain who steals the sacred name of Spiritualism to defraud the people shall find a burial beyond all resurrection. The cause of truth does not need a cheat and a lie to sustain it.

In the meantime true mediums are becoming better appreciated. Let all such take courage, for the day is dawning. No matter how humble your gifts may be, lay them in sincerity on the altar of true Spiritualism and the ages shall bless you.

Order gradually begins to rise from the chaos of the past. Wherever organizations are needed the way seems clearer to perfect them. The recent convocation at Detroit, where a few thoughtful men and women met to look over the field, is another token of a brightening sky.

In many locations the demand for lectures and spiritual literature is growing. But, perhaps, the best sign of all is the larger demand Spiritualists themselves make. They are asking for something better than the unscientific literature that found ready sale a few years ago. Numerous volumes then in demand, now lie on the publishers shelves, dust covered. Let them lie there; they were the products of diseased imaginations and belong with the drift wood the rising tide of Spiritualism set in motion. Spiritualists do not relish such foolish twaddle as they once did, and we regard this as a hopeful sign. They are tired of reading diluted nonsense from spirits who, if lying on earth, they would eject from their society.

Let the sun shine and all that cannot bear the light, vanish away. Brighter grows the sky and clearer the air. All should rejoice in the rosy light of this opening day.

## Another New Bible.

A new bible is about to be issued. We are glad of it. The greater the number, the better the opportunity to make a proper selection. John Wilson of St. Louis is to be the author of the new bible. He is, we are glad to learn, a mild, inoffensive sort of man, therefore we have a right to expect but very little "blood and thunder" in his contemplated work. He is subject—like all bible authors—to an occasional loss of consciousness, during which time his spirit leaves his body. He claims infallibility—it is impossible for him to make a mistake! What he has already written is on the "slap-dash" style, without regard to capitalization or punctuation. Let the printer get hold of it, and if he don't so punctuate it that it will instantly lose all its divine qualities, then it may be truly considered as infallible, and worthy of a place by the side of the Koran, Holy Scripture, Oahpe, etc. We are in close sympathy with all the bible-makers, and earnestly hope that the supply will increase until each one can select therefrom one suitable to his tastes.

The Banner of Light is worried because Mr. Bronson Murray, who, it says, "calls himself a Spiritualist," has, in these columns, advised all Spiritualists to learn what can be done by sleight-of-hand and smartness in the way of cabinet work without the aid of spirits, in order that they may be able to distinguish the genuine from the fraudulent in manifestations of spirit power. Mr. Murray is one of a number of gentlemen who subscribed and sent the Banner fifty dollars apiece immediately when they learned of its office being burned out in the great Boston fire of 1872. He is also one of the many who stopped his subscription for that paper when it became apparent it was given over to the prostitution of Spiritualism for the base pur-

pose of deceiving anxious inquirers and money making. He may well exclaim of the Banner, "to what base uses has it come at last."

## Materialization—Transfiguration.

The editor of the Mediums' Friend is having some very wholesome experience of late. He evidently expected when he started his paper a few months ago, backed by a noisy crowd always full of talk but painfully short of money, that he would have a calm sea and clear sky. Several mediums had freely offered their services to enlarge his subscription list. Moreover powerful spirits had appeared at Pence Hall in solid flesh and blood materializations bidding him go forth to victory. A new paper was needed. Even the scurrilous sheet in Philadelphia had failed to sufficiently puff the Terre Haute fraud. Why should the "spirits" not come and demand a paper to herald the praise of Stewart and her "committee."

Bro. Moore, who is evidently an honest man though surprisingly fresh, began his work in good faith, and for a time all went well. Difficulties soon disturbed the dreams of our brother. The guileless Anna did not object to his entering the cabinet with her, but our brother soon found many of her materializations were only transfigurations. Some of our readers may not understand this and we will try to explain the difference. In the former you see the spirit and cannot detect by the naked eye that it looks like the medium, while in the latter the medium appears in too strong a light, or puts on her spirit robes so carelessly that you can see the gentle Anna beneath the angelic garments she wears. This twofold phase brings many curious experiences at Pence Hall. Sometimes a grey haired veteran travels a long distance to meet his departed wife or lover. He wants her to come back and caress him as she did in the happy days of yore, but unfortunately the conditions are not favorable for a genuine materialization, and so these veterans get all the caressing by transfiguration they have paid for as materialization.

Bro. Moore has now learned that "all is not gold that glitters," and his honesty compels him to say so. This will be very unfortunate for his subscription list. A majority of his patrons don't want transfiguration explained; they rather trust than be undeceived in such heavenly experiences.

We hope, however, that he will not stop until by a long series of experiments he can tell us just how much materialization there is to the square yard of transfiguration at Pence's Hall. In the end should he find the position of the JOURNAL towards the Pence Hall gang true, let him be honest and say so.

We cannot omit noticing how critical our good brother Moore has been in detecting fraud. It seems when the gentle Anna was only clothed upon, or to be more explicit, had only carelessly put on her heavenly robes, and with her own eyes winked beneath her angelic costume, persistently claiming to be his deceased sister, he could endure it. Small things, however, sometimes produce great results. It is said the cackling of some geese once saved the Roman Empire. It so happened that Wm. Harry Powell went to Terre Haute and astonished the people by his manifestations of writing with his finger, and thereupon Mrs. Stewart claimed to receive the gift. Bro. Moore called to witness her writing. To his great surprise, before she began to write she sucked her finger. It is a very foolish habit and frequently gives parents great trouble. Perhaps Bro. Moore has been reprimanded many times for the same offense, and hence he was quick to discern the slight indiscretion on the part of the playful Anna. At all events he noticed the point of a pencil on the end of her finger while writing, which finally dropped to the floor, and thereupon he charged Anna with fraud, and she declared the writing was as genuine as either her materializations or transfigurations. The JOURNAL believes she told the truth, but is quite willing to wait till Bro. Moore gets the education he so greatly needs.

## Fox and Geese.

## A Conundrum to the Journal.

A poverty stricken medium and writer in Massachusetts, in a letter to us, writes as follows: "I have again dunned D. M. Fox, uselessly I presume. Is there not some way of compelling him to pay me for my hard brain-labor? That sum would enable me to get through the winter." Another medium now living in this city was approached by Fox with the customary request for a loan of fifty dollars, but finding she had not the money, he did the next best thing, employed her and her child in his office at a salary, and then cheated them out of their pay. This lady would also like to know how he can be compelled to pay. Alas! these poor women ask us a question we cannot answer. If we could invent a way to make this deadbeat pay those he has wronged out of money, labor or happiness we should be greater than man. True the JOURNAL has held Fox and others of like tendencies for some time in such discipline as to prevent the open practice of flagrant acts of injustice and impropriety formerly scandalizing their lives, but that is the limit of its power. Fox and those of his stamp, exercise so much "charity" toward mediums that they have no inclination or ability to mix justice with it.

Edgar W. Emerson of Manchester, N. H., lectures at Haverhill, Mass., January 28th.

## GENERAL NOTES.

(Notices of Meetings, movements of Lecturers and Mediums, and other items of interest, for this column are solicited, but as the paper goes to press Tuesday P. M., such notices must reach this office on Monday.)

G. H. Brooks has just arrived in the city from a lecturing tour.

We learn that Mr. H. O. Sommers, of Detroit, Michigan, is an excellent test medium. "Nora Ray, The Child Medium," an interesting story. Price 50 cents. For sale at this office.

Next Sunday Capt. H. H. Brown lectures before the Second Society of Spiritualists at 55 South Ada Street. He is an able and eloquent speaker.

Mr. Charles Bright will sail for New Zealand and Australia in the "City of New York" on February 10th, from San Francisco.

"Was Jesus Divine?" a critical examination of Biblical Theology, by M. B. Craven. Price ten cents. For sale at this office.

Charles Bright is still lecturing in Salt Lake City to excellent audiences, we are informed, every Wednesday and Sunday evening. He will likely remain there through this month.

On last Sunday Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn closed a very successful engagement in this city. Her addresses are practical and at times eloquent, and her improvisations never fail to attract the closest attention.

Among the advertisements will be found a call for a dental student. The professional and business reputation of the advertiser, we have every reason to believe, is good. Those interested will take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Lyman C. Howe officiated at the dedication of a hall at Horse Heads, N. Y., Dec. 31st. Jan. 7th he speaks at Grange Hall near North Collins, N. Y. The 21st and 28th of this month he will lecture in this city for the Second Society of Spiritualists.

"The Cross and the Steeple," by Hudson Tuttle. The author shows their origin and significance in an interesting manner. This work has been out of print for some time, but we have been able to get a few copies. Price 10 cents. For sale at this office.

Mrs. Lillie has just finished a two weeks' engagement at Grand Rapids, Mich. She was followed by Capt. H. H. Brown who lectured there Dec. 30th and 31st. Mrs. E. C. Woodruff lectures there Jan. 7th and 14th. Dr. A. B. Spinney the 21st, and C. Fannie Allyn the 28th.

"Nervous Diseases and Magnetic Therapeutics," by James Edwin Briggs, M. D. This work has won a great deal of attention. It is clear in statement and gives the non-professional reader a vast amount of most favorable information. Price 50 cents. For sale at this office.

Dr. E. W. Stevens gave us a call last week. He has been engaged professionally at Pewaukee and Big Bend, Wis., and at Watseka, Elmwood and Orion, Ill. He was working his way homeward, to Rock Prairie, Wis., intending to call en route at Footville and Janesville, where he had professional business.

"Stories for our Children," by Hudson and Emma Tuttle. These popular authors gain the attention and improve the understanding by presentation of real life, its demands and aspirations, in this book for children, and we are sure that every boy and girl who reads it will be pleased. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

Mrs. E. A. Nichols, 217 South Sangamon street, gives excellent satisfaction as a trance and test medium. She excels as an improvisatrice, her poems conveying a high moral lesson, or encouragement for those who require it; they are often, too, prophetic, and seldom fail to carry the conviction that spiritual visitants are at hand, with whom she is closely in rapport.

Spence's Blue Book is the taking name of a discovery by our valued occasional contributor, Prof. Payton Spence of 138 East 16th st., New York City. It is said to be a perfectly soluble ultramarine blue for blueing clothes. Prof. Spence has cause not only to congratulate himself on the money which will result from his long and patient experimenting, but also that he is able to confer such a boon to a long suffering race which has wrestled with inferior blueing until all is blue.

Capt. H. H. Brown closed a series of nine lectures in Norwich, N. Y., Dec. 24th; spoke in Ingersoll, Ontario, the 26th; closed a series of three lectures at Piersan, Mich., the 29th; spoke in Grand Rapids the 30th, 31st and Jan. 2nd. He will be at South Bend, Ind., the 4th; and will speak for the Second Society of Spiritualists, 55 South Ada St., in this city the 7th and 14th. For week day engagements between these dates and for the rest of January, address him at this office.

It appears from the Utica Herald, that W. J. Barker of Danforth, Onondaga county, N. Y., had a dream on the night of Nov. 20th, in which he saw year corn quoted on a black-board at 48½ cents, and was told to sell short what he was then holding long. He was also informed that 48½ cents was the lowest figure year-corn would reach this year. He advised his friends the next day to sell, which they did. Dec. 18, the board showed 48½ cents, and Mr. Barker relying somewhat on his dream bought corn. It now stands in Syracuse 52½ cents. Mr. Barker had a similar experience while teaching school near Rome. The place where a pair of spectacles which had been lost could be found was revealed to him, and he found them just as it had been shown to him in the dream. He related his dream to the owner of the spectacles before he looked for them, and the owner was with him when he pulled them out of a snow bank where they were covered up.



For sale, wholesale and retail, by the BALANTYNE-Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago.







For sale, wholesale and retail, by the BELMONT-PHILADELPHIA  
CAL. PHARMACY HOUSE, Chicago.



Answers to Questions by the Spirit Control of W. J. Colville, During the Month of October, 1882, in Chicago.

Ques.—What is Booth's relation to Lincoln in spirit-life?

Ans.—The relation of Booth to Lincoln is somewhat distinct, if not altogether different from the relation of Guiteau to Garfield. Booth shot Lincoln because he was firmly convinced that the nation would receive lasting benefit by the removal of its President. Now, if war is justifiable, individual acts of murder can not be less justifiable in a spiritual sense. If any one sincerely believes he will prevent the massacre of one, a man cannot be said to be other than conscientious, if he put an end to the earthly life of one man, believing the destruction of one secures salvation to many. However, we have always said that minds who are largely unfolded spiritually, never find themselves under the necessity of taking the life of any one. Booth entered spirit life resolute and defiant, determined to persevere in the course he had pursued on earth. He felt himself a great national benefactor, and as in the spirit-world there have been, and still are, political parties, though of course not in very exalted spheres, Booth was lionized, made a great deal of by those Southerners who felt that he had worked righteously in the interest of a holy cause. We are not aware that even at this day Booth is at all satisfied that he did any wrong. He is an intellectual spirit, but we could scarcely speak of him as remarkable for any great spiritual unfoldment. Lincoln never entertained any animosity in his breast toward Booth; they have met in spirit life and conversed together over the matter, and Booth has not acknowledged any sense of wrong, neither has Lincoln convicted him. The spiritual state of Lincoln in the direction of spiritual knowledge, is far beyond that of Booth, while Booth is far advanced along the line of intellectual unfoldment.

Q.—In what sense is "Whatever is, is right?"

Ans.—If there be an Infinite will nothing can possibly transpire outside of the Infinite will, therefore in a divine sense to the divine mind, whatever is must be right. It is absurd for theologians of the Arminian School to declare that God wills all men to be saved and yet all men will not eventually enter heaven. It is absurd to state God abominates evil and yet allows positive, essential, moral evil to exist in the universe as a positive and everlasting force in the universe. The Calvinistic doctrine of predestination is far more logical and consistent than the milder, though intellectually far weaker Arminian doctrines. The Universalists, while agreeing with the Calvinists on the subject of predestination have overcome the difficulties which Arminianism has vainly endeavored to vanquish by their recognition of the truth of universal salvation. This view makes room for sovereign will and divine goodness. According to the Universalist conception God has made no soul for misery or for uselessness, but has decreed that every individual spirit shall arrive at length to the full consciousness and exercise of all his powers as a child of God. There can be no sin, no evil in the Infinite plan; no evil thing can proceed from a divine source; and as we believe in a perfectly pure and Infinite First Cause of all things, we deny totally the doctrine of the existence of evil as an active positive factor in the universe. The atomic theory of existence teaches us that the universe is simply an agglomeration of atoms; that individual primaries are always in existence, which are themselves unchangeable and that creation of form simply means the aggregation by attractive force of certain atoms, while the destruction of bodies is brought about simply by structural disintegration or atomic dispersion. Now, can you not conceive it possible that every atom in the universe is good and necessary, but that to every spirit so many atoms are given as are necessary to form a kingdom of which that individual spirit is the central force and ruler. Every spirit must learn by experience to control the atoms forming his own kingdom, and as no one gains knowledge without effort, as no one arrives at perfect results without having passed through various stages of incompetence, so that which you call evil is merely a failure or mistake of the spirit during his operations with materials submitted to his control.

When one organ of your brain is inordinately developed; your vitality does not flow sufficiently into some other portion of your brain. The undue cultivation or stimulation of one organ brings about a lack of development in others, producing insanity and even crime. There are no bad organs, no bad propensities, but an aggregation of certain propensities, or the abnormal development of some organs at the expense of others, is the sole producing cause of crime, insanity and every condition of life that men call evil. There can be no evil atoms or primaries in your sphere; when every element composing it is in perfect harmony, you have attained to symmetry, which is order, heaven. Harmony alone is necessary to prove, to absolutely demonstrate the utility of every thing. It is right for you to have all the tendencies and faculties you possess, and right also that you should have the opportunity which you have of controlling all the forces of your kingdom by an effort of your will. We do state that the spirit can pervert a good thing by means of its misuse, but this statement is not at all analogous to stating that anything can be essentially bad, and therefore must of necessity work evil.

Your plane may be in perfect tune, but your child manipulating it unintelligently may produce frightful disorders; with the same materials which the artist employs in the evolution of a splendid picture, some one unexperienced in producing works of art may only create confusion and unloveliness. Whatever is, is right in the fullest sense, when you take this view of the universe, that everything is good in itself; but you need experience, and you only gain it as you gradually by your own effort subordinate natural forces to the spirit. When you make a mistake, it is necessary that you should suffer for that mistake or you would never become any wiser. If you pervert anything, it is necessary that perversion should cause you pain and inconvenience, or you would never cease to pervert. Do not look upon any affliction, consequent upon your own misdoings as evidence of divine anger, but rather accept all your sorrows and suffering as a portion of life's inevitable discipline, as an educational process needed to perfect you as an intelligent being having perfect control over that sphere in the universe which is intrusted to your own special keeping. When you arrive at the angelic degree of life, you will see the use of everything. Being perfectly pure in motive you will be able to endure the brightness of such lights as shall reveal to you the good in everything; when pure in heart, you will see God everywhere. While undeveloped morally, you see the devil which

is merely the shadow cast over nature by your own imperfection, coming between your own mind's eye and eternal goodness.

There is no such thing as hell or darkness, these being negative states due to the absence of light (physical and spiritual); when light is absent you fail to perceive the beauty of nature. Evil is mental and moral darkness, and must be a purely negative condition of affairs, and not a substantial entity, your own condition of spiritual darkness being necessarily as capable of preventing you from beholding the moral harmony of the universe as physical darkness is capable of excluding from your eyes the sight of nature's outward symmetry. Good is the only positive condition of the universe; evil being due to the absence of spiritual light, is necessarily only a negative state. Probably no better definition of good and evil can be presented, than has already been given by Socrates, who declares that wisdom or knowledge is essentially good and that ignorance is itself evil; but it is even good that you should experience the darkness of ignorance, as a preparation for the ultimate unfoldment of your spirit.

Q.—Is the planet Venus inhabited?

Ans.—It is inhabited by a race of beings who while your inferiors intellectually, are greatly your superiors artistically. On the planet Venus all forms of beauty are largely developed, and the special work of the individual souls on Venus, is artistic perfection. The planet itself is of great physical beauty, and the minds of all inhabiting it are bent towards the cultivation of the beautiful. Contrast the intellectual attainment of the most advanced minds upon the earth, with that of the most cultured inhabitants of Venus and they will be greatly inferior to earth's inhabitants; but trace the intuitive and artistic development of the most developed on Venus with those of the most developed on the earth, and the inhabitants of Venus will appear by far your superiors. We know that conflicting statements are apparently made by spirits concerning the condition of planets; but all spirit communications concerning planets, to our knowledge within the limits of our experience, present no conflict, other than purely an apparent one. As the earth's surface is largely diversified and as earth's inhabitants are widely diversified in their attainments, even so the surface of Venus or any other planet, and also the inhabitants will be dissimilar as much so as are the surface and population of this earth. In some parts of Venus no human being could live, and in some parts of earth human life could not be sustained; on some portions of Venus human spirits exist in very rudimentary bodies, corresponding to the average condition of some on earth, but on other parts of Venus the provision for the sustenance of life is such that very highly developed minds can express themselves, even as highly developed minds on earth can only be found in civilized communities. If it ever be proved by astronomical observation that the planet Venus can not sustain organisms, similar to your own, remember that every planet in the solar system is brought into existence for the especial purpose of expressing spiritual beings in some specific development, and that the material environment necessary for the acquisition of branches of knowledge attainable on one earth, may be antagonistic to the acquisition of such knowledge as can only be gained by spirits inhabiting another and differently constituted orb.

W. Harry Powell on the War Path.

He Proposes to Have the Scapels of the Pence Hall Crowd; and Incidentally Sustains the Journal's Opinion of that Nest of Iniquity.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

That the readers of the JOURNAL may be familiar with both sides of the case I first give the statement of the Pence Hall people as published:

A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT.

Dr. W. Harry Powell, the slate writer, swooped down on us, and gave his first slate writing séance to a small company of selected friends on the 29th ultimo. The friends endorsed Mr. Powell in his peculiar phase of writing with improvised pencil procured by spirit agency. The convincing character of the phenomenon being adapted to the needs of those who had not progressed beyond the confines of the lower phase of spirit manifestations, made of Mr. Powell a welcome guest with Terra Haute Spiritualists, who used their influence for him, and succeeded in securing large attendance at his entertainments. All, with Mr. Powell and his friends, went on smoothly and harmoniously until Mrs. Stewart innocently, as the sequel will show, threw a fire brand into the camp. For information of those not familiar with Powell's speciality, we digress to explain, that a substance, on waving the hand, forms on the ball of his index finger, by which messages purporting to come from spirit friends are written on a slate. Anna M. Stewart at the request of friends, tried the experiment, and succeeded at her first effort. At our suggestion the lead pencil was in the same way produced, and messages upon paper, which placed her one ahead of Powell, was also written, and on each, the messages written furnished indisputable evidence of spirit presence. The friends who believed this a confirmation of Powell's mediumship, referred exultingly to Mrs. Stewart's success. But lo! Powell had repeatedly boasted that he was the only medium in the world who had that power, and when told that Mrs. Stewart had reproduced the phenomenon, he became desperately enraged, and in a fit of jealousy denounced her, and without investigation of her powers, declared her a fraud, and hastily, inconsiderately, and without cause or provocation, caused to our astonishment, the following challenge to appear in the *Terra Haute Daily Express* of Wednesday morning, 6th inst.

CHALLENGE.

Whereas, one Anna M. Stewart, of this city, has imitated my manifestation of Slate Writing, I, W. Harry Powell, of Philadelphia, will meet the said Anna M. Stewart in a test séance, the time and place to be designated by herself, (excepting Pence's Hall), for the sum of \$100 or \$1,000. The conditions as follows, viz:

A committee of twelve to be selected, each having choice of six persons, and a professor of any medical college to be referee. My mouth is to be securely closed, my hands to be washed with chemicals, in order that any calcareous substances may be removed, and never to be out of sight, and to have my clothes thoroughly examined by the committee, that it may be fully satisfied that nothing about my wearing apparel may aid in this manifestation.

Should the aforesaid Anna M. Stewart produce similar manifestations under like conditions, I agree to forfeit the amount she may agree to accept in this challenge, ranging from \$100 to \$1,000, a like amount to be paid by her to me if she fails to produce the

writing under the above named conditions. [Signed] W. Harry Powell.

That the phenomenon referred to in the above challenge is reproduced through the mediumship of Anna M. Stewart, we positively know, and others can know by investigation.

To quiet and soothe the irate Powell, who seems to have a jealous fear that Mrs. Stewart will become a troublesome competitor in the slate writing phase, we will inform him that she has no intention to retrograde from the high and exalted position to which the Spirit-world has raised her, to compete with him in a lower and comparatively insignificant phase of mediumship. Her committee prefer to have her powers devoted to the further development of materialization—the highest and grandest power known to the world—in the production of which she gives universal satisfaction to all who honestly investigate, and in which she is having all that she can do, which will explain to the champion Powell, and to all unprejudiced minds, the nonacceptance of his very foolish, unwarranted and uncalled for challenge.

PENCE HALL COMMITTEE.

Terre Haute, Dec. 9th, 1882.

For the information of the readers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, I will give a truthful statement. I arrived in Terre Haute, Monday, November 27th. My first séance was held on the 29th at the residence of Mr. H. W. Kellogg, 308 North Fourth St. The company consisted of eighteen of Terre Haute's best citizens, who welcomed me in their midst and during my sojourn of two weeks, I held nightly séances, and the demand was such that I was compelled to give public séances in the afternoon. I had not been in the city but a few days when lo! the only "far famed materializing medium," Anna M. Stewart, heard what an interest was being created, and being backed by her "renowned committee," she counterfeited the manifestation of slate writing occurring through my mediumship, by trickery, having been detected, and I, hearing of the same, issued a challenge for the "great medium" to meet me in a test séance, but up to the present time she has failed to do so; nor dare she or her committee. The deception she used to palm off her slate writing is so transparent that a child three years of age could detect the mode of doing her trick. It is simply to have some bits of pencil in her mouth to use on the occasion. She inserts her finger in her mouth, gets a piece upon it, and without allowing any examination, she shakes her finger in the air, the ball upward, and for fear the pencil will drop off, brings the finger down quickly and proceeds to write, claiming it to be done by spirit power.

A gentleman friend of mine called upon her and received a communication purporting to come from a dear sister. When he discovered the flagrant deception, he asked her if that was a genuine spirit manifestation. He told her that he saw how she produced it. She said: "If that is not genuine, then none of my manifestations are genuine." That is the sort of fraud her committee would have the public investigate.

Now, in reply to the "world-renowned committee," Messrs. Hook, Conner and Pence, who stand by their champion medium in all her trickery, I will meet them and her at any time they may see fit. They state that "by the request of her friends she was told to try the experiment [of trickery] and succeeded at the first attempt, and at our suggestion [the committee, for they are mighty,] the lead pencil was produced and messages upon paper written, which put her one ahead of Powell." What a grand medium, to learn the art of chewing lead pencil. They say I have boasted that I was the only medium in the world that had that power. That is a tissue of lies, but I did say that I was the only one that the public had any knowledge of, and I will say to the "world-renowned committee," "If you desire your champion medium for materialization to stand any test, you will have to teach her better tricks, for at the present time she will not submit to, nor can she stand, test conditions, and you as her guardians will not allow her to. I defy you to meet me in any test. They say that I became enraged and in a fit of jealousy, denounced her as a fraud. Yes, and I do so publicly without fear or favor, but not in a fit of jealousy, as you would like to make the public believe. If your champion, or the "grandest medium in the world," as you claim her, could produce a genuine manifestation, I would be only too happy to know it. They say: "To soothe the irate Powell, we [the committee] will inform him that she has no intention to retrograde from the high and exalted position to which the Spirit-world has raised her, to compete with him in a lower and comparatively insignificant phase of mediumship." To the "renowned committee" I will say that I allow test conditions to substantiate that the lower phase, as you call it, is genuine, and I do not care to develop into the grand or higher phase of putting upon me togery to represent the spirits of our departed friends and relatives, the most sacred thing known to mankind.

I care nothing for their slurs. I have my mission to fill, no matter what the phase may be, so it be genuine. I am true to my mediumship, and am willing at all times to be tested, which I again defy the "world-renowned committee" with their champion materializing medium, Anna M. Stewart, to submit to.

I do not want to encroach upon your columns too much. I have no bull dogs to defend me. My spirit-band alone protect me. In conclusion I will say that my challenge still remains open to the "world-renowned committee of Pence Hall.

W. HARRY POWELL, Slate writing medium of Philadelphia.

Prof. Tyndall gives some interesting views in regard to what he terms the "proximate future" of Niagara. At the rate of excavation assigned to it by Sir Charles Lyell—namely, a foot a year—Prof. Tyndall says that 5,000 years or so will carry the Horse-shoe Fall higher than Goat Island, and as the gorge recedes, it will drain as it hitherto has done, the banks right and left of it, thus leaving a nearly level terrace between Goat Island and the edge of the gorge; higher up it will totally drain the American branch of the river; the channel will become cultivatable land; the American Falls will then be transformed into a dry precipice, forming a continuation of the cliffy boundary of the River Niagara, and lastly, at the place at present occupied by the fall, there will be a whirlpool.

WESTFIELD, Mass., Feb. 18, 1882.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.—Gentlemen: About five years ago I had a very bad cough, and tried several remedies without any relief, until I was advised by Mr. Whitney, druggist of Gouverneur, N. Y., to try your Cherry Pectoral, which I did, and before I had taken half a bottle, I was entirely cured.

Yours, etc.

CHARLES MEACHAM.

An Indian Communes With the Great Spirit.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Noticing a call for accounts of spirit phenomena in your last issue, it occurred to me that an incident related by Capt. Jonathan Carver in his "Journal of Travels," whose book I happen to possess, being a descendant of his, might not be uninteresting to your readers, therefore I send it. He commences: "In June, 1776, I set out from Boston, and proceeded by way of Albany and Niagara to Michillimackinac, a fort situated between the lakes Huron and Michigan and distant from Boston 1,300 miles, etc." He came west as far as Prairie du Chien and ascended the Father of Waters to the Falls of St. Anthony, and was followed up by traders with supplies. I will give it in his own words.

"The traders we expected being later this season than usual, and our numbers very considerable, for there were more than three hundred of us, the stock of provisions we had brought with us was nearly exhausted, and we waited with impatience for their arrival. One day whilst we were all expressing our wishes for the desirable event, and looking from an eminence in hopes of seeing them come over the lake, the chief priest belonging to the band of Killistenos, told us that he would endeavor to obtain a conference with the Great Spirit, and learn from him when the traders would arrive. I paid little attention to this declaration, supposing that it would be productive of some juggling trick, just sufficiently covered to deceive the ignorant Indians. But the king of that tribe telling me that this was chiefly undertaken by the priest, to alleviate my anxiety, and at the same time to convince me how much interest he had with the Great Spirit, I thought it necessary to restrain my animadversions on his design.

"The following evening was fixed upon for this spiritual conference. When everything had been properly prepared, the king came to me and led me to a spacious tent, the covering of which was drawn up, so as to render what was transacted within, visible to those who stood without. We found the tent surrounded by a great number of the Indians, but we readily gained admission, and seated ourselves on skins laid on the ground for that purpose. In the center I observed that there was a place of an oblong shape, which was composed of stakes stuck in the ground, with intervals between, so as to form a kind of chest or coffin large enough to contain the body of a man. These were of a middle size, and placed at such a distance from each other, that whatever lay within them was readily discerned.

"The tent was perfectly illuminated by a great number of torches made of splinters cut from the pine or birch tree, which the Indians held in their hands.

"In a few minutes the priest entered, when an amazing large elk's skin being spread on the ground just at my feet, he laid himself down upon it, after having stripped himself of every garment except that which he wore close about his middle. Being now prostrate on his back, he first laid hold on one side of the skin, and folded it over him, and then the other, leaving only his head uncovered. This was no sooner done than two of the young men who stood by, took about forty yards of strong cord, made also of elk's hide, and rolled it tight round his body, so that he was completely swathed within the skin. Being thus bound up like an Egyptian mummy, one took him by the heels, and the other by the head, and lifted him over the pales into the inclosure. I could also now discern him as plain as I had hitherto done, and I took care not to turn my eyes a moment from the object before me, that I might the more readily detect the artifice; for such I doubted not but that it would turn out to be.

"The priest had not lain in this situation more than a few seconds, when he began to mutter. This he continued to do for some time, and then by degrees grew louder and louder, till at length he spoke articulately; however, what he uttered was in such a mixed jargon of Chipeway, Ottawa, and Killistnoe languages, that I could understand but very little of it. Having continued in this tone for a considerable while, he at last exerted his voice to its utmost pitch, sometimes raving and sometimes praying, till he had worked himself into such an agitation that he foamed at his mouth. After having remained near three quarters of an hour in the place, and continued his vociferation with unabated vigor, he seemed to be quite exhausted, and remained speechless. But in an instant he sprang up on his feet, notwithstanding at the time he was put in, it appeared impossible for him to move either his legs or arms, and shaking off his covering, as quick as if the bands with which it had been bound were burned asunder, he began to address those who stood around, in a firm and audible voice:

"My brothers," said he, "the Great Spirit has deigned to hold a talk with his servant, at my earnest request; he has not, indeed, told me when the persons we expect will be here, but to-morrow soon after the sun has reached his highest point in the heavens, a canoe will arrive, and the people in that will inform us when the traders will come."

"Having said this he stepped out of the inclosure and after he had put on his robes, dismissed the assembly. I own I was greatly astonished at what I had seen; but as I observed that every eye in the company was fixed on me with a view to discover my sentiment, I carefully concealed every emotion. The next day the sun shone brightly and long before noon all the Indians were gathered together on the eminence that overlooked the lake. The old king came to me and asked me whether I had so much confidence in what the priest foretold, as to join his people on the hill, and wait for the completion of it; I told him I was at a loss what opinion to form of the prediction, but that I would readily attend him. On this we walked together to the place where the others were assembled. Every eye was again fixed by turns on me and on the lake; when just as the sun had reached his zenith agreeable to what the priest had foretold a canoe came around a point of land about a league distant. The Indians no sooner beheld it than they set up a universal shout, and by their looks seemed to triumph in the interest their priest thus evidently had with the Great Spirit.

"In less than an hour the canoe reached the shore, when I attended the king and chiefs to receive those who were on board. As soon as the men were landed, we walked all together to the king's tent, when according to their invariable custom, we began to smoke; and this we did, notwithstanding our impatience to know the tidings they brought, without asking any questions, for the Indians are the most deliberate people in the world. However after some trivial conversation the king inquired of them whether they had seen any thing of the traders? The men replied that they had parted from them a few days before and that they proposed being here the second day from the present. They accordingly arrived at that time greatly

to our satisfaction, but more particularly so to that of the Indians, who found by this event the importance both of their priest and of their nation, greatly augmented in the sight of a stranger.

"This story I acknowledge appears to carry with it marks of credulity in the related; but no one is less tainted with that weakness than myself. The circumstances of it I own are of a very extraordinary nature; however as I can vouch for their being free from either exaggeration or misrepresentation, being myself a cool and dispassionate observer of them all, I thought it necessary to give them to the public.

"And this I do without wishing to mislead the judgment of my readers, or to make any superstitious impressions on their minds; but leaving them to draw from it what conclusions they please."

The incident occurred on the shore of Lake Superior. A. C. STRONG.

Free Thought Directory.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Names of Liberals sent me before the 10th day of January will be published in the second edition of the Free Thought Directory, which will be issued Jan. 15th. Those who desire the second edition must order it before that time to receive it. Price 25 cents. Salamanca, N. Y. H. L. GREEN.

With the usual enterprise characteristic of that great corporation, the CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY, I now presents to the traveler two first-class routes from Chicago to St. Paul—one via the celebrated Lake Shore Route, running through the delightful suburbs of Evanston, Highland Park, Lake Forest and Waukegan, the active little cities of Kenosha and Racine to Milwaukee, the "Cream City," and the metropolis of Wisconsin, through the far-famed "Saratoga of the West," Waukesha, to Madison, the capital of Wisconsin; and the other route, via Harvard and Beloit, the seat of the renowned Beloit College, to Madison, thence via Elroy to St. Paul and Minneapolis. On one or more of these trains the celebrated "North-Western" Dining Cars are run, in which the traveler gets a meal equal to anything served in the best of first-class hotels, for only 75 cents, and plenty of time to eat it in. The NORTH-WESTERN ROAD is the only one upon which these cars or anything similar are run to St. Paul or any other point northwest of Chicago.

In New Zealand, Mr. A. T. Urquhart states, earthworms not only leave their burrows but climb up trees in search of food in the night or at a late hour if the morning is damp and warm.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

The countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes of a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eye-lid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach; at others, entirely gone; feeble pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy, not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult and accompanied by hiccupping, cough, sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable. Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist.

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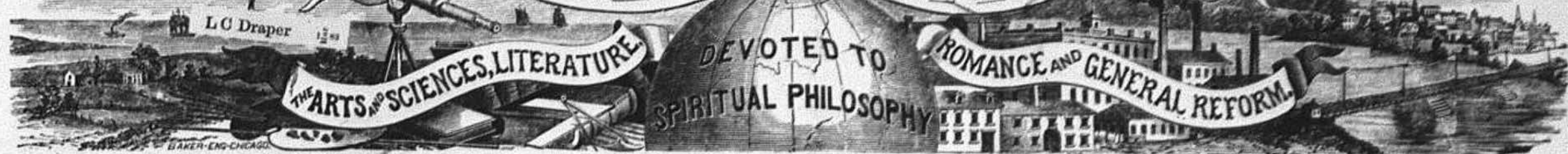
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# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL



Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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No. 20

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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## Physical Mediumship.

An Address Delivered by Mr. Thomas Shorter, formerly Editor of the Spiritualist Magazine, at the Fortnightly Discussion Meeting held at the Rooms of the Central Association of Spiritualists, London, Eng.

SUBJECT: Is it Advisable for Spiritualists to Encourage Professional Mediumship for Physical Manifestations?

Mr. Thomas Shorter then delivered his address. He said: The Spiritualist mind is from time to time, and has especially of late been considerably exercised on the question of mediumship. It is painfully forced upon our attention, and will not be evaded. It has been the subject of much correspondence and criticism in Spiritualist journals from various quarters. It was made the subject, if I remember aright, of the last discussion in these rooms, and, as most of you are aware, a circular has just been issued from a committee of this Association, with a long list of prominent and representative names appended, urging the adoption of certain changes in the condition of public séances, and in our methods of procedure in regard to them. The subject of séances conditions is closely allied to the question of the evening, but I shall not enter into its consideration further than to insist upon one aspect of the question. Spiritualists may be broadly divided into two opposite camps regarding it. On the one hand, there are those who insist on the rigorous application of test conditions of the severest kind, with whom antecedents and personal character are altogether eliminated, who insist that nothing is to be taken for granted, that there must be the most absolute and conclusive proof that can be obtained that the medium has nothing whatever to do with any phenomena that takes place at the séance. On the other hand there are those who tell us that the conditions of spiritual manifestations are in themselves sufficiently formidable, and that by insisting on these conditions we only increase the difficulties, and perhaps render spiritual manifestations altogether impossible, and that even if this is not the case, our test conditions may prove altogether illusory—that the conditions are not primarily physical and mechanical, but moral and spiritual; that the one primary condition is that of mutual confidence and harmony in the circle, and above all, in the medium, who shall be placed in as much ease and happiness of body and mind as is possible, and that under these conditions not only are we likely to have the most satisfactory séances, but better tests are likely to be voluntarily given than any which we by the utmost stretch of our ingenuity can devise.

## "A SHADY COMPROMISE."

Now I think there is a great deal to be said in favor of both of these methods. Each is good in its way, according to time and place and circumstances; but what is not good, what is the farthest from being good, is that which very generally, perhaps usually, takes place. There is a constant oscillation between these two opposite poles of feeling, not only in the same circle but very often in the same individual and at the same time. On the one hand it is felt that some kind of test is really necessary, if the testimony as to what may take place is to have any weight and credit—that if it is to have any value, and especially any scientific value, the observance of some conditions is indispensable. On the other hand, however, it is thought that something is also due to the

susceptibilities of the medium, that although tests always imply some degree of suspicion, yet this suspicion must not be made obtrusive and objectionable; that something of harmony must be maintained, and that the moral conditions of séances must not be altogether ignored. And the consequence usually is that what I may call a shady compromise takes place. On the one hand tests are employed sufficient to violate that perfect confidence in the integrity of the medium which all tests imply, and on the other hand imperfect tests are applied, or tests perhaps sufficient in themselves are loosely applied; that is, they cease to be tests at all. Now what I would insist upon is this—that we should no longer halt between these two opinions, that we should make up our minds in the conduct of every séance definitely either on one side or the other, and resolutely adhere to it. Either we should insist on moral conditions as primary and sufficient, and in that case we should dispense altogether with all attempts at tests, with all endeavors to watch and guard, to fetter, and handcuff, and bag the medium; or on the other hand we should insist that these conditions should be made as absolute and as perfect as possible. Something, indeed, may be due to the medium. The susceptibilities of the medium may be ruffled, if this course is pursued, and rudely shocked; but the medium should understand that as all professions and callings have their disagreeable incidents, so with mediumship. It is one of the factors to be reckoned with, and if he is not prepared for this, some other occupation less congenial to him should, I think, be chosen.

## MEDIUMSHIP AS A PROFESSION.

However, I think the question goes far deeper than any mere modifications of condition or any methods of procedure in the conduct of public séances. It is not merely—What are the best methods of conducting public séances? but—Is it desirable that there should be public séances? It is not how we may place safeguards against dishonesty on the part of the medium, but is it desirable that professional mediums should be encouraged at all for physical manifestations? I restrict the question to physical manifestations. Now I know it is very difficult to speak on this subject without being misunderstood. One is almost certain to be misapprehended, and to cause irritation, and perhaps, in certain quarters, to give offence. I can only say I have no intention or desire to reflect upon mediums either individually or as a class. I have no doubt that many of average men and women taken from amongst us, placed in circumstances amenable to the same conditions and subject to the same temptations, would be liable to, and perhaps fall into, the same failings and the same faults. It is not mediums, but professional mediumship, which I invite you this evening to consider. Again, I shall be told that mediums, like other folk, have to pay rent and taxes and tradesmen's bills, that the physician is paid, that the lawyer is paid, that the clergyman is paid; and I shall be asked, "Why should mediums be made an exception to the universal rule?" Why indeed, if that were the real issue to be tried; but I maintain that it is not the real issue. The question is not "Given the medium, whether he shall be paid, and even liberally and generously paid," as I insist he should; but whether mediumship should exist as a profession, whether it is desirable that persons should enter upon Spiritualism as a trade, that they should embark in it for a livelihood or as a commercial speculation. Now, I maintain that it is eminently undesirable, and I do so, not out of any ill-will or any desire to prejudice the interests of mediums, but in a great measure my contention is based on what I believe to be the true and higher permanent interests of the medium himself.

## CONSIDERATIONS OF PHYSICAL HEALTH.

First I would consider this point in its relation to the medium physically—in regard to health. Some of you, I dare say, will remember that not very long since we had a paper read in these rooms on this very question of whether mediumship was prejudicial to the health of the medium. I think there was a consensus of opinion that there was nothing necessarily injurious to the health of the medium in any great measure, provided that mediumship was exercised temperately, under proper conditions, with ample time for rest and recuperation, with opportunities for physical exercise and alternative occupation. But what I maintain in regard to professional mediums is that all these conditions are almost generally, almost necessarily under present conditions, violated—that at least there is a powerful and constant temptation to their violation. It must be to the interest of the medium that his profession should be like other professions, as remunerative to him as possible, and to this end the more frequent the séances, and the greater the number of visitors, the more remunerative his occupation is certain to be. Especially if he be a popular medium, there will be an incessant demand upon his time, which will occupy him frequently from morning till late at night at séances with a great number of persons closely packed in heated rooms, and under conditions which, in a sanitary point of view, are altogether unfavorable. The evils in this respect might be remediable; but there are other circumstances in relation to the health of the medium which are more immediately bound up with the exercise of his profession. If there

is anything in which Spiritualists of observation and experience are generally agreed, and which is confirmed by scientific observation, it is that whatever the character of mediumship may be, in whatever it may be supposed to consist, the source of power manifested in physical manifestations is drawn chiefly, if not altogether, from the medium, that there is a constant drain upon the muscular system, the nervous tissues, the vital energies. It has been even shown by actual measurement that there is a diminution in the bulk and weight of the medium, in the process of some forms of physical manifestations, more especially in materialization. It may be that there is some return to the medium, and there may be under proper opportunities, recuperation; but where the exercise of mediumship is continued from day to day, and from week to week, in long protracted sittings, you will see that it must exercise an influence most prejudicial to the physical health of the medium. We need not argue this as a mere question of reasoning, for all who have carefully observed mediums for any length of time know it to be a positive fact. I have in my mind the instance of one of the most powerful physical mediums—I mean powerful in his constitution and physical energies—and I know that several times after these séances had been held he was so physically affected that he would fall on the floor from sheer exhaustion before he could reach the street. I know the case of another, one of the most powerful mediums for manifestation—that has ever been known. I became acquainted with him before he became a professional medium. After two or three years successful exercise of his mediumistic powers I met him in the street. The sun was shining in his face and I was painfully shocked to see the change which had taken place; his eyes were sunk, his color gone, his cheeks hollow; he was spitting blood; there was a hectic flush on his face, which denoted a person far advanced in consumption, and it was only by tearing himself away from the exercise of his mediumship, by going to a more genial climate and by careful nursing among friends, that his health was in some degree restored. Now I maintain that if it were only on these grounds there would be serious cause for consideration of the advisability of encouraging mediumship as a profession. Nor is this the whole of the case. Many of you are aware that there is another aspect of the question which must have been observed, and which has been noticed in the press—that this exhaustion of the physical powers continued from time to time, causes a strong craving for stimulants to supply the loss which has thus been experienced. This, at first, may be exercised moderately and with very little or no injury, but appetite increases with its gratification, and as these séances are continued, and as the demand becomes greater and stronger, the habit is formed, and some of us know that not infrequently the consequence is that the medium degenerates into habits of intemperance, and physical and moral ruin is the result. Without going further, on this ground alone I think I might insist that there is here a sufficient cause of danger, that there are rocks ahead, and that we should hoist the danger signal to warn mediums of the perils of shipwreck which lie before them.

## MORAL ASPECTS OF THE QUESTION.

But this last phase of the subject introduces another—namely, the moral aspects of the question. Is it less likely to be injurious to his moral health, to his integrity, to his pure and unblemished character, and to his unsullied conscience? How is it that we so often witness that painful result which is alluded to in the circular I have mentioned? We are told that there is scarcely any medium for physical manifestations in this country who has not been charged at some time or other with imposture. There may be special and minor causes to account for this in particular cases, but where the fact is thus common there must be some general ground and reason for it. I think, in order that we may understand it, we should fairly look at the problem, bearing in mind that we have not to deal with the man who is purely an impostor. If that were so our difficulties would be much lessened; we might much more easily dispose of them when they present themselves. But there is no question that in many instances where undoubted imposture exists, the impostor nevertheless is a genuine medium; that his mediumship has been tested and proved. Yet how is it that mediumship and occasional imposture are found to be compatible and to co-exist in the same person? Let us look at what I may call the genesis and natural history of the medium, the history of his rise and progress, and what too frequently follows in sequence, his decline and fall. It will of course have been observed that the professional medium is not drawn from the higher ranks of society. Persons in affluence or easy circumstances have very little temptation to enter upon mediumship as a vocation. The ranks of professional mediums are recruited almost entirely from the laboring classes. Of course at first the power of mediumship exists in the medium, but like all other natural gifts and powers it requires development, it requires exercise and cultivation, and the most natural field for this, that which is the most easily accessible, at least, is that which presents itself in the circle of investigation. We will suppose our medium has attended one or more of these circles. He finds himself, perhaps, to his great surprise, possessed of the power by which these phenomena, ex-

traordinary to him, are produced without his active participation. He is startled and interested. He experiments with his family and soon feels sufficiently interested in the matter to invite his neighbors and friends. They, too, become interested, and the circle gradually spreads and widens. His reputation enlarges; strangers begin to flock in, and his circles are crowded. Strangers, of course, do not like to occupy his time and to use the accommodation which he furnishes them without making him some consideration. It may at first, perhaps, be refused, but after it is once accepted, and it becomes known, others of course, do not like to be less considerate than strangers, and so it at last becomes the habit, and the séances become more frequent and more remunerative with the increase of visitors. He finds that the results of a single successful séance, perhaps, are as remunerative to him as the wages of a week of manual labor. Under these circumstances it requires no great amount of persuasion or solicitation to induce him to relinquish his occupation, and devote himself to the exercise of the newly discovered power. He accordingly enters the field of professional mediumship, and so there is a large demand upon his time. He congratulates himself on the change he has made, on the good fortune that attends him. But mediumship is as we know, very precarious and uncertain. It cannot be commanded; we know little of its nature or conditions, but we know that it may be very easily disturbed, and some little derangement of health, some domestic anxiety, some depletion, perhaps of the nervous force takes place, and he finds in the very full tide of his prosperity that there is a sudden ebb; that his power wanes, and perhaps, for a time, altogether ceases. The next time there are no better results though the phenomena may return, slight and feeble. The same thing may occur the third or fourth time. And now something must be done, and that speedily. His patrons are deserting him, his circle is almost neglected, the domestic exchequer is running low, the landlord is pressing for his rent, tradesmen are demanding a settlement of their bills. Then comes the temptation: "Could not you just help the spirits a little? It may be only once or twice; could not you by some little dexterous manipulation present some colorable representation of the phenomena, and perhaps very soon the phenomena will return?" The temptation is at first rejected, but it returns again and again, and with greater force with his greater needs, and his power of resistance becomes less. Is it any wonder, to any who know human nature, that he at last succumbs to the temptation? The little trick is tried; it is successful; no one observes the difference. Emboldened by success, he becomes an adept in the art of deception, and he ventures on new deceptions more audaciously than at first; and for a time he is successful. At length, however, persons begin to think that all is not right. He is watched more closely, light is sprung upon him, and exposure takes place; the medium is disgraced, and discredit is cast upon the cause he represents. Take another case which not infrequently happens. Perhaps a medium comes to us from America or the Continent, well-accredited as a remarkable medium for physical manifestations. In his presence some new phase of manifestation is presented. Of course, the lovers of novelty are on the alert. Suddenly this new manifestation becomes the rage, and strangely enough, this peculiar phase of manifestation all at once is exhibited by a number of physical mediums who live in the same town, or, it may be, over a much wider area. It all events, something is presented which is made to do duty for it, and our medium takes his place with the rest. It will not do that all his customers should go to another shop, therefore something must be presented equally startling, wonderful, and attractive to his customers, and so the new manifestation is tried, and he is delighted with its success. At last suspicion is aroused, a rush is made, the spirit is seized, and is, somehow, instantaneously transformed into the medium, with all the paraphernalia of fraud about him, and a new scandal is added to the roll which Spiritualism unfortunately presents!

## APOLOGIES FOR FRAUD.

Nor is this always the worst. What follows is often more injurious than this. There are those enthusiasts who think it a duty to defend mediums whatever evidence of fraud may exist. When an exposure takes place the exposé himself may be, and often is, a Spiritualist, and he is himself deeply pained at the discovery that he has made, but he deems it his duty as an honest man to write to the local newspapers, or to the spiritual journals, and give a plain, simple recital of the facts of the case. Whereupon, Dr. A. writes to say he had a successful séance with this medium six months before; and Professor B. will write saying that he tried and tested him and established his genuine mediumship beyond all question—as though what happened six months before had anything to do with what subsequently occurred. But the inference which is suggested is that because the person in question is a genuine medium he cannot have committed fraud, and sometimes it is alleged that even if anything did take place that was not altogether honest and right, it was due either to the ignorance of the sitters, or it may be, to the wickedness of their moral conditions, or to the evil sitters whom they brought with them, or, perhaps, it was the result of some diabolical plot on the part

of the exposé. Now I have no hesitation in saying that this kind of apology is far more injurious to the truth than any number of exposures standing by themselves could possibly be. What can be the effect upon any unprejudiced reader of all these apologies but to make him feel that these Spiritualists are at best a set of credulous, weak-minded enthusiasts, who, if not actual accomplices, are willing to deceive, and that their action is as mischievous as complicity itself would be?

## EVIL EFFECTS OF THE PRESENT METHOD.

Now, let us ask ourselves what is the influence which it exerts upon other classes of society? What can be the effect which all this has upon the investigator who visits the professional medium? Can it fail to excite in his mind doubt and suspicion? And whatever startling phenomena he may witness, can he altogether free himself from doubt and uncertainty as to the genuineness of the phenomena? What can be the effect on the mind of the scientific man who finds himself debauched from the free use of his eyes and hands, who finds that these phenomena take place under conditions where they cannot be observed and investigated? What can be its effect upon the mind of the serious and religious investigator? Will he not feel that there is here what to him must be a profanation of sacred things? Will he not turn away with a feeling of almost loathing and disgust? What, again, will its effect be on the general public, knowing of it only from unfavorable newspaper reports and reports of criminal cases? And what is its effect upon Spiritualists themselves? Many who were once enthusiastic believers have withdrawn altogether from the work of Spiritualism, because they have been wearied and a-hamed and indignant at that which has taken place. What, again, is to be said with reference to its influence on other mediums who are not professional? I remember when it was not worth while for mediumship to be exercised as a profession at all. At that time mediums felt the responsibility of their gifts, and it was not difficult for persons who came to them with proper introductions, and with whose motives they were satisfied as being sufficiently adequate, to obtain facilities for the investigation of the subject under conditions which could at least leave no doubt of the good faith of the parties concerned, and in this way they were convinced, at least of the genuineness of the manifestations. But with the advent of the professional medium all this was changed. Private mediums naturally ask themselves, "Why should I give up any time in this way to these people? There is the public medium." And so the services of this valuable class of mediums became lost to the cause, and I hold that whatever immediate and temporary advantages may have arisen from the exercise of professional mediumship, it is a very serious offset on the other side that we have to reckon the loss of the services of this very valuable class of mediums. Again, how is it that we have made during the last thirty years so little progress in our knowledge of Spiritualism, that we know so little of the nature of mediumship, of the principles which govern it, of the laws which underlie it? I have no hesitation in saying that it is mainly due to the prominent position which public circles have held among us, the existence of the professional medium, and the necessity for trying and testing him, and devising methods of proving the genuineness of the phenomena. Our time has been so entirely engrossed with the consideration of the question, "Are the phenomena genuine?" that we have not been in the proper mood of mind, even if we had the time, to enter upon the significance and value of these phenomena themselves. Nor again, can one fail to be struck with the painful way in which the commercial element in mediumship is prominently forced upon our attention. Is it not time that we should protest against Spiritualism being thus degraded? Is it compatible with the reverence due to the departed? Is it consistent with our own self-respect that we should permit the Spirit-world to be reduced to the level of a peep-show for the gratification of vulgar curiosity, and the private advantage of the showman?

## A NEW DEPARTURE.

I maintain, then, in the interests of the medium, of his health and integrity, in the interests of the investigator, in the interests of the public, in the interests of Spiritualists and of Spiritualism, that this whole question of professional mediumship, and of our relation to it should be seriously re-considered. I believe if the change were made which I have indicated, there would soon be a new departure—that Spiritualists would no longer have to hang their heads in shame, or to feel that Spiritualism was a reproach, but that it was something of which they might be honorably proud; the medium would see that I was anxious to magnify his office, for I would have him feel the responsibility of his position—that to him is committed a high and holy trust. I believe it would attract scientific men to the subject in another and more serious temper than that in which they now approach it; that they would here find ideas and continents of truth lying before them unexplored; that the philosopher would find fresh contributions to those obscure problems of human nature by which he is so often baffled. I believe the theologian would find new confirmations and illustrations of the fundamental basis of religious truth in which he is concerned. I believe Spiritual-

Continued on Eighth Page.



## Inspiration.

Men of early days, alone with Nature, feeling mysterious forces working in themselves in all-around them, able to perceive but not to understand, content to know without analyzing, yet needed a name for the power which at times so strangely stirred them, which produced such marvellous results in the world around them; needed a name, for all words are but name of things, or relations of things, materializations by which others can recognize and classify impressions we have received. Everywhere motion! What started the motion? What preserves it? Should they call it life the term would be defective, for life is complex, itself the consequence of something preceding it. Life could not, at least did not, to their unimpaired eyes, exist without breath, so they called this power inspiration, the breathing of God, chiefest manifestation of life of God, hence it is recorded, as the theory of men of that day: "God breathed upon the face of the waters, and said, 'let there be light,' and light was." "He breathed into man the breath of life, and man became a living soul." The breath of life is the universal periphrasis by which life is expressed. "The foundations of the world were discovered at thy rebuke, O Lord; at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils," said David. "Breath is in me, and the breath of God in my nostrils," said Job. "The breath of the Almighty hath given me life," "By the breath of God, frost is given," "His breath kindleth coals," "All made by the breath of his mouth," "With breath of his lips he will slay the wicked," "The breath of the Lord like a stream of brimstone doth kindle it," "Your breath, as fire, shall devour you," "The body without breath is dead," "The God in whose hand thy breath is," "He breathed on them, and said, 'know ye the Holy Ghost,'" "Saul breathing out threatenings and slaughter." These are citations enough to show the idea these men of long ago had of what inspiration was—not teaching, not revelation, but life's stimulus, excitement and power. All the might of God was expressed by the term, and that might was limited in manifestations by the organism which received it. Stones were never made to speak, nor trees to walk, no matter how much God breathed on them. No man transcended in utterance his knowledge of physical facts, and if his deductions were larger, it was only because the man made more intense, excited, could think with greater vigor, but always with the limitations both of conception and expression created by his mental and physical habitude.

But thought ever seeks expression, and men wrote of what they had conceived and thought they perceived—thus, the origin in all countries of what are called sacred writings, and they are sacred, but not, in themselves—only to those who consecrate them. The first books of Jewish Scriptures must always have possessed a special interest for the Jew; they held the history of his nation. It is not strange that, as the only thing that showed the Jewish people had a wonderful past, would have a wonderful future, they came to think these writings divine; nor strange that with a prophetic instinct of the evolution of commentators, they declared the very letters to have been dictated by God; that an erasure was never allowed in a copy of the law; that they grew to worship the books, to bow before the parchment, to adore the work of their own hands.

To this unreasoning bibliolatry the Christian church succeeded not at once, for Christianity and Judaism were opposing forces; though the internal spirit was the same, the external manifestation vastly different. The Jewish books lost some of their prestige. The same forces which caused the production of Jewish books made the Christians write—write, nonsense, falsehood, heresy; write also many things good and true, higher conceptions of nature of God; broader perceptions of the relations of God and man. Ibsen of MS. there were; some called doubtful as to authenticity; some undoubtedly genuine; some clearly fraudulent, but all inspired. These were the writings included by the description, "all Scripture" given by inspiration of God, while at the time that sentence was written, much of what is to-day received as Scripture, was not in existence, and it indorses much that is now rejected. There have been councils of the Church at which it was decided which books were canonical; quarrels, wicked councils, evidently not divinely inspired, as the Church conceives of inspiration, which made a selection, probably the best they could, judged from a literary standpoint; but, as Owen well says: "Literary excellence is one thing, infallibility another." Those councils selected and canonized their selection. To-day the Church proclaims this book a perfect revelation of God's mind and purpose; says it is true in every portion. Confronted with scientific errors found in its pages, Church authorities say it was never intended to teach science. Was it intended to teach false science? Contradictions, being discovered, they explain them away—"accommodating," they call it. Because of the necessity of this, sect arose. If one could "accommodate," why not all? Ignoring its real value, as a record of human experience, the Church exalts its authority, while the agnostic, equally ignoring the real claims of the book, merely attacks the dogmas of authority so persistently that I sometimes imagine that he hates it so much because in his secret soul he fears it may be true.

For this reason, no theme is of more importance to-day than inspiration. At every step of human progress, every new evolution of thought, a "text" is displayed, and by its words everything must be judged. A good thing is not believed to be good unless some one thousands of years ago said something which indorses it, or can be made to do so; while it is also true, as Shakespeare wrote: "There is no error so damning, but some holy saint will consecrate and bless it with a text."

Therefore it is necessary to find out, if we can, what inspiration can do and cannot do, to discover if God lives to-day, but has stopped inspiring; to learn if my words can be ever and always true—if a revelation, except of ourselves to ourselves is possible.

It is agreed that in order for a perfect canon of Scripture to exist, there must be nothing omitted; every divine utterance must be there, for who can tell what new explanations of old doctrines, what promulgation of forgotten ones may be in missing portions? Yet there are missing books, a good many of them, presumably as divine as those we have, for they are quoted from in our version. This of the Old Testament. There is reason to believe that an entire gospel is lost, and several epistles of apostles, embraced in the "other Scriptures" recommended by Peter. The book is not complete, hence not perfect.

It is necessary also that nothing be included that is not divine. If this be so, how did that Song of Solomon get a place? No name of God, no allusion to religion in it, but so much that a suggestion of sensuality, that the Jews would not allow it to be read by

any one under thirty years of age; not divine, not even decent. The book of Ruth is a pleasing noveltie—nothing more. The book of Ecclesiastes is downright materialistic and agnostic—the cry of a worn out sensualist, who says all is vanity, because he is unable longer to enjoy. Many books in the Bible have had their genuineness assailed. We cannot spare space to give all the facts on this head, or the reasons why. Without expressing any opinion on these points, for in our view they are unimportant—we remark: The Bible must be correctly translated. That it has not been, is evident, and Revision Committees would be useless. That it never can be, is to us equally evident, and Revision Committees are therefore useless. We can find the dictionary meaning of the original—doubtless if we can have a correct copy of the original to translate from; but would that be a true translation? We are sure it would not be. "Yes, you can get translation done cheap, but can you find one who knows technical terms the Germans use, so they could understand what you meant?" "Would you literally translate 'finger hut' into 'finger hat' instead of 'thimble'?" "Would you say 'lead us' for 'lead pencil'?" etc., etc., said one to us, some years ago. This is a grave objection to the claim of infallibility; the best translation of necessity a failure.

The Bible makes no claim of infallibility for itself. There is a command to write the Jewish law, to study to preserve it, and as it was the organic law, governing all details of life, this was only reasonable; but not a word relates to prophecy; there is no foreshadowing anywhere that there shall be any further revelation, if revelation it was. "All scripture given by inspiration of God is profitable," undoubtedly. "Holy men of God spake" as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. We don't question it. But could they in such a case utter things true then, they should be true for all time? That is the question. Can inspiration reveal except what a man already has? Can force teach? Inspiration is only force!

God could not make such a revelation. A half-truth is a whole lie. God dilutes a map. If God made a revelation of abstract truth, that is truth as he knows it; it would be incomprehensible or false to man. If he revealed only relative truth it would be falsehood to him—his revelation would be a lie, which is unthinkable. An inspiration to write, another to interpret, another to understand—all these necessary—but with all these complete perception of the thought of God is impossible unless the finite could grasp the infinite. God would not, if he could, make such a revelation. He would know in advance what we have learned—the fierce debate, the wars, the inquisitions, the unholy tempers, the two thousand sects, all taking the same words as authority, guided by the same Holy Spirit, they say, into "all truth." Well, the enormous variety of opinion goes to make up truth, as combination of all colors makes white, we suppose, though no single sect knows it.

The unchangeability of God forbids the claim of unlimited inspiration to a few, and then cessation. For hundreds of years men lived—they must live before their history could be written. There was no Bible, no overmastering authority. Men heard the voice of God, they said, long before there was any record made of the fact.

Did not God rule them? Did he not inspire give life to men then? The inspiration of the prophets was not a special gift, but a special power of reception, as possible, as really existent now as then. For its venerable antiquity; for its clear, nervous, condensed prose; for its sublime poetry; for a history nowhere else attainable—most of all because it is so thoroughly human; because it is the ancient record of man's experience, which touches ours in so many points to-day; because it has won the love, the reverence of countless millions, who found their hearts comforted, their souls uplifted by words of men like themselves, to whose experience their own bore relation—for these reasons the Bible is a sacred book, but not divine. It shall guide us by the examples we select from its pages; it shall give back to us the holy thought we bring to its study, but it shall not dominate us, shall not be accepted as God's word, least of all, God's last word.

The word of God was never found in any dictionary; men spoke as they were moved, by the "Holy Ghost" in the old days, as they do to-day. He who wished to fight, always heard the word commanding him to do so. One man, under this spiritual excitement, said to the appalled Jews, "God is jealous and the Lord revegeth; the Lord revegeth and is furious," while another, under the influence of the same spirit, says, "Love is of God, for God is love"—both utterances as true as was possible for them.

From the theology of to-day we turn back to the old thought of the Hebrew prophets, more and more clearly do we perceive that inspiration is the breathing of God's life, the source of all life, all motion. The wind is inspired to roar; the tree to grow; the animal (and frequently man) is inspired to kill. "By the breath of God frost is given. All good, all evil, all wisdom, all falsity, all righteousness, all sin, come from inspiration, the one spirit diverse in manifestation as controlled by the organism receiving it.

But the Bible has been used as the justification of the incentive to war, cruelty and injustice, evil of all sorts. It has done this because of the authority claimed for it. This removed, it would do no more harm than any book of history, poetry or metaphysics. Not divine, but gloriously human; not God's word about man, but man's word about God. We should value the book for the good it would bring out of us—not fear it for the evil men have put into it. "I am not ready to give up head," said a talented lady, recently, "because men have distilled poison from grain." So Ingersoll may rail and the church worship the book, we will be content with loving it. It shall be our friend, not our master.

D. M. C.

The congregation of a fashionable New York church, are undecided as to the propriety of visiting the mother of their pastor, a woman of irreproachable moral character and unobtrusive manners, but whose offense is that in former days she did washing to support herself and children. This is an illustration of that snobbish spirit which considers it more creditable for a woman to depend upon the grudging bounty of relatives and friends, than to earn a livelihood for herself.

The duke of New Castle, a plain, smooth-faced youth of 18 was much annoyed when he attempted to attend divine service at St. John's, Washington, D. C., because he was obliged to wait in the vestibule, and was quite indignant when finally turned away because there was not room for him. The most absurd part of the affair is the fact that the religious people have come out with explanations. If they had only known he was the Duke of Newcastle he would have been promptly shown to the best paw of what is now known as the "Cream-Chess Church."

1882.

BY HELEN MAR.

Good-bye Old Year. With many regrets I bid thee adieu. With thy fast waning hours what reminiscences crowd through the portals of memory's chambers! What questionings arise! What have we accomplished in the great drama of life during thy reign? What bright hopes and brighter anticipations lie buried beneath the debris of thy decaying form? What brave resolves of good to be lived, of duties to be fulfilled, of achievement to be obtained, lie side by side in one common grave.

Again, the jewelled fingers of sacred friendships tap lightly at the door of affectionate remembrance for recognition, and as the golden gates swing ajar, we see the tempestuous waves of time's illimitable sea bearing far from us the crowns of hallowed associations that have enwreathed us in the past. We see many smiling faces of earth's loved ones, cold and expressionless in death's embrace.

Ah! how sadly we miss the magnetic thrill of the warm and ingenuous hand-clasp, and the beaming eye, those windows through which the divine spirit speaks in tender sympathy and kindly love. We miss the patter of the little feet, whose echoing footsteps made glad the worshipful mother's heart. We miss the merry laughter of many a darling whose sweet presence at the home altar united the human more closely with the divine, allied the finite more intimately with the infinite, made life's duties less irksome, and life itself more beautiful in the fulfillment of the holy duties of mother and father.

We miss from the home altar about which loving brothers and sisters gathered in the long ago, the dear faces of the old father and mother, whose watchful tender care over our childish days was unceasing, whose sweet sympathy ever overshadowed us, and whose kindly hands plucked from life's youthful pathway every thorn that might lacerate or wound the tender and sensitive plants committed to their care and keeping.

In reviewing memory's records do we find therein the high and holy inscriptions of sacred duties sacredly fulfilled through the divine laws of life to those whose unflinching sympathy, self-sacrificing love and untiring devotion have made our lives better and happier; or does there come echoing through the corridors of the soul, a sad refrain of cruel neglect, of coldness and indifference in response to their devotion? Have the turbulent waves of time's tempestuous sea only sorrowful records to carry out into the illimitable future to be echoed and re-echoed there, until our griefed spirits will cry out in anguish "O! God let this cup pass from me, I pray!"

Another page from memory's leaflets reveals a record of kindly deeds performed, of sufferings relieved, of heavy burdens lightened, of sacrifices of selfish desires, selfish comforts, and indulgences made for the happiness and pleasure of those with whom we are associated. Although this page sparkles with many gems of divinest lustre as it reveals sad faces made less sad; sorrowing souls cheered by kind words and loving sympathy, and desolate homes brightened, yet side by side there stands the memory of tales of suffering unheeded; of sad faces from which we may have turned coldly away, of misery unrelieved which may have led to despair, yea, and to crime. These records like weird specters haunt memory's most sacred chambers, and fill our souls with sadness and remorse.

Another leaflet is turned, and I find a record of many mispent hours, of days in which no kindly act has been performed; no tender word of sympathy spoken, no relief of suffering; no self-sacrifice for the good of another; no spiritual unfoldment, no intellectual development, no sacred duty fulfilled, no high or holy purpose achieved. I find these pages stained with the tears of angel friends who would gladly have washed away these sad records that must bring remorse, but alas! every omission of duty as well as every fulfillment, is indelibly stamped upon the frontlets of time, and will pass into the illimitable realms of futurity, where they ever remain as silent witnesses of life's recorded evidences, for good or ill. I find memory's chambers filled with regrets and remorse for unsuccessful efforts to live up to our highest convictions of right and duty.

The noble Channing once said, "Show me the man that lives up to his highest convictions of right and duty, and I will show you a God." Alas! poor humanity cannot hope to achieve such a divine result, for as the days pass, and the achievements attained seem but partial satisfaction, there are opened before us grander fields of exploration, and our standards of right and duty are enlarged. The standard of yesterday answers not for to-day, and that of to-day will not supply the demands of the soul for to-morrow. The most we can hope for is to do our best to-day, and from the experiences and results of to-day learn to climb higher to-morrow. The present is all that we can call our own. The yesterdays have gone into the undefined and illimitable vortex of the past, the to-morrows lie in the undefined realm of the future and although we may weave many golden webs of sunny anticipations, bright hopes and high exaltations, the fulfillment of them all lies in the to-day, the present.

Thus with memory's sad reminiscences of the past, we will bid adieu to thee, Old Year, and close upon our accounts with thee. But I pray thee, give to the erring ones of earth yet another trial. Nay, not to thee, Old Year, would we make this appeal. In vain would our prayers ascend to thee, as thy dying and palsied energies, and thy attenuated form plainly indicate that thou art helpless and impotent to bless. But thy successor holds within its womb the possibilities and probabilities of the human soul and its achievements, and to it would we bend in supplication and prayer. Alas! here we are again met with a rebuff, and are reminded of the uncertainty of the future, and that the present with its existing duties, its advantages for spiritual, mental and moral culture, is all that we can rely upon to supply the needs, yea, the demands of the soul so eagerly questioning of the past and the future, and too often ignoring the present.

Again Old Year we bid thee adieu, hoping that during the reign of thy successor, the records upon memory's leaflets, yet unturned will bear upon their pages brighter evangelicals and hollier than the past reveals. May each and every one glean from nature's ever ripening harvests the wealth that is waiting for the reapers. Her divine behests lie at her ever open doorways seeking to be applied to the spiritual needs of her children, and all who desire may partake of the waters of life freely.

The incoming year, 1883, we would welcome as a harbinger of good and bless its natal day with hope's beacon star brightly beaming, with sweet anticipations of higher spiritual attainments, of grander achievements intellectually, of more tender sympathy for the suffering, of more active charity,

and of greater justice to every living soul. May the sunlight glory of an ever living present inspire to greater efforts for good, and may a divine inspiration fall like a holy benediction upon all those who are seeking and striving to live pure and noble lives.

May the footsteps of 1883 be stamped with the insignia of honors won by untiring energy, and when we bid good bye to the fast fleeing New Year, may every leaflet, yea, every page of memory's tablets sparkle with radiant gems of purest luster gleaned from happy experiences, through noble deeds and beautiful lives. May fewer regrets be mingled with our farewell, may time's unerring record crown with ineffable brightness the noble, the pure, the good and the true, and may 1883 prove a happy New Year to one and all.

## Three Remarkable Experiences in the Life of a Clairvoyant.

FIRST—SPIRIT REVENGE.

Somewhere about the year 1872, Mr. W. Z. Hatcher took up his residence in Norfolk, Virginia. Accompanying him was a friend named John Emmons. Both were Spiritualists, and the latter was possessed of certain peculiar mediumistic qualities. Soon after their arrival, Mr. Emmons remarked that there was a good clairvoyant medium in town, and proposed to Mr. Hatcher that they should sail forth to find her. They soon came to a large, rambling, two-story brick house, old and faded in appearance, and whose interior gave the same uninviting aspect that was presented on the outside. There appeared to be but two large rooms on the ground floor, one of which was almost entirely devoid of furniture, while a common square table, old-fashioned cook-stove, and assortment of wooden chairs, comprised most of what appeared in the other. Seated in the latter apartment was a large, good-natured-looking woman, and, still more noticeable, ten children, the oldest of whom did not seem to be more than as many years of age.

This woman proved to be the medium sought, by name, Mrs. C. She was descended from one of the most noted names in the South, of considerable wealth and social distinction, but afterwards her family was so far reduced by the war as to be unable to secure to her the commonest rudiments of school education. And, unfortunately, her marriage had been prolific of little good save children. This much of explanation.

It was found that while the woman was possessed of great clairvoyant power, she had never heard one word in regard to Spiritualism. She listened eagerly to some account of it from her visitors, and readily agreed to assist in forming a circle at her home for development. At the first sitting great streams of electric flame seemed to shoot from the tips of her fingers, spreading out into a fan-shape form of brilliant stars; and then balls of the same colored light, intensely brilliant, from the size of a man's closed hand to one as large as his head, danced all about her body in wonderfully eccentric movements. It is not of these circles we purpose to write, however, but of the singular experiences Mrs. C. had had in her previous life, and which she related to Mr. Hatcher at different times during his visits to her place.

Her clairvoyant quality first came to her at a very early period of her life, and mainly gave the ability to trace out lost property and describe the criminals who had stolen it. The only explanation of this ability she could give, was that "the spirits told her." During a number of years she had been called on to use her medial gifts by the town authorities, to assist in tracing the committers of crime and assist in bringing them to justice; but on one point she was inflexible—not on any consideration whatever would she reveal the whereabouts of a criminal, the penalty of whose crime would be the gallows; this on the ground that the spirits had told her it was just as wrong for the authorities to kill a man in retaliation for crime committed, as for a criminal to murder in the first place. It was in this connection that occurred one of her most remarkable and painful experiences. came about in this wise:

The Sheriff induced her to reveal the whereabouts of a notorious desperado, who had committed many serious crimes, and finally a most brutal murder, on the solemn assurance from himself and the Mayor, that the criminal should be imprisoned for life instead of being hung. For months previously the man had baffled every effort to trace him. But in a few minutes the medium described the locality where he was concealed so exact and minutely, albeit she had never been within a number of miles of it in her life—that he was at once secured and lodged in jail. Not only did she point out the place of his concealment in the deepest recesses of an almost inaccessible swamp, but described the exact path by which he came and went, and which was the only route by which the spot could be reached.

But the pledge so solemnly given to her by the authorities, was not kept; the man was hung; and for more than a year afterwards the spirit of the murderer, with his ghastly purple visage, just as he appeared when strangled on the gallows, began to haunt her. Daily, for as much as an hour at a time, both when she was alone and in company, he would come and crouch within a few feet, gazing straight into her scared eyes, and with such an upbraiding, terribly vengeful look, as often nearly drove her distracted. In vain she sought to leave the horrible presence, or turn her head, or close her eyes. In spite of her most persistent efforts, she was irresistibly compelled to meet the spirit's terrible scowl. As she herself described it, no words could tell what she suffered while that livid face was glowering in front of her, always with the one, immovable, crushing, condemning, silent gaze that came at any moment. In the broad daylight, in the dead watches of the night as she lay on her pillow, out in the street, and in every corner of her dwelling. Just as she began to feel that she could not longer endure the wearying nightmare of such a fearful lead, the great weight was lifted away as suddenly as it first appeared; and, to her inexpressible relief, the spirit of the murderer never came again.

W. WHITWORTH.

Cleveland, Ohio.

The German Empire has now about 34,000,000 acres of forest, valued at \$400,000,000, and appropriates \$500,000 every year to increase and maintain the growth of trees.

## Horsford's Acid Phosphate IN DEBILITY.

Dr. W. H. HOLCOMBE, New Orleans, La., says: "I found it an admirable remedy for debilitated state of the system, produced by the wear and tear of the nervous energies."

## The Origin of Man.

Yesterday afternoon M. E. de Pressensé, D. D., of Paris, delivered, at Willis's Rooms, the first of three lectures on this subject. The Duke of Argyll occupied the chair, and among those present were the Bishop of Nelson and the Bishop of Ballarat. His Grace said he thought he did not exaggerate when he declared that the origin of man was an absolute and profound mystery. He believed that the illustrious man who was lately interred in Westminster Abbey, Mr. Darwin, if he had been present at that lecture, would have confessed, as indeed he did confess in his own works, that his theory with respect to the origin of man was entirely and purely speculative. It was right that this speculation should be approached from every point of view, and he thought he might say that so far as physical science was concerned there existed at that moment no clue to the origin of man. Approaching the matter, however, from the point of view of Christian philosophy and Christian speculation, he was sure they would all hear with intense interest what was advanced on that dark and mysterious subject by so eminent a man as M. de Pressensé who represented the French Protestant Church—M. de Pressensé then proceeded with his introductory lecture, employing his own language, but in such a manner as to be easily understood by persons having only a moderate acquaintance with French speaking. Having begun by intimating that his design in that lecture was to give something like "the bulletin of the battle," which was now being fought on the principles of theism, to describe the attack, and also the defence, which he believed would soon prove victorious—he maintained that the progress of the natural sciences did not imperil theism, the sovereignty of science in its proper domain being the establishment of facts. The rapid movement of contemporaneous thought, did justice, even to a fault, to error in the systems which succeeded each other. The positivism which interdicted all research into the causes and origin of things was now past; and the question of origin was raised afresh on a more ample field. The question of the origin of man was identical with that of the origin of beings in general. Two great schools were face to face—the school of evolution and that of creation—their principal representatives being found especially in France. The lecturer then referred to recent manifestations of materialism and Spiritualism, and to the great philosophers attached to no religious body—Virehow, Claude Bernard, and others. There was, he said, a theory of evolution which was not contrary to that of creation, it was that which admitted the intervention in the origin of things of an intelligent and powerful Cause. Darwinism, which was far from being absolutely demonstrated scientifically, was not incompatible with theism. Mr. Wallace being witness. Great service had been rendered by it to science. The laws of evolution laid down by it implied divine intervention. The theory of evolution as formulated by Mr. Herbert Spencer and Herr Haeckel was incompatible with theism. The principal scientific objections to this theory were—1. That it did not explain the progress of beings—their evolution. 2. That it could not cause life, sensation, or mind to proceed from mere mechanism, and demanded of us acts of faith. 3. That it could not furnish an account of the origin of man considered in his physical and his moral life. On the leading features of man's moral nature and his mental constitution the lecturer dwelt with special emphasis.—*London Daily News.*

## Rev. Father Wilds, EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. F. Wilds, well-known city minister of New York, and brother to the late eminent Judge Wilds of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

"I am, Sir, a man of 50 years of age, and have been afflicted with a most uncomfortable itching humor, affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely lie at any resting place. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend to all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good."

Yours respectfully,

F. WILDS.

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## SPECIAL NOTICES.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guarantee of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 13, 1883.

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions not paid in advance are charged at the old price of \$3.15 per year. To accommodate those old subscribers who through force of habit or inability, do not keep paid in advance, the credit system is for the present continued; but it must be distinctly understood that it is wholly as a favor on the part of the Publisher, as the terms are PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

## The Sunday Question.

Just now, in various parts of our country, there is fierce debate about observance of the Sabbath, yet the light seems not to be on the question of why a Sabbath should be observed in any way, but is an insistence on one side, that it shall be honored as sacred; that law should enforce the opinions of one class of our citizens, and repress those of another; and on the other side, a sturdy, unreasoning opposition to any legislation on the matter. We think it a good time to discuss this question, to find out, if we can, what is the use of the Sabbath, how the legislature has power in the matter, and what are the limits of that power.

That a rest of one day in seven is conducive to physical health, to material prosperity, to intellectual growth, to the general well-being of a community, we assume as settled. Does this give law-makers power to order that it shall be kept separate from all other days in any particular way? It is the duty of the government to encourage Sabbath observance as a sanitary measure; it can close its offices, declare the day a legal holiday, provide that valid contracts shall not be executed on that day; this it can and ought to do. Has it a right to do more? Yes; it can provide that those who choose may have such religious ceremonies as they prefer, without risk of disturbance. It may prohibit public processions, noisy manufacture—anything not necessary and which is a disturbance to the rest-day. What else? We have gone to the extreme verge of power in the matter; law can do no more—all beyond this is veritable oppression. Though Sabbath rest be good, no one should be forced to accept it. There is a limited number of people who believe that all animal food should be rejected; if they were numerous enough to have political power, ought the government to prohibit the use of such food? The proposition is absurd.

"The Sabbath-day is sacred, by Divine command." We deny it. No word except to the Jews was ever uttered, and many Christian writers, Grotius, Paley, Luther among others, admit that for us there is absolutely no command for the observance of a Christian Sabbath. Besides, if we note the form of the command to the Jews, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," we find it to be the authorization of a previously existing custom, created without law. The divine command only rendered imperative what men had already discovered was good for man, and therefore assumed to be pleasing to God. There is grand opportunity to make the day sacred, but no one can do this for another, and law cannot consecrate anything. The "rest-day"—what is rest? Cessation from motion? No! It is change of employment? It is dropping the care of business, the accumulated burden of the week, so that another group of thoughts may be welcomed. For this, one may stay at home, if it please him, and speculate to his heart's content. Another cannot think when alone; he needs the stimulus of the presence of others, the interchange of opinions; to him the church would be an intolerable weariness, and he goes forth to see and talk with men, talk of other themes than have engaged his daily thought, and is thereby rested. Still another needs to visit the country, to get away from the long uniform lines of buildings, the familiar surroundings of the week; yet another must take his family with him on these excursions. Who shall

declare that either of these different modes of observance ought to be observed by all, or that any one of them ought to be forbidden? We recall the case of a zealous Sabbatarian, of whom his book-keeper said: "He is the most persistent Sabbath-breaker I know. From early morn of Sunday until late at night, he is intensely, exhaustively busy in Sunday-school or church, and then he comes here on Monday morning with the devil's-own temper." May law forbid this man from thus breaking the Sabbath, and if not in this case why in the other cases? In New York the elevated rail-road trains may run; it is necessary for the convenience of ministers exchanging pulpits, and to help fill the pockets of the authors of the new penal code; so the loud rumble of the cars is permitted, but the Sabbatarian pretends to fear the oyster may shriek when the knife is at its throat; the gurgle of lager-beer seems to him like the mutterings of possible thunder, and the crunch of candy an unbearable disturbance of his right to worship.

They have a right to a peaceable Sunday; for that matter to a peaceable every other day, but they have no right to insist that any one else shall take their definition of what is, or is not, proper Sabbath observance; least of all to call on the law to enforce their opinions. A sacred day, they call it, yet facts gathered in England prove a depth of sensuality indulged in "between churches," making that time least holy of any time in the week? We know of the elaborate preparations of food for that day and from our point of view, approve of it. We know, too, that some who are horrified at the more innocent indulgences of others on the "holy day," themselves eat to repletion, attempt to sleep, and frequently lower themselves to the level of the brute in gross sensuality, yet clamor for a "sacred day." Suppose it is a sacred day to them. Is any day or thing sacred but to those who make it sacred, consecrate it by his holy thought? Can law do this? Ought law to attempt it? Human law is a provision for human needs—it knows nothing of divine law but as revealed in the experience of the race. It may forbid gunpowder being stored, because of immediate, wide-spread ruin that may result from carelessness. It may regulate the liquor traffic because its results are clear and palpable. It may control houses of prostitution, in old times Bishops licensed them; but it must do all these on the ground of the physical health of the community, on distinct, clearly marked evidences of immediate benefit or injury.

The benefit of the Sabbath, the injury resulting from non-observance, is not so marked. It takes years to show the good or evil result of observance or non-observance—it takes generations, and many of them, to prove which mode of observance is best. Our government is not a Christian government, and ought not to be, if ever, until it is better settled what Christianity really is. It is a human government based on the idea of the greatest good to the greatest number. It deals with facts not theories. In the very nature of the case, law knows no God, except as a human conception, ignores everything that is not human. As a result of human experience, the Sabbath—the rest-day, as a sanitary regulation, has been found good for man. Let law conserve it, so far as is necessary to secure rest, but law has no power to enforce anything not clearly written in man's physical constitution; it may decree a seventh day rest, but not how one shall rest. It may urge a human need—it knows nothing of a divine command.

If those who are so desirous of keeping the day holy that they contemplate with horror the possibility of some eating candy or drinking soda water anywhere else but in a hotel, if they object to cars being used to carry passengers to the country, because excursions are sinful, they ought at least to be consistent and insist that ministers shall not use the cars for their Sunday journeys. It is well known how the ministers denounced the running of the cars on Sunday at their introduction, and they stayed out of them for a time, then began to use them shamefacedly, and now they say cars are a necessity for Sunday, and "the Sabbath-day's journey" is limited only by the convenience of the preacher, the church-member, the ultra-Sabbatarian. Has law anything to do with these changing opinions, or rather ought it to have?

To sum up, Sunday laws that attempt to do more than actively encourage Sabbath-rest, are a wrong, an injury, really unconstitutional and should be repealed at once.

Mrs. Maud Lord, in writing a very complimentary and congratulatory letter to the JOURNAL on its progress, says: "I think Spiritualism has a daily increase of its advocates. The disease is surely catching; even in our best and most elegant homes, there you find mediums developing, and their friends being converted. Well, it's time to awaken, and now, if never again, do we see the signs of an active spiritual reform. O God, send the best and fleetest messengers, that we may sow the seed and then reap our reward for honest toil. I am always busy and I guess all good workers are busy as bees."

Charles F. Freeman, who killed his child in a religious frenzy at Pocasset, Mass., three years ago, and is now in a lunatic asylum, is regarded as having recovered his reason, and is likely soon to be released. "The child's life was lost," he says, "through ignorance and superstition. Knowledge and science have saved mine and restored my reason. I intend to be guided by reason through the rest of my life."

## "The War on Mediums."

To a person not familiar with the Spiritualists of this country, and whose only source of information regarding their condition is the so-called spiritual press, it must furnish very interesting matter to be informed from week to week, that there exists among Spiritualists an organized army of medium-haters; a class of men and women who while claiming to be Spiritualists have deliberately plotted the destruction of mediums. Some papers have told this foolish and absurd story so long that they apparently begin to believe it themselves. At all events the visions of war seem real to them, and they evince a very war-like spirit and show no ordinary zeal in striking at thin air.

The JOURNAL has permitted these amiable brethren to indulge in their military antics to their heart's content, knowing that sensible Spiritualists would, sooner or later, see the "true inwardness" of their holy zeal to defend mediums. In one paper at least this claim has been made so often and the position of the JOURNAL misrepresented so much, that the intended foe has been of great benefit to us personally and pecuniarily. There is such a thing as telling so large a falsehood that no well informed person will believe it, and this has been true in this particular case.

These parties who have so much to say about the war on mediums, tacitly assume that all who claim to be mediums are such in reality, and that they are bound to defend them, no matter what the facts may be; indeed, the greater and more transparent the fraud, the more zealous they seem to be to champion their defense. Modest, unpretending mediums, who give just what they get, and do not assume to be more than they are, do not seem to excite even their admiration or sympathy. The ordinary clairvoyant, trance, writing or impressionist medium, is of little importance; nothing less than a magnificent ghost-show will satisfy these war-like brethren. They want spirit-lights made fragrant with a liberal amount of phosphorus. They must behold spirit beings who can weave tarlatan out of thin air and manufacture wigs and masks, and import them from the next world to ours without any regard for tariff or revenue laws.

Whenever one of these wonderful mediums is exposed, they have a ready defense. It consists:

1. In denouncing all who may have been connected with the exposure, and especially the JOURNAL for publishing it.
2. They indulge in a liberal amount of gush for the "poor medium" who has been so brutally treated. When they reach this pathetic part the crocodile tears flow copiously from their eyes so recently enchanted with visions of these heavenly beings.
3. They begin an attempted defense. Every misfortune is now charged to evil spirits. To go into a circle with your eyes open or entertain an honest doubt is sure to uncap the infernal regions and let loose a legion of uncaged devils, who amuse themselves by materializing sundry paraphernalia, and after having materialized these masks, etc., are wholly powerless to dematerialize them, and leave the medium to be suspected of all this treachery.

If this devil theory of the defense were a true one, all we need on earth to entirely revolutionize all trade and glut the markets, is plenty of these wonderfully developed mediums, and a reasonable amount of skepticism, and these devils can soon supply all the drygoods needed. We can all be clothed if these demons so will, in the "purple and fine linen" woven in hell's hot looms, and the tired hands of our poor shop girls can rest. But it is a sad comment on the wisdom of spirit-life, if evil spirits "hold the fort" on the other side, and can thus use their only instruments at any time, and good spirits are powerless to prevent their direful influence.

The cry "medium haters," and "war on mediums," however, is getting too familiar to attract any notice from Spiritualists or investigators in general. Spiritualists are rapidly opening their eyes to the fact that the parties who raise this cry have been the worst enemies of all true mediums and of true Spiritualism. They have championed the defense of every traveling fraud who disguised true mediums and Spiritualists, taking every possible precaution also to cover up and suppress real facts.

Looking over the long list of cheap tricksters who have met their merited exposure and the silly defenses that have been made for them by those who cry, "medium haters" and "war on mediums," the JOURNAL is justly proud of its record. With the motto, "Truth wears no mask," we propose to go forward, defending and encouraging all whom we know to be worthy mediums, and we shall not spare the knife when there is a cancerous excrescence to be lopped off, even though a whole brigade of these war-like brethren are arrayed against us.

Our old friend Fred L. Alles, editor and proprietor of the Pontiac, Ill., *Sentinel*, sent New Year's greeting to his editorial brethren in the shape of an elegantly gotten up folding card with illustrated covers, and on the inside a picture of his printing house. Mr. Alles stands very high in the profession, and the *Sentinel* has no superior as a country paper. Brains and perseverance have in a few years made him a comparatively wealthy man and he still has "more than half his life before him."

Dr. Eugene Crowell has gone to California for a brief visit.

## The Opinion of a Great Daily.

The Chicago Daily Times for New Year's day was an immense affair, each copy weighing half a pound. It contained an amount of statistical, historical and current matter, sufficient to make a large two dollar book. Under the head of "Statistical Miscellany," in that issue *The Times* gives its opinion of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL as follows:

## PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNALISM.

John C. Bundy, editor and publisher of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, reports a continued growth of permanent circulation that will be very gratifying to the great community of thinkers and students interested in the subjects within its editorial scope—the regular weekly issue having reached near twenty thousand copies, a subscription patronage the splendid strength of which lies in the fact that it is almost exclusively representative of the polite, most intelligent and most influential element of American society. Mr. Bundy, in his annual address to the news trade and the public, makes a very lucid statement of the editorial relations of the JOURNAL to church dogma, to modern philosophical topics, and to the science and phenomena of Spiritualism, the treatment of those subjects being strictly and in all instances from a rational, scientific and non-sectarian standpoint, the names attached to the address, with varied expressions of co-operation and fellowship, being those of H. W. Thomas, D. D., Hon. W. K. McAllister, B. F. Underwood, Samuel Watson, D. D., and others, the expression of Rev. Robert Collyer being characteristic: "Good for you! Never man in your ranks did I all so well. Brave it is and right." It is but fair to say the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is now not only recognized as standard authority—the highest living and contemporary authority—in the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism, by the rational and conservative Spiritualists of the United States and of England, but is held in the thinking circles of the world as the sanest, broadest, ablest, strongest, of all the journals published in the interest of philosophic truth, the tone of the spiritualistic press of England indicating the practical conversion of the faith in that country to the doctrine so long maintained with almost austere conservatism by the JOURNAL that scientific proof is the only proper attestation of spiritualistic phenomena.

Had the *Times* consulted us before publishing the article, it would not have stated the JOURNAL's circulation so large by some thousands. We presume our secular contemporary based its estimate upon the merits which it so forcibly assigns to the JOURNAL, and reasoning from a secular standpoint concluded there could hardly be less than the number given. The JOURNAL, from the nature of its mission, can only hope to grow with the increased growth of intelligence and love of accurate investigation among the masses; this is necessarily slow—but sure. The ratio of the JOURNAL's influence to its circulation is phenomenal and most gratifying to every rational, progressive thinker, be he Spiritualist or not. No other paper within our knowledge, of any sect or party, has ever survived such wide-spread, virulent opposition. The JOURNAL has not only held its own in circulation, but steadily and irresistibly wrought a great revolution and reform. It is a phenomenon in history for reform to come from within the ranks of any school of thought, political, religious, philosophical or scientific. Many leading Spiritualists were in despair when we first began, thinking our self-imposed task a hopeless one. But inspired by a mysterious power and an abiding confidence in the ultimate triumph of truth, we have carried forward the work in the face of every obstacle, and to-day our faith is being justified; and to those who once despaired, our hopes now seem sure to end in fruition.

## Thought he saw Evidences of Reform—Mistaken.

A valued correspondent who was formerly a subscriber to the *Banner* and ceased to patronize that paper when convinced of its venality, calls our attention to what he considers a hopeful sign of reform in our contemporary. He asks us to notice that the *Banner* speaks of the "Miller Brothers," now performing in California, as frauds. We regret to dispel the ray of hope illuminating our subscriber's mind, but truth compels us to do so. The "Miller Brothers" never have been recognized or countenanced in any way by the Spiritualist public; their status being similar to that of "J. Randall Brown," "Dr. Foster" and others who are traveling the country. Hence there was no possible danger that the *Banner* would disturb the "harmonious" state so essential to its welfare. When the *Banner* shall withdraw even a single one of its false statements against honorable citizens and devoted Spiritualists who have had the misfortune to come under its ban for detecting arrant imposture, we shall then have some hope of our contemporary.

An intelligent lady and fine medium of this city, in a New Year's greeting, writes: "This is the last night of 1882. Let it go! As for my part, I send no regrets as an offering to be laid upon its bier. I trust to the future for more of growth, and if it be as well, less of struggle and sad defeat, and more of peace; less of strife, and higher aims and a grander life. I trust that the new year will bring many joys and blessings to you and yours; that there will be more to encourage you in your noble work as the days and weeks speed on, and finally when we meet in the land of summer, song and harmony, may we clasp hands with the satisfaction of having lived something more than a life of leaves while sojourning here among the shadows."

A. M. Hunter of Lexington, N. C., writes: "A snow fell here last Friday night, Dec. 29th, fifteen inches deep—uncommon for this section."

## GENERAL NOTES.

[Notices of Meetings, movements of Lecturers and Mediums, and other items of interest, for this column are solicited, but as the paper goes to press Tuesday A. M., such notices must reach this office on Monday.]

A communication from that veteran worker, Lyman C. Howe, will appear in our next issue.

S. Bigelow writes: "We are organizing a Spiritual Society in Kalamazoo. I have met H. H. Brown, and he gave us a fine parlor lecture."

Dr. H. Pettigrew, in charge of the Sanitarium known as Woodlawn Mineral Springs, at Sterling, Illinois, spent several days in the city last week.

B. F. Underwood passed through the city last week en route to Indianapolis, where he spoke on Saturday night. Mr. Underwood reports more lecture calls than he is able to fill.

Mrs. Emma A. Nichols, the well-known medium, sends \$5.00 and says: "I wish to make a New Year's gift to two of my friends, and I feel that I cannot make a more valuable one than your paper."

Mrs. C. F. Allyn spoke last Sunday in Michigan City, and during January is to fill appointments at Greenville and Grand Rapids. Correspondents can address her at Greenville, Michigan.

We have received from the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway Co., a song entitled "The Great Rock Island Route," an Almanac containing useful information, and a Christmas book for children.

The report of the National Conference of Spiritualists at Detroit last October, has been printed in pamphlet form and may be had at this office, price 10 cents, 3 copies for 25 cents.

Mrs. Bromwell of 671 West Lake Street, informs a JOURNAL representative that she has of late given, through her mediumship, many fine tests of spirit power at private residences in the city.

Mr. N. S. Otis of Brooklyn passed through the city last week. He reports a lively interest in spiritual matters in Brooklyn, and thinks the psychical section of the *Fraternity* is likely to accomplish a great work in the development of educated mediums.

A magnetic healer of this city, who gives no medicine, treating solely by hand manipulation, lately took in \$1,300 in one month. This was done, too, without any extra effort to attract business and with no other newspaper advertisement than the one appearing in the JOURNAL.

Mrs. Tom Thumb had a sitting with Mrs. R. C. Simpson last week and expressed herself greatly pleased with the manifestations of spirit power. As the little lady is no novice in spirit phenomena, her opinion is gratifying to the numerous friends of the medium.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Williams lately gave an informal reception at their residence on Fulton st., to Mrs. C. F. Allyn, at which a goodly company was gathered, and it is needless to add, a most enjoyable time was had. During Mrs. Allyn's engagement she has had the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with many old friends.

Capt. H. H. Brown is the guest of Hon. A. D. Hager, the efficient and enthusiastic Secretary of the Chicago Historical Society. The Captain will, no doubt, be better posted on the history of Chicago, in a week, than any other lecturer who has visited us. Prof. Hager has a happy faculty of imparting knowledge.

Dr. S. J. Dickson, whose remarkable success as a healer has been frequently noted in these columns, has gone to Silver Creek, New York, to visit relatives and get an opportunity for rest and recuperation. Parties in the vicinity of Silver Creek who desire to be treated, will no doubt be attended to. He will return to Chicago February 1st.

At Hoosick Falls, Monday night, Mrs. Dunham threw her arms around her husband's neck, exclaiming: "I thank God that we have had such a happy Christmas!" Her head sank upon his shoulder as he replied that he hoped they would live to see many of them, but she made no response; she was dead of heart disease.

A party of Italian savants have just gone home from an expedition to the South Pacific. They have settled, to their own satisfaction, the question of the former existence of a race of giants in Patagonia. In wandering over Terre del Fuego they found human bones of such a size as to convince them of the veracity of Magellan.

A New York clergyman is giving some of his impressions concerning the "Wrong Uses of the Bible." Among his beliefs we find the following: "It is wrong to use the Bible to manufacture from its writings any system of theology which is to be received as absolute and final. Religion is man's conception of the power in which we live and move and have our being; theology is man's conception about that power. Religion and theology ought to go together."

The *Evening Auburnian* of Auburn, N. Y., states that among the Christmas presents given to Rev. J. H. Harter was a barrel of oil. "This," he says, "was given to him to lighten his house and his pathway, and to enable him to have oil in his lamp at the coming of the bridegroom." In this respect the oil was appropriate and opportune, for on the evening of Dec. 27th, three bridegrooms with their respective brides stood before the reverend gentleman and received legal sanction to travel the journey of earth-life in each other's society—to ride in the same carriage—to eat at the same table—to warm by the same fire—to divide their sorrows and to multiply their joys.







## Voices from the People,

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

## Demons of Suicide.

BY OLD LIECH.

In jarring chords of life,  
Strange demons call  
To flee away from strife,  
And end it all.

On dizzy heights they tempt,  
To dare the steep,  
Adown the mad descent,  
With flying leap.

The watery depths invite  
To rest and ease,  
And promise strange delight,  
Where life will cease.

What use to live and think?  
We never know,  
We tremble on the brink,  
Then plunge and go.

In passion's raging storms  
We hear the call,  
In many various forms,  
They tempt us all.

With sliding step the dead  
Will gain access,  
And prompt the life to end  
Its sore distress.

Strike the demon down!  
Sound the quick alarm!  
Joy thy life shall crown,  
Keeping soul from harm!

Craftsman, Vt.

## A Critique.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The deep thinking and hard working philosopher, Herbert Spencer, has returned to his native shore, during his stay with us, and though in feeble health, brought on by overwork, he managed to impart some very sensible suggestions, induced by observation upon our social-work-a-day.

His conclusions, though kindly imparted, were not well received. The press and the pulpit criticized the expression of his impression adversely. The celebrated divine, Rev. Robert Collyer, fell into the same snare, and criticized the great thinker's wise suggestions severely, notwithstanding upon Mr. Spencer's brief speech, in which he stated that the American nation has been practicing the gospel of work, "assiduous labor." It would now be better to give some attention to the "gospel of relaxation."

Advice so proper, coming from one whose life is an indestructible testimony to his own mistake of overwork, by which he has sacrificed his personal health, clothes it with the emphasis of wisdom gained by observation and experience. Had this come from one of our leading minds, we are inclined to believe it would have been better received. Mr. Collyer's remarks, we regret to say, betray more of the spirit of cynicism and sectional prejudice than correct logic. His beautiful sentences, rhetorical and florid, are well calculated to please American pride. To the exaltation of American ideas and purifying social progress, as an American native to the major bora, we possess not the least objection; but we cannot express our feeling of shame and regret on reading the reverend gentleman's speech before the Jeweler's Association of New York city, that he so far lost his head and neglected his heart, as to take the brilliant occasion to make a speech for "bumcombe," for this is the most it is. Has the gentleman so soon forgotten that the sentiment and heart-core of the philosopher's suggestions are the self-same spirit contained in the great humanitarian discourse by the peasant and carpenter of Nazareth, quoted as the Sermon on the Mount. It is so, and we invite the reverend gentleman to take the philosopher's speech and the Mount Sermon into his study and compare without prejudice and with a pure mind. How strangely it appears that professed standard-bearers of the "man Christ Jesus," are so very slow to learn that the brightest and best attribute in his nature and character was his large humanity.

Even his so-called course, will smile at the thought of the great Herbert Spencer preaching Christianity; but such levity does not change the fact. The burden of a goodly portion of this mountain discourse is a successful effort by the peasant teacher to show the wear and tear, and utter folly of men so assiduously and relentlessly laboring for more than a sufficiency to support life honestly and in comfort. The spirit and sentiment of Herbert Spencer's speech at Delmonico's is identical with that pervading this gospel by the Nazareth outcast and carpenter.

Of course we have no idea of going into the principles and social philosophy of the Mount Sermon, but we suggest to all readers and especially thinkers, that discourse by the Judean medium, contains the correct practical power and spirit by which to change the savage man into a cultured, kindly, humane man. It is this transformation which is the end and aim of all the teachings by word and practical living of this very benighted "son of man." Let the uncultured free thinker, repudiate the idea. If he will, of his great pet philosopher inculcating in his declining years the practical of the Christian gospel of relaxation; it still remains none the less the fact. Such, indeed, is the fruition and finish of natural philosophy.

W. D. REICHNER.

## What is Transfiguration?

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I prefer the word transfiguration to the word "double," as it conveys a more definite idea of the mysterious phenomenon. Although it stands recorded in the Bible, it is doubtful whether there is a doctor of divinity this side of Oxford that has ever explained the phenomenon. When Christ was transfigured, his spirit form was seen as it is, or out of the physical body, thereby demonstrating the fact that we have a spiritual body. He also demonstrated the fact that this spirit body can leave the physical and return to it again.

Transfiguration and trance are one and the same in principle of law. Why some persons are seen as a disembodied spirit and others not, is a mystery that has never been explained. The instance narrated a few weeks ago in the JOURNAL, of a young man lying under a shade tree in America and dreaming that he was in his friends in England and was seen by many to enter the church, walk through the aisle, and vanish, is a very clear case of transfiguration; also another case, that mysterious phenomenon recorded by Mr. Owen, of a ship at sea—the spirit body was seen by the captain and it wrote on the slate, "steer northward."

In Delaware, N. Y., there lived a gentleman, John Bangs, who employed a young man by the name of John Clement. The latter was taken sick by what was then known as ague in his face, and went home some three miles distant. Mr. Bangs then said to his son—a boy about ten years old—go out and bring in an armful of wood. He did so, and said to his father, "John Clement is out there sitting on a pile of boards, and he will not speak to me." "I guess he will speak to me," said the father, at the same time getting up from the dinner table, and as he went out of doors, he saw John Clement start off towards his house in a queer manner and then saw him go through the gate and into the house.

The next Sunday Mr. Bangs held a meeting in the barn, and a man came in and whispered to him that he saw John Clement lying by the road in the ditch. Mr. Bangs went out in such a queer manner, that the rest of them got up, one by one, until the meeting was broken up. Mr. Bangs followed after Clement, and as they went through the town, an iron nail was just out and they saw the two passing along. Mr. Bangs followed him home, saw him go into the house, and entering he found him lying on the bed dead. His father and mother declared that he had not been out of the house since he came home sick. It was the talk all over the town that John Clement would not live long, but he did live for years afterwards. The above narrative I have from Mr. Bangs's son, also from his grandson.

Montgomery, Minn.

C. S. Vining writes: I have read the JOURNAL for the past year and can't afford to stop now.

## A CLERGYMAN'S ATTACK UPON THE SUNDAY LAWS.

The Rev. Robert Collyer Denounces the Present Enactments and Describes the Sort of Sunday He Would Have.

[New York Times, Monday, December 25th 1882.]

The Rev. Robert Collyer made a vigorous attack on the Sunday laws last evening in the church of the Messiah, Park-avenue and Thirty-fourth-street. A large audience was present, and Mr. Collyer addressed it from a pulpit tastefully trimmed with Christmas greens. He founded his remarks on no particular text, but read as the regular Gospel lesson that portion of the Scriptures containing the declaration, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." It was natural, he said, that we should all feel a deep interest in the endeavor that was being made to call to the ghost of the old Puritan Sabbath and to insist on our paying it proper deference, on pains of bonds and imprisonment. A very small body of men, with very big convictions of how Sunday should be spent, had made up their minds to compel us to fall into line with their convictions. If we did not have their blessing we should be under their ban. They found the law on their side, and they set it up in place of the Bible.

Their refusal to "mark from the tomb a doleful sound," had suddenly taken on a new and startling significance, Mr. Collyer said. The poor old apple woman on the street corner had heard it and trembled. She had been confronted by the ghost of the Puritan Sabbath, and it had threatened to devour her and her table. The poor little newsboys had heard it and had shaken in their shoes, if they had shoes. The bravest little fellows on Manhattan Island were the newsboys. They could give most of us points in endurance. But there was no hope for them on that Sunday when the ghost made its appearance. The watch-dogs of Moses were after them, and they had the alternative of being led off by the ears or of being "stuck" with their papers. Mr. Collyer said he wouldn't like to report all that the newsboys said that day, but he was not sure that the Recording Angel had not blotted it all out with the tears shed by the little ones. One pathetic little cripple on Union-square was warned by a friendly policeman that the Sabbath-school scouts were out, and he had better hide himself in his den. There were thousands of poor creatures wanting food for themselves and their children, but they found that the ghost had his eye upon them and meant business. They meant business too, but they couldn't do it. It was an old saying that the rich kept the feast of the Church and led the fasts to the poor. It was so with us now. Mr. Collyer spoke of the giant of bigotry, and remarked that he was blind and counted on the strength of this giant to blind us with words while we slept. The law courts, he continued, had given us some very choice bits of Gospel these last few weeks, and he wished to thank the magistrates from his pulpit for their dedication to enforce the strict letter of the law. The cruelty and injustice of the law came home to our hearts. There came a time in France when there was one law for the rich and another for the poor. We said there was no danger of such a thing in this country. We spoke without observation and without law. That was a grossly unfair toward the poor. We prided ourselves that we had shut up the groggeries. That was a good thing, but the poor fellows who went to the groggeries to their own hurt, know that the rich could get from their own cellars enough liquor to swim in if they wanted to. They knew that the rich could have it sent to them to their rooms in hotels, and they knew that the rich could have it on the public tables where they ate. It was simply a question of fig leaves or of cents for a drink. A man had said to Mr. Collyer that he could not pay his rent and support his family without his Sunday work. No matter. That man must go down. Mr. Collyer's new master had whispered to him, "They'll be after us to-morrow but you shall have your paper." Mr. Collyer got it and read it. He knew some of the editors and stockholders of newspapers, and liked them, but he thought they should have first been hauled up for having made the first sale of their papers on Sunday. These Sabbatharians should be one of their own kind. They should not hit small boys. But ghosts were always timid and always attacked women and children.

We would be justified in scolding these laws, Mr. Collyer continued, as men who would not recognize bigotry and narrowness, on the ground that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." He designated the supporters of the Sunday law as a lot of inquisitors who were coming up to the door, and quoted as the words of Paul's writings to show that Paul was not in sympathy with them. The law of Moses was for those who were inclined to keep it. Mr. Collyer then spoke of the different days which had been set apart by different peoples as Sundays, and quoted from numerous writers of the time of the Reformation to show that the Sabbath was not holy because it was the Sabbath. Martin Luther himself wrote that of the day was made holy, or the day was made holy, then he counseled his followers to relax and make merry on that day. "Contrast these with this month," said Mr. Collyer. It was not hard, he continued, to find the cap-root of the Sunday law. It lay in the narrow, bigoted spirit of Calvin, "now pretty well on its last legs—thank God!" It was the spirit which made the parents of an acquaintance of Mr. Collyer allow him no diversion on Sunday but to walk in a graveyard and read the epitaphs. It was the spirit which made a certain rector in London, Luther's own city that, with the exception of Paris, no city had such license on the Sabbath as Geneva. It was the spirit which we had to fight so hard in Puritan times. It was the spirit which good old Norman McLeod fought so persistently. It was the spirit which obtained in 1822 that no dinner should be served in a tavern on Sunday. "I could fill a dozen lectures with illustrations of this spirit," said Mr. Collyer. "I say, once for all, that so long as the day is made holy, I will fight it with all my might." The Sunday law, he added, fined the poor and kicked the man who was down. There was no authority in the Scriptures for such a law. It was our habit to point with pride to our freedom, but when we pointed to London we learned how far behind we were. New York could not be contrasted with London for a moment. We could only be contrasted with Edinburgh. Mr. Collyer pleaded for one day of rest in seven. The law should give every man the right to rest and to leave the question of wages to be settled between the employers and the employed. We wanted for our worship simply quietness. He pleaded for recreation. He would open all the libraries and museums on the Sabbath. "He would say to the boys, 'If you want to take a swim in the river on Sunday, here are the free baths. If you want to play ball or go to Sunday School, do so.' He would open the music halls on Sunday. Clean music never hurt anybody—and there was no unclean music. He would only have wedded to unclean words that music did harm. He would have lectures on Sunday, that the masses might learn from science. Sunday in itself, Mr. Collyer declared, was no better than Saturday or Monday. He had no right to interfere with others who did not observe it as he did, so long as they did not interfere with him. He had no more right to prevent one from going to the theatre on the Sabbath than the theatre-goer had to prevent him from going to church. We must not allow ourselves to be put in such bondage as the Sunday law. That law must be repealed and a law enacted that we could cheerfully obey. It was a menace to the Commonwealth to have on the statute-book a law which a man felt more like a man for breaking, and which made a magistrate feel more like a man when he winked at its infractions. Let the vast majorities in our cities who were used to a wider interpretation of the Sabbath than we had been accustomed to, once get their blood up, as they were very likely to do, and they would see, finally, laws passed permitting such license on Sunday as we would view with ever-growing regret and sorrow.

Mrs. A. J. Bump writes: All hail to the brave old JOURNAL. May its circulation never grow less. It is a welcome visitor to our home. We read it and find food for the soul. How any true Spiritualist who understands the true philosophy can dislike the JOURNAL is more than I can tell. It is sound and logical upon all subjects bearing upon our beautiful philosophy, and is doing a world of good. Long may it continue to do so in my prayer.

Mrs. S. Grubb writes: This is the thirteenth year that I have taken the precious JOURNAL and I am unable to sufficiently express my high appreciation of the noble and glorious paper. I wish it could be read in every home in the world.

## Phenomena, Philosophy, Culture.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In Spiritualism, these should succeed, each the other, as naturally as the fruit does the flower. Can it be substantiated that they do this?

Man is a creature of such slow growth, especially spiritual, that a superficial survey of the field of modern Spiritualism might, at first, decide one to answer this question in the negative. There have been, and is yet, so much dwelling upon the phenomena, so much staring-eyed, wide-mouthed, wonder-seeking, to the neglect of earnest thought, and especially of earnest effort at the attainment of greater spirituality, that some, not deeply imbued with the Harmonical Philosophy, have lost heart and quietly retired from the field, while the outside world not looking deeper than appearances, have jeered and made merry at the scene and froth which the deep, crystal current of pure Spiritualism has borne upon its surface.

The writer has from time to time seen various calls in the JOURNAL for more of the phenomena of Spiritualism. That the facts occurring in the various phases of mediumship should be given to the world, is evident. Their nature is such as to force men to think. They are at variance with the generally received science, philosophy, and religion; that the investigator is startled out of the ruts in which he has so long half-dreamily moved. Brought face to face with these new phenomena, he perceives that there is a far deeper meaning in the universe than man has heretofore conceived. He is forced to abandon many old theories which these new facts prove to be utterly fallacious. Careful observation and study of these phenomena is sure to free man from subservience to Old Authority, but, as he enters the noble estate of individual liberty, he finds that he must endure the hardships, toils and privations of the discoverers of a new world. Many new things are to be discovered. Their importance is to be secured and a garment of reason founded. All this requires labor. If he enters this new field ever following the dictum of others, men or spirits, he will find that from being the servant of Old Authority he has become the slave of New Authority who is ever more liable to order wrong than the Old.

It is, then, what they lead to, rather than what they intrinsically contain, which renders it important that these phenomena of Spiritualism begeth to the world. If people witnessed them, or read of them, they would have a greater curiosity or a love of the marvellous, then the facts of the juggler, the "Arabian Nights," or the Police Gazette would be as useful to man.

Let us then hunger for the philosophy of Spiritualism, that which our own minds can evolve, as well as that which other minds have evolved. The field is boundless. The ultimate is still far from having been reached. Through all eternity we can aspire to attain more and more. As help in our belief in the unseen world, we have such papers as the JOURNAL and the *Office Herald*; such books as those of Davis, Tuttle and Mrs. King, and the ever willing helpers from the invisible sphere.

Often, as the writer has seen the calls for the flower, (phenomena) he has wondered that there is no call for the fruit, spirituality. To him it has seemed that one well attested case of spiritual-mindedness, attained through the philosophy, would outweigh numberless accounts of bare phenomena. Facts are very rare and may be hard to come by. It is a fact that we have in Illinois thousands of saibons, but that they render men more useful, any wiser or any happier, is not so apparent. Just so the facts of Spiritualism exist. Let it appear that they are mighty in their power to enlighten, ennoble, and glorify. Spiritualists, let this appear in your thoughts, in your words, in your family, in your daily contact with men. Then, not only will it be said of us, as it was of the early Christians, "Behold how these Spiritualists live," but it will be said, "Behold how these Spiritualists love humanity! How they wisely labor for the highest good thereof!"

Already can we point to the beautiful lives of Davis and his companion, of Hudson and Emma Tuttle, of Mrs. Poole, and a host of others whose daily walk among men is like a divine benediction. The "Moral Education" of our beloved Buchanan, just published, with "Ethics of Spiritualism," and a few other works, too, can and may be made to this culture of spirituality. While, in the near approaching future, we hope to see organized effort on the part of Spiritualists to not only lovingly and wisely aid each other, but the whole humanity as well, in their journey up the heavenly heights of progression.

For this let us labor our each-life all through! Each helping his neighbor his utmost to do. In progressive unfolding of man's nature divine, That on Time's enrollment a history sublime. Be brave in beauty of unselfish love, And in Harmony's orbit each soul wisely move! Quincy, Ill. C. W. COOK.

## The Children's Progressive Lyceum of Cleveland.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The grand old JOURNAL, Dec. 23rd, is simply the best thing I have seen in a long time. It is full of beautiful sentiment and earnest thought, paternal and fraternal advice, most charming to read. May it live to record Christmas after Christmas until Christmas shall become a myth in the progression of ages to come.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of Cleveland, Ohio, celebrated Christmas on Sunday evening, Dec. 24th, at Weisgerber's Hall, corner Prospect and Brownsville Sts., and it was one of the most enjoyable and successful Christmas celebrations held by the Lyceum for years. The programme for the evening was arranged by Mrs. Ella Williamson, our guardian, who is one of the most energetic individualized angels of this life, managing with ability and earnestness, and possessing a voice that completed the programme with a most beautiful song.

The entertainment commenced with an overture by Mr. Stevan on violin and Mrs. Younghaus on piano; singing by the entire Lyceum; calisthenics (music) by Mrs. Charles Palmer; a short address by the Conductor; recitation by Willie Johnson, that elicited enthusiastic applause; a violin solo by master Stevan; recitation by Nellie Ingersoll, rendered in fine style; a very fine Christmas song by master Eddie Emerson; a beautiful solo on the violin by Mr. Stevan, accompanied by Miss Younghaus on piano; recitation—"Grandfather's Chair," by Miss Maud Hall; piano duet by Mr. Benbo and Mr. Brice; a song, "The Orphan Girl," in character, by Miss Sadie Brice, very effectively rendered; recitation—"Founding a New University," by Mr. Maynor Wilkinson, rendered in his inimitable style; original song by Mrs. Williamson. Then followed the Lyceum March, music by our Musical Director, Charles Palmer, assisted by violin and cornet. Then followed presents and refreshments, after which a comic song by Mr. Tage, and one by Mr. Brice, and another song by four voices, (two Mr. Brice, one Benbo and Mr. Tage), followed by a beautiful song by Mrs. Williamson.

Thus ended a very pleasant entertainment, and many children rendered happy. The first Sunday in January we shall hold our annual election.

WM. Z. HATCHER, Conductor.

## Universalism.

B. F. Underwood in an article in the *Index*, after speaking of the intolerance of churches in the past, says:

"In those days, Universalists were advanced and progressive. They were above the average in intelligence, courageous and unsparing in their criticism of the orthodox theology. But a thousand causes, of which Universalism is one, have combined to soften the harsher features of 'evangelical religion,' and to put all the orthodox churches in the line of religious progress. In consequence, the aggressiveness of the Universalists and the bitterness of the orthodox sects have abated, indeed almost disappeared. But, while orthodoxy has been advancing, Universalism has remained stationary, and is to-day in a condition of arrested development. With a broader scholarship than the representatives of Universalism could ever claim, orthodox ministers and writers are now advocating all that the Universalists have taught, while they are going far beyond them in all that relates to modern scientific and philosophic thought. The bold, radical thinkers are not attracted to them, nor do they wish to be classed with them. If brought up Universalists, they become Unitarians, if not agnostics, thus taking from the once progressive sect its intellectual vigor and activity, and leaving behind a conservative element which resists innovation and reform in the denomination."

## Tests of Spirit Presence.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

My wife was a cousin to Artemus Hyde of Hydeville, N. Y., on whose farm the raps first commenced. I have been there often. I embraced the first opportunity to sit in a circle. My son John then announced his presence by tips of the stand, and he answered some questions. Since then I have tested nearly every form of manifestation. I have been to Moravia three times; I saw my wife and mother there plainly, every feature, expression of face and eyes were as perfect as in earth-life. It was indescribably beautiful to see one hundred lights come there in the dark circle at once, and move about the room like school boys at play. The Indians came, too; they sang, danced and made that large house shake. On one occasion I took an expert with me, who had been a trick show man for fifteen years; he had learned and practiced all the tricks then known. "He could detect a trick if one existed," said his friends and relatives. When my wife came he said, "Hayford, there is your wife." When the circle closed, he examined every thing thoroughly, saying, "There is no possible chance for deception or trickery there."

I then went to Havana to see Mrs. Compton. I went there alone; gave her no name; never before was within thirty miles of the place. The spirits in her residence soon spelled my name. My wife appeared four times, as perfect as in life. The fifth time she came outside the door arrayed in a beautiful white dress and talked about our past life, naming some of our children.

I next went to a photograph medium at Watertown, and obtained a likeness of my wife and two sons.

I then wrote Mrs. Blair for a painting. She sent me a large wreath of flowers, \$25.00, with a poem beautifully written in the center. My wife testified they saw the work executed while the medium was perfectly blindfolded. Then I wrote to her at Boston, inquiring if she could paint me a bouquet of flowers, with the names of my deceased friends written thereon. She replied: "There came three spirits with your letter, one giving the name, Sabrina; and one Mary (my wife and her sister). Sabrina says, 'If you will come here I can give you satisfactory tests.' I went there in March. I found the medium a fine, jovial lady. I didn't tell her who I was. She asked, 'Do you want a sitting?'"

I replied, "I want a portrait painted."

"I never paint faces," she replied; and then she said, "I see three spirits near you. I am sure I have seen them before."

"Can you get their names?"

"One is Sabrina, and one is Mary."

When blindfolded with sixteen thicknesses of wet cloth, she told me the time by my watch, she wrote a half minute, and she drew a beautiful wreath of flowers. The large ones contained thirteen names of my deceased friends. While writing my wife's name she asked, "Was your wife a twin?"

"Yes."

"Here comes a spirit giving the name of Mary; the twin sister. She died when two years old."

Adam's Basin, N. Y. S. HAYFORD.

## The Lesson of Life.

From a recent sermon of Rev. Dr. Thomas we quote the following beautiful thoughts:

"Nature has assigned us all to physical death. The free will is not consulted; hence before disease we are at last powerless. But nature has not appointed any of us to spiritual disease and death. Rather it invites you to a higher and higher life. It has therefore given you all the will-power that may evoke a beautiful world out of a cloud. What is a Franklin, or a Washington, or an Emerson, or a Longfellow, or a Lincoln, or a Garfield, except places where the human will has been with its creative touch. As one of the modern wise men said, 'The universe is an enormous will rushing out into life'; so may we say of each noble man or woman, that is a human wish and purpose unfolding into the external flower of being. All ye young hearts who are just setting forth upon the journey cannot indeed solve all the enigmas of life, but looking out upon this magnificent landscape you can say, 'I shall worship a God of equal justice and love; he shall rise up before me holy without spot and as loving as our mother; his heaven and his hell shall be the arena of a wise and a just creator; I shall throw Calvin, and Luther, and Tertullian, and Augustine, and thousands of other worthies into a new crucible, and shall extract the gold from each and from each the dross; I shall open my heart in charity, be well remember the new-born proposition that he best befriends who helps a neighbor to help himself; I shall compare together the glass of spirits and the glass of crystal water; and try to measure the sorrow and crime of the one and the clear intellect and rosy cheeks in the other; and seeing the mad struggle for only money I shall try to make a life of industry turn its earnings daily into more mental and spiritual power, and shall ask gold, not to make life a grasping monster, but to help me become a kinder, and wiser man.' Such a philosophy is not purely theoretic; it is practical, and simple, and easy; and in this kind of chariot many even in our age are riding happily along the earthly career; and oftentimes like the chariot of Elijah it seems to leave the dust and noise of the discordant crowd, and to advance through the higher and sweeter air."

## An Encouraging Letter.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Enclosed please find \$2.50 for the year's subscription. May the eyes of your enemies open to the true spirit of your labors, as set forth in the able and truly noble article in your last issue, your "Christmas Greeting!"

I consider the JOURNAL the best and truest exponent known to me, of the cause of Spiritualism and I shall not fail to do my best for the increase of its circulation. I most emphatically indorse the position taken by you on the "medium question," and I feel that you will outlive the storms of "un-desired unpopularity" developed by your high and really unassailable position on this subject. To and around you will gradually yet surely gravitate the workers, whose ultimate is the development of a "higher, nobler and purer civilization."

Spiritualism has a supply for every human want, a balm for every wound, and it holds within its grasp the wand which shall waive into existence a race of beings who shall be forever free from the shackles and disfigurements which now so obscure the jewel in man, the immortal spirit. Your work, though one beset by trials hard to bear, is yet a grand one, and you know in the secret depths of your own soul, that great souls are with you and know your true worth as one who has precipitated himself into the breach in the grand battle for truth, and so what bodeth it if the ignorant, the vicious, those blinded by passion and a warped sense of right, and hush anathemas, they are but dashing themselves to pieces against the adamant walls of truth, and will they not perish instead of truth?

Be not disheartened, my brother, the angels and the true-hearted are with you, and you shall not falter by the way, for there is both spiritual and material prosperity in store for you.

Cincinnati, Ohio. J. W. DENNIS.

## Report of Labors.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Since I last wrote you, I have visited Mendota, Ill., and remained with the friends seven weeks. The meetings were largely attended by a class of people who have been of late much interested in Spiritualism. While there an organization was completed, electing Dr. Foltz as President; Mrs. Dr. Richey, Vice President; Mr. Reed, Treasurer; Mr. Andin Smith, Secretary. The friends have been sleeping ever since Thomas Gates Foster was with them, which was over twenty years ago. The meetings are to be continued by the society on Sunday evenings; some one of the members will read a paper, to be followed by a general discussion. If all of our friends would do that in every place, how much good might be done; perhaps not so much for the cause, but much member would be surprised at the advancement that would be made intellectually.

I would like to say a few words in regard to Dr. Thomas's sermon, but time will not permit. I lectured in Meriden, a place where a Spiritualist lecturer never had been. Everywhere I find much interest in Spiritualism, and especially is this true among the men of culture. May the day be not far in the future when mediumship can be better understood so the mind may be satisfied in regard to the continuity of life.

Chicago, Ill. G. H. BROOKS.

## Letter from J. T. Little.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

You will see by this that we are in Detroit, en route to Alliance. We spent one Sunday at Kalamazoo, one at Nashville, and two at Grand Rapids, and yesterday at this point. We had a very pleasant time at Grand Rapids, through the earnest efforts of Mr. Tompkins and a few others; the Society there is in a prosperous condition, and we were made to feel delightfully at home by the good friends of the cause. At Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Ives, Kalamazoo, we witnessed the state-writing manifestation through one of their home mediums, a Mr. Colby Perkins. A few of us sat in a partially darkened room around a table. The medium carried with him a small slate; this was placed on the back of his hand, and the hand held up in sight of all. No pencil was furnished, the spirits producing this themselves. The slate was written full of close, fine writing on the upper side, in full view, and although I could not see the pencil, it could be distinctly heard while the writing was going on.

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 1, 1883. J. T. LITTLE.

## Spiritualism at Mendota, Ill.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Spiritualists of this place have recently experienced quite a revival and have just closed a successful course of thirteen lectures by G. H. Brooks of your city. This pleasant gentleman came among us as a stranger, but many warm friends when he took his leave. His lectures gave universal satisfaction, and his answers to "questions" pertaining to the philosophy of Spiritualism, were very highly appreciated by all.

John P. Horton writes: Long live the JOURNAL and its able manager.

The atonement, instead of elevating, deludes the manhood of any one accepting it.

I think there are stores laid up in our human nature that our understandings can ask no complete inventory of.—George Elliot.

D. W. Dodge writes: I find the JOURNAL the best exponent of the spiritual philosophy I have ever read, and I have taken a spiritual paper for the last ten years.

R. A. Dague writes: I have been a subscriber to the JOURNAL more than ten years, and I regard it as the most liberal paper in America. Go on battling for the right.

Mrs. A. Brooks writes: I think the JOURNAL is the best exponent of Spiritualism that I have read, and I have read many others. It has the true spirit of Spiritualism in working for a higher plane of thought, and I welcome it every week as an angel visitor.

## Notes and Extracts.

Phenomenal Spiritualism deals mostly with facts.

No man is more nobly born than another unless he is born with better abilities and a more amiable disposition.

Every one of us, whatever our speculative opinions, whether they be practices, and recognizes a better law than he obeys.

Many a small man never ceases talking about the small sacrifices he makes; but he is a great man who can sacrifice everything and say nothing.

The backward looker looks to Jesus for future happiness; the forward looker recognizes in himself all that is necessary to secure a bright and happy future.

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you, for their censures are not in your power and consequently should not be any part of your concern.

Certain religious bodies seem never to have outgrown the faded story of man's fall, and use that as the foundation upon which they strive to build up a system of religious education as unreasonable as it is mythical.

Jesus, an admirable medium, said, "Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in." Spiritualism teaches as Jesus did, that the kingdom of heaven is here, among men.

Had the creation story never been written, instead of the six thousand years' theory, recorded in the ages of the world, men would readily accept the scientific theory, which is that life is a succession of growths; that men instead of being created out of the dust of the earth by word of command, they would look deeper into the processes of nature, and never feel delving into the unexplained recesses of the world upon which they live, for the secret springs from which life flows, like a river, are fed from infinite fountains.

Speaking of Mr. Fawcett of this city, "unconsciously absorbing" one of the sermons, the Alliance says:

"Our old friend Talmage assures us that a Methodist dominion of Chicago has unconsciously absorbed his lecture on 'Big Blunders.' And unless Mr. Talmage has made a very blunder himself certainly Mr. Fawcett has unconsciously neglected to seal up his pores over night, and the afore said lecture has burglariously invaded his mental domain through the unconscious cuticle of a serene sleeper. It is very sad all round. Talmage admits the lecture is twenty years old—'somewhat musty.' It must be admitted—and Fawcett swears that he heard and thought he did not fail to place quotation marks in the margin of his manuscript. This is like stealing a man's pig and extenuating the crime by placing his brand beneath its tail! Oh! 'absorption,' you are a sad sea-dog, we greatly



Tests of Spirit Presence.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I noticed your call for personal experience in Spiritism. I would like to go back to the days of my childhood, fifty years ago. About that time, the death of my dear mother occurred. As she lay, breathing her last, sweet strains of music greeted the ears of those at her bedside. I, too, became silent and cold, the music seemed to be waiting for higher and higher until it vanished.

An old man, a great friend of mother's, lay at the point of death a few blocks away. Some of the friends that had watched mother's last moments, went and told him that his friend, Mrs. M., was dead. Said he, "I know it." They asked him how he knew it. He said, "She has been here to see me, and a few moments ago passed on." The old man soon died, the funeral and the burial were conducted together.

Many years after that I married; had a family of children, and as is the lot of many others, I buried two daughters, one an infant, the other in her teens. A few years later a darling son, just blooming into manhood, died. He had promised me to be my support the rest of my life; with that object in view, he studied for a physician. He left me in spring time, full of bright anticipations, to pursue his studies, but about the fall of the same year, he was attacked with typhoid fever and died. My grief became intense—tears and sorrow overwhelmed me, but one evening a few weeks later, as I was in my bedroom alone, giving way to my grief and sorrow in tears, my dear son was by my side with his arms around my neck and his face close to mine. He said, "Oh, my dear mother, don't grieve like this for me. I am happy, so happy in my spirit home. Mother, earth's language is not strong enough to convey to you the happiness I am in possession of. My dear mother, she is here with me; yes, dear mother, we are all here with you."

I asked him, "May I think that you are always near me?" He said, "Yes, and I will do you all the good I can." Many other things he said, which were of interest to me. From that time my load of grief on his account was removed.

My son has come to me many times to cheer me when grief assailed me. He told me that he would be the first to meet and greet me when I went to the spirit-land, and that I would find him there. He does true religion consist? Said he, "Mother, true religion consists in doing right, in love to God and to all the human family." At one time I visited Mr. Mott at Memphis, Mo., the famous materializing medium; there, too, my dear George met me with words of warning about troubles that I would encounter, which proved true. I was glad to meet my father, mother and children, and many others at Mr. Mott's.

The long old Journal how I love its weekly visits with its information and encouragement for those trying to be faithful to duty and duty.

Bryden, Jasper O. Mich.  
How Doctors Learn Everything but Cures.

(Medical and Surgical Reporter.)

It is actually progressed so far now that a student or young physician who busies himself earnestly with the problem of curing disease, of the definite removal of sickness and restoration to health, is looked upon as of limited intellect, and with little grasp on the greatest questions of his profession. This is so already in Germany, and it is becoming so in this country. Our eminent teachers are too busy with lecturing, reading up, hospital work, writing, and consulting practice, to have any time for the patient observation of disease as it is seen by the physician of limited family practice, or the country doctor. We urge that this be recognized all around, and that the profession be on its guard against the decay of practical medicine which has struck the Germans and undermined their usefulness like a dry rot.

**Spiritualism**, while it transcends the natural sciences as they are commonly taught, is in perfect harmony with them. It affirms the co-relation and conservation of the commonly recognized forces, and it correlates with them the more occult forces which ignorance calls supernatural. Spiritualism affirms the unity of forces and the doctrines of evolution and endless progression.

Dr. Pierce's "Pelllets," or sugar-coated granules—the original "Little Liver Pills," (sugar of lactation)—cure sick and bilious headach, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait on Government stamp. 25 cents per vial, by druggists.

**Communicating spirits**, those who are mostly yet in the earth-spheres, are perhaps as widely different in their ideas as those who still retain the fleshly form. They have indeed had some experiences which we have not had, and know some things of which we are ignorant; but on questions of conscience, right and expediency, they are many of them, no better guides than we ourselves are.

**Deservedly Popular.**  
Unless it had great merit Parker's Ginger Tonic could not be so popular. Its sale has spread remarkably all over this country, because invalids find it gives them new life and vigor when other medicines fail entirely.—Ohio Farmer.

**Spiritualism** is becoming more and more a religion; but it will be a poor religion, if the whole brotherhood of man is not embraced in its mantle of love; if its charity does not cover the whole land; and if its workings are not far-reaching and blessing eventually to the entire world.

Explicit directions for every use are given with the Diamond Dye. For dyeing Mosses, Grasses, Eggs, Ivory, Hair, &c.

**Beautiful** it is to see and understand that no worth, known or unknown, can die, even on this earth. The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the growing green. It flows and flows; it joins itself with other veins and veins; and one day it will start forth as a visible perennial.—Thomas Carlyle.

**A Delicious Ode** is imparted by Floreston Cologne. And it is always refreshing, no matter how freely used.

**Spirits** do not feel called upon to force any one into the kingdom of heaven; but they take delight in showing the way leading thereto.

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While the diagrams show some of the alum powders to be of a higher degree of strength than other powders ranked below them, it is not to be taken as indicating that they are any less good. All alum powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be regarded as dangerous.

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THE INDEX!  
A RADICAL WEEKLY JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED AT 3 TREMONT PLACE, BOSTON, MASS.  
Editors: (W. J. POTTER, W. F. UNDERWOOD.)

**CONTRIBUTORS:**  
Messrs. D. Conway and George Jacob Holman, of London, will write for The Index every month during 1882. Among the other contributors are Prof. Felix Adler, John W. Chadwick, M. J. Savage, F. M. Holland, W. H. Spencer, Mrs. E. C. Cheney, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, Caroline H. Dale, Mrs. S. A. Underwood, Miss M. A. Hardwick.

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To increase general intelligence with respect to religion; To foster a nobler spirit and quicken a higher purpose both in the society and in the individual;  
To substitute knowledge for ignorance, right for wrong, truth for superstition, freedom for slavery, character for credulity, nobility for ignominy, love for hate, humanitarianism for sectarianism, devotion to universal ends for absorption in selfish schemes.

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State the paper in which you saw this advertisement. 82-42

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Depot, corner Van Buren and Sherman Streets, City Ticket Office, 56 Clark Street, Sherman House.

9:15 a.m.	1:00 p.m.
12:45 p.m.	3:30 p.m.
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Continued from First Page.

ism would be raised above that vulgar level of doubt and suspicion with which it is now beset and harassed; that we should rise into a higher and purer condition; that many of us would be able to go beyond the need of physical manifestations into the higher region of spiritual communion, that we should realize that the ministering angel was not a poetic fancy or a dream of the childhood of our race handed down by legend and tradition, but that it was the glorious privilege into which all might enter who were worthy to receive it; that we should realize for ourselves that the angel of our household, the bright ministers of God and grace, were ever around us and about our path to warn and to instruct, to soothe and heal and bless, if we would but uplift the bars and unloose the bolts and throw wide open the door of our hearts, and keep its chambers swept and garnished, pure and sweet and fragrant for their hospitable entertainment.

"But when the heart is full of din,  
And doubt beside the angel waits,  
They can but listen at the gates,  
And hear the household jar within."

## A Lay Sermon on Media Ethics.

Harry Powell's Proposal Criticized—Its bad Taste and Unpleasantness Strongly Argued; the Reply of Henry Slade to a Challenge from a Committee Approvingly Cited. A Review Involving a Vital Principle of First Importance to all Concerned.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

No true friend of Spiritualism can read the article in your last issue, entitled, "W. Harry Powell on the War Path," without deep regret, and without sincerely and heartily wishing that mediums would always recognize their true relation to its phenomena. There is a radical difference between the instrument and its operator. It seems wholly unbecoming for the mere instrument to put on boastful airs, and to send forth challenges and defiance to a contest of media powers. How perilous for it to offer to bet \$1,000 on the production by it of a given class of spirit phenomena, over which, if genuine, it has not the slightest control.

A certain committee once offered Henry Slade to donate \$500 to any charitable institution, if he would give them proofs of direct writing by the spirits. Mr. Slade made to this offer a dignified and manly reply, from the standpoint of true mediumship. He said:

"You propose that I shall write a line across a slate, or cause a pencil to write a line, without myself touching either slate or pencil. My dear sirs, you would have been just as consistent to have made this proposition to your nearest neighbor, as to me; because, I claim that the writing that has so often occurred in my presence, is a phenomenon over which I have no control whatever; therefore I have no authority to say that it will occur again. The conditions you propose would create in me that anxiety of mind, that I could not for a moment expect the manifestation to occur."

On one occasion I was present in a public hall, when certain manifestations, which had previously occurred in the presence of one of the very best lady mediums in this country, were being discussed. This lady had given a sitting to three very intelligent gentlemen, who were quite positive in their belief that Spiritualism could give no valid reasons for its existence. They felt perfectly sure that they should be able to detect the methods by which the supposed spirit manifestations should be produced. But the manifestations were so remarkable, produced in the open daylight without the slightest apparent agency of the medium, that these gentlemen were astounded. While not convinced that spirit power was exercised in their production, they were nevertheless ready, at the public meeting, to state what they saw, and to declare that the medium, in their opinion, was not an active instrument in its production. One of the gentlemen, expressing a desire to investigate the matter further, said, if the medium would, the next day, produce similar phenomena, under conditions which he should prescribe, he would give her \$500. This offer was a temptation too powerful for the medium to resist. The possession of so large a sum of money would be a God-send to her. While she hesitated and frankly expressed her utter inability to produce the manifestations by any power of her own, still she very modestly said, "I will try." She did try, and failed. She afterwards said, that her controls told her, "This was your undertaking. You said you would try. We stood aside and gave you full opportunity to show what you could do." Her controls also said, in further explanation of the matter, that they were unwilling to aid the medium in the production of the desired phenomena, because it would tend to foster in her a mercenary spirit, which would greatly injure, if it did not wholly destroy her usefulness; that their object in using her was, to show to the world the fact of the immortality of the soul, and also the fact that spirits could return to this earth, and through such instruments, communicate with us; that while they desired their mediums to be properly rewarded for their services by those who sought them, yet mere money making by the mediums is no part of the purpose or object of spirit control.

I have no personal knowledge of the mediumship of Mr. Powell, but I am quite willing to assume for the purposes of this review of his communication, that he is, in all respects, a genuine, honest and truthful medium, wholly guiltless of any fraud, trickery, or imposition in his mediumship. It is because I assume this to be true, that I so deeply regret the tone, temper and character of his action. I can easily understand that, being such a medium, his indignation should be aroused, even to a white heat, upon hearing of the fraudulent attempt of Mrs. Stewart and her "committee" to simulate his phase of mediumship. But knowing her public reputation for such things, and the character of those who are styled her "committee," it is greatly to be regretted that he should have placed himself so nearly on her and their level, as he did, by an offer to bet that he could not do what she asserts he can do. For a moment, consider the unfortunate position in which Mr. Powell places himself in this contest.

He says: "I, W. Harry Powell, of Philadelphia, will meet Anna M. Stewart in a test séance, for the sum of \$1,000," under certain conditions that if Mrs. Stewart should produce manifestations similar to his, I agree to forfeit the amount, a like amount to be paid by her to me, if she fails to produce them."

He says to the "committee," "I defy you to meet me in any test." He says to the public "I issued a challenge for the great medium to meet me in a test séance, but up to the present time she has failed to do so, nor dare she or her committee. My challenge still remains open."

Thank the Good Father and the Angel World that this is not the tone, the temper, the spirit or the method of their proclamations to us. They come to us with no flourish, no boasts, no challenges, no defiances. Their influence is gentle and loving."

Now it seems to me, that such a challenge could have been made by Mrs. Stewart, or her "committee," with entire propriety; because there appears to be no doubt that she and they control the conditions under which their performances are given. They know what they can do, and how they can accomplish it. They are the directors and masters of their shows. This has been proven too many times and too conclusively to admit of a doubt. To bet that she can perform a certain trick, or simulate a certain manifestation, would be quite in the line of Mrs. Stewart's performances. Since she and her "committee" alone direct and control her exhibitions, and prescribe the conditions under which they are given, she and they know just what she can do, and they can bet on the result with a high degree of confidence that they can name the winner.

But what right has an honest, genuine and true medium to even assume to do anything; much less to bet that he can do it? What right has he to offer to gamble with his gifts? At the very most, he is but an instrument, and if a highly developed and reliable medium, but a passive instrument. He has no power, of himself, to produce the slightest spirit manifestation. If genuine manifestations of spirit power are produced in his presence, they are produced wholly by spirit power, without any aid from him. He has no right to proclaim what manifestations will be given at any particular time or place, or even that any will be given. How presumptuous, then, to offer to bet, or to send forth challenges, or to defy others to meet him! It would seem, that for the time being, Mr. Powell forgot that he is but an instrument, and more, that he is but an instrument in the hands of those who never adopt such methods of promulgating the truths of the spirit philosophy. By these acts he came dangerously near placing himself on the same plane with those he challenged and defied.

SANFORD B. PERRY.

Chicago, Jan. 6th.

## A Characteristic Letter from Dr. Wolfe.

He tells why he has been silent; Denies the rumor that he has renounced Spiritualism; Talks about Sunday; Pays his respects to the Naughty Commercial Man and alludes a striking prophecy which he did not credit when uttered.

DEAR BROTHER: The old year slipped away before I could answer your last letter, to let you know how it was I neglected to reply to the one preceding it. This I will now do. For more than a year, I have had two legal investigations on my hands. These so occupy my time, that I have scarcely any for friendly correspondence. If there is any thing in this world more than another, that is calculated to take the sweetness out of a man's nature, it is a law-suit. If it won't acidify the milk of human kindness, especially when your adversaries are ungrateful wretches, then I don't know what will.

If I have appeared to you to be uninterested in your noble work, and indifferent to the success of the great mission of modern Spiritualism, I am not what I seem.

A few days ago an intelligent woman in this city, who moves in the wealthy circles of society, said to me, "I read in a paper, some time ago that you had renounced your belief in Spiritualism! Is that possible?"

"No madam," I replied, "I have no belief to renounce. Spiritualism deals with facts, and when we master these we have knowledge. The manifestations of modern Spiritualism spring from fixed principles or laws inherent in the dual organization of mind and matter. They are co-existent with the verities of mathematics, and as old as any other attribute of Deity."

If occasion favors and you think it worth while, deny any report you may hear or see to the effect that I have intimated, by word, sign or deed, a lack of confidence in true spiritual phenomena, such as I have personally witnessed more than one hundred times. I am not the material to make a martyr of, and yet, in the face of a good deal of persecution, I think my testimony to the credibility of the facts, *per se*, of modern Spiritualism, could be given straight and direct. Among the most important truths Spiritualism has revealed and demonstrated to the world, is that which teaches that there is no death—that all those who have passed from earth, from the dawn of human existence to the present time, "still live," and under favorable conditions can appear for personal identification, or hold intellectual intercourse with the few mortals who still dwell on this unfinished, and comparatively insignificant planet.

I have not seen the paper in which the report of my renunciation of spiritual intercourse appears, but as my informant to that effect, is entirely reliable, the suspicion must be removed at once.

There are several matters that believers in the phenomena of Spiritualism are engaged in, that I do not like, although I may be wrong in opposing their efforts. I allude (1) to their trying to organize as a body of men and women, into a society, for the purpose of advancing the cause of modern Spiritualism; and (2) to their trying to make a Sunday institution of spiritual phenomena.

I object to the first proposition, because such organization will in time hatch out a nasty brood of little ugly priestlets, who will soon feather with holy vestments and consecrated divinity, and oracularly teach that "Whatsoever they bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, etc." There are too many such organizations now in existence for the good of the race.

I object to the second proposition, because Sunday is no more sacred than Monday, and the discrimination made in its favor inures to the enslavement of the human mind. I have sensed the spirits as well as my own intelligence on this subject, and they say, "Credulists have stolen Sunday and with it the liveliest of Heaven to serve their selfish ends." Spiritualism is not a Sunday institution. The mission of the Harmonical Philosophy is to pervade all minds, among all classes of men, every day in the week; figuratively, it is to go into the work-shops, and take the tolling brother by the hand, and assist him in his struggles against poverty and ignorance; to develop his manhood by educating his latent powers at all times.

Less than ten years ago, when Mrs. Mary Hollis, of Louisville, Ky., gave marvellous spiritual séances in this city, hundreds of intelligent men and women visited her and were soundly convinced of the truth of spirit intercourse. These convictions were carried into some of the best homes of Cincinnati. At the time of these occurrences, by request of the editor of the Cincinnati Commercial, re-

ports of them were prepared and printed in that journal. These reports excited curious interest wherever read, and the paper printing them was in great demand. At that time the Cincinnati Commercial stood at the forefront of independent journalism west of New York, and enjoyed from its patronage, a princely income. The editor, Mr. Halstead, had won a national reputation as a clear thinker and fearless writer. His position viewed from any and every standpoint, was every way desirable.

In the plenitude of his power and at the zenith of his ambition, from some personal consideration, he made open and unrelenting war upon Spiritualists and Spiritualism. This he continued for years. He became unreasonable, unjust, persecuting and vindictive. Hundreds, thousands, who had read his paper with admiration, and who regarded Mr. Halstead as an able and useful man, gradually cooled. The paper lost patronage, its circulation diminished, its influence is gone. With the close of the year just ended, the great Commercial has consummated a business arrangement with the Cincinnati Gazette, which it would have consented to do only in extremis mortis and which is pitiful to think of.

In Mrs. Hollis's séances the spirits frequently predicted this termination of the life of this great Commercial. Thinking their wish might be father to the thought, I disbelieved it, but here it has come to pass, and none more sincerely regrets the event than

Yours Fraternally,  
N. B. WOLFE.  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

## Is Alum Poisonous?

Dr. Hall's Journal of Health, in a recent issue, says:

"This question has caused a good deal of discussion. Alum is used by many bakers to whiten their bread, enabling them to use an inferior flour. It is more extensively employed as a cheap substitute for cream of tartar in the manufacture of baking powders. It has not been considered immediately dangerous; although if continued it induces dyspepsia and obstinate constipation. But the fact that many cases of poisoning have occurred from baking powders which contained alum, puts the question in a more serious aspect, and prudent people will exercise caution in the selection of baking powders."

"Under what conditions, then, does this substance—formerly used only for mechanical purposes—become poisonous? They are certainly obscure, and at the present we can only surmise what they may be. We suspect that the cause exists in the individual poisoned; some peculiarity of the constitution producing a morbid change in the secretions of the stomach, with which the alum combines and forms an active poison; or the secretions may be healthy but in unusual proportions, and that these less or greater proportions, in combination with the alum, constitute a poison."

"For example, two parts of mercury and two parts of chlorine form calomel, which is not poisonous; but change the proportions to one part of mercury and two parts of chlorine, and we get corrosive sublimate, which is a deadly poison."

"Then, again, we know nothing of the causes of constitutional peculiarities. Why is it that one person can eat all kinds of green fruits and vegetables with impunity, while the same course might cost another individual his life? One person can handle poison ivy and sumac without being in the least affected, another is poisoned if he approaches to within ten feet of them. Out of a family residing in a malarial district, some of the members will suffer half the year with fever and ague, while the others will enjoy excellent health during the entire year. Foods that are wholesome to some persons are actually poisonous to others. This is especially true of some kinds of fish. There is no safety in taking alum into the stomach, as it is shown to be always injurious, and often dangerous. Baking powders properly compounded, and containing pure cream of tartar instead of alum are more convenient than yeast, and bread and pastry made with them are just as wholesome, and far more palatable. We are in entire sympathy with the manufacturers of the Royal Baking Powder—who commenced and are vigorously conducting the war against the use of alum in baking powders."

"Before committing ourselves, however, we made tests of a sufficient number of baking powders to satisfy ourselves that the substitution of alum for cream of tartar in their composition has not been over-estimated, while a careful examination of the Royal Baking Powder confirms our belief that Dr. Mott, the Government Chemist, when he singled out and commended this powder for its wholesomeness, did it wholly in the interests of the public."

"We do not hesitate to say that the Royal Baking Powder people deserve the gratitude of the community whom they are endeavoring to protect."

"Will not some prominent manufacturer of pure Candles follow their example, and expose the secrets of a business that is doing untold mischief to little children?"

## Baptist Pastors on Miracles.

Some Suggestive Stories About Cures by Prayer and Faith.

The Rev. Dr. G. W. Sampson read a paper on miracles and cures by faith at the meeting of the Baptist Pastor in Murray street yesterday, in which the conclusion was reached that modern miracles were restricted to the law of nature, but that cures were inspired by faith. He told a story of a woman who was treated by Dr. Hammond. The woman believed she could be cured by the application of Lourdes water. Dr. Hammond told her he would apply Croton, and if that did not help her he would apply Lourdes. He applied Lourdes, but she, supposing it to be Croton, refused to be cured. Dr. Hammond then tried Croton, and the woman, believing it to be Lourdes, was healed. The Rev. Dr. Charles Rhoades said God was as capable of working miracles at this time as in scriptural times, but he was always chary of them. He related the wonders performed by a certain physician who once visited New York. The doctor went into the room of a bed-ridden woman and bade her rise and walk. She did so. The Rev. Dr. D. C. Potter, the moderator, said he knew of a wonderful case. Instead of some one ordering the woman out of the house fire was applied and the effect was the same. The Rev. J. G. Shrive, of Yonkers, told of a young woman in that city whose sight was restored after putting drops of oil on her eyes and praying. The Rev. Dr. Thomas said miracles were not confined to marvels in healing. A young woman who believed in faith hired a house

in Brooklyn at \$450 a year, but she had no money to pay the rent. Dr. Thomas saw that the first month's rent was paid, and the young woman tried to induce the agent to have faith for the remainder of his pay. A young woman in New Haven was cured by a doctor in Boston. Dr. Thomas questioned her rather sharply, and her reply made him a little cautious. She said the greatest obstacle to her cure by faith was the ministers. Dr. Sampson spoke of a woman ill with typhoid fever who was not expected to live. Prayers were sent up for her and she recovered. The Rev. William Jackson, a colored preacher of Newark, said he fully concurred with Dr. Sampson. He had something very important to say. He was trying to free a church. He went to a brother and asked him for help. The brother told him to come again. Brother Jackson asked the brethren to pray that the man might open his pocket, and he promised to tell them all about it at the next meeting. Dr. Kerfoot, of Baltimore, told of a sick brother who was prayed for and the remark of a person who suggested that it was no wonder he got well when six doctors quit going to see him.—New York Times.

## Science and Art.

The newest of the many European canal projects is one for uniting Cologne with Antwerp.

Sulphuric acid or mercury is sometimes used for hardening very small tools for cutting glass and etching stone.

File makers use salt water for a hardening bath, because it makes the water more dense and the teeth harder and of course more brittle.

The new ship canal which is to connect the Baltic and North Sea will save nearly 600 miles of water journey now made around the Danish peninsula. The cut, as proposed, will be from Glückstadt to Kiel, and the length will be about half that of Suez Canal, or some fifty miles.

Mr. Wake, engineer of the River Wear Commissioners, and Mr. Irish, manager of the Northern District Telephone Company, in England, have made some interesting experiments in the use of the telephone by divers. The length of the cable connecting the receiver in the diver's helmet with the transmitter above water was 200 yards. It was found that the diver could converse with ease, and ask for tools in any position in which his work might require him to place himself.

In order to render silk which has been dyed black more lustrous and shining, Mr. A. Gillet recommends the use of the following bath. Two parts soda crystals are dissolved in 100 parts of water; the obtained solution being of 2° B. Olive oil is added to this bath until the oil begins to remain at the top of the solution. Soap can be added. The addition of citric, tartaric, or acetic acid to this bath is not recommended, as any acid would only diminish the alkaline strength of the bath. If it is required to remove the white reflection the silk has acquired in the above bath, the silk can be washed in water containing citric, tartaric, or acetic acid.

Why oysters should be eaten raw is explained by Dr. William Roberts in his lecture on "Digestion." He says that the general practice of eating the oyster raw is evidence that the popular judgment upon matters of diet is usually trustworthy. The fawn colored mass, which is the delicious portion of the fish, is its liver, and is simply a mass of glycogen. Associated with the glycogen, but withheld from actual contact with it during life, is its appropriate digestive ferment—the hepatic diastase. The mere crushing of the oyster between the teeth brings these two bodies together, and the glycogen is at once digested without any other help than the diastase. The raw, or merely warmed, oyster is self-digestive. But the advantage of this provision is wholly lost by cooking; for the heat immediately destroys the associated ferment, and a cooked oyster has to be digested, like any other food, by the eater's own digestive powers.

Before starting out on a long journey, the wise traveler looks over the routes and selects the best one. Perhaps the longest continuous ride a person can take in this country is to the Pacific coast from the East, or vice versa. THE CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN ROAD evidently takes the lead in this direction from Chicago, with its through cars, fresh and new, its steel rails on a well-braced roadbed, its Pullman Palace Drawing Room Sleeping Cars, and its own celebrated Dining Cars, offering all that the most fastidious passenger can desire in the way of safety, comfort and the beautiful.

"There is no man," said John Greenleaf Whittier on his seventy-fifth birthday, "who ought to write much after he is 70, unless perhaps it may be Dr. Holmes. He ought to write from now until he is 100. He is charming in everything he writes, and there is such a wonderful variety in his works that it seems a pity he should ever stop."

At the conclusion of the reception to the diplomatic corps at the white house New Year's day, Hon. Elihu Allen, minister from the Hawaiian Islands, dropped dead of heart disease. Mr. Allen was the doyer, or dean, of the diplomatic corps. In 1856 he was sent to the United States as envoy of that government. In 1857 he was made chancellor and chief justice of the Sandwich Islands, which position he held until 1864. Mr. Allen was sent to this country as the minister from the islands Jan. 14, 1870.

The indifference of Oriental people to filthy water is astounding. The Hindoo sees no objection to using the same tank for his ceremonial ablution and for his drinking water. The indifference is not confined to the poor. At Madras, many natives, even of the highest caste, have no objection to use both for domestic and drinking purposes water which may be described as simply filthy. They may be seen washing their clothes and themselves in tanks from which women are taking home water for cooking and drinking.

## BUSINESS CHANCES.

Partnership interest or entire established business for sale: one of \$30,000, \$250,000 and one for \$500,000. For sale 191 Warren Ave., cor. Lincoln and Warren, 50x125, 10 room house, bath, streets all paved, one block from Washington street cars, one block from Washington Boulevard. No. 683 Washington Boulevard, 12 rooms, two story and basement, brick, S. front. Price \$65,000. 5,000 feet in Milwaukee Ave., \$5.00 per foot. 224 feet on Westmore Ave., \$16 to \$20 per foot. Grand Opera House and Post Office Block, cor. 568,000, will now sell for one-third less than cost at Richmond, Ind., of about 20,000 inhabitants, five railroads run through the city. Needs for about \$2,000 per year. Go and see it, or address for particulars, Debbens Bros., the ones running the Opera House, Richmond, Ind., or John W. Frye, 34 Pine St., N. Y., or Hannah A. Frye, 191 Warren Ave., Chicago. Have a large amount of Fraser Car Telephone, Electric Light, Illinois Mailing Co. Stocks at lowest figures. I can get you or woman on the inside track of all kinds of Stocks. For good investments address, or call.

34 Pine Street, N. Y.

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## A LETTER FROM GERMANY.

SIEGEN, January 9, 1882.

Very esteemed sirs:

The praise your Liver Pills have called forth here is wonderful. After taking one and a half boxes of your genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, I have entirely recovered from my four years' suffering. All who know me wonder how I, who, for so many years, had no appetite and could not sleep for backache, stitch in my side, and general stomach complaints, could have recovered.

An old lady in our city, who has suffered for many years from kidney disease, and the doctors had given her up, took two of your Pills, and got more relief than she has from all the doctors. Yours truly,

J. VON DER BERG.

## BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sugar-coated. Every box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression: McLANE'S LIVER PILLS. The genuine McLANE'S LIVER PILLS bear the signature of C. McLANE and Fleming Bros. on the wrappers.

Insist upon having the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLANE, spelled differently, but of some pronunciation. If your stockkeeper does not have the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, send us 25 cents, and we will send you a box by mail, and a set of our advertising cards.

FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE** to sell the best Family Sewing Machine ever invented. Will sell a lot of stock with H. E. L. and T. O. E. complete, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 105 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. 33 4 34 3

## 7 PER CENT. NET.

Security Three to Six Times the Loan with the Building. Interest Semi-Annual. 25th year of residence and 8th in the business. Nothing ever been lost. Best of references. Send for particulars if you have money to loan. N. B.—Costs advanced, interest Co. Pa.; Mrs. Maria Bayley, Yardville, Bucks Co., Pa.; Mrs. Emily Willard, Mrs. Annan Willard, Mr. M. J. Willard, 1620 South St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Samuel Day, 2721 Cambridge St., Philadelphia; Mrs. Corcoran, 1502 Brown St., Mrs. Kate Bayley, Ocean City, N. J.; Mrs. L. A. Walters, 732 Parish St., Philadelphia, Pa. (Indorsement of name might be had as we have made and used in our private practice 22,500 Loans in the last eighteen months and the first dissatisfaction is still to be heard from.)

For Directions see labels on boxes. Price, postpaid small box, 30 cents. Two large boxes, \$1.00. Address Dr. J. H. Rhodes, 505 1/2 N. 4th Street, Philadelphia, Pa. When ordering name this paper. Medicines sent by express, free of charge, curing the sick and developing mediumship. Two sheets, one positive, one negative, price 20 cents; or 5 pairs for \$1.00, post paid. Address as above 33 11 24

D. S. B. JOHNSTON &amp; SON.

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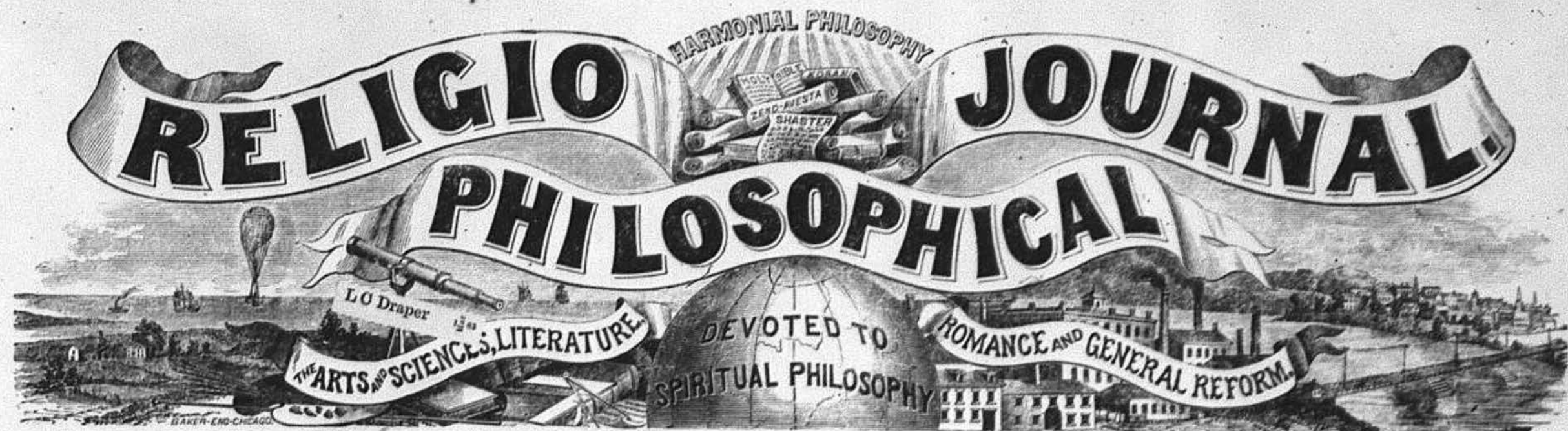
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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XXXIII.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 20, 1883.

No. 21

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit phenomena, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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**FIRST PAGE.**—New Views of the Bible. The Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation.

**SECOND PAGE.**—Oshope, the New Bible. A Friend of Theists. New England Musings. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

**THIRD PAGE.**—Woman and the Household. Book Reviews. Magazines for January Received. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

**FOURTH PAGE.**—Special Notices. Notice to Subscribers. The New York Observer—A Wonderfully Religious Newspaper—One-half Secular and the other half "Religious," but Altogether for the Indians. Rev. Heber Newton's New Departure. The New York Telegram on Spiritualism. Dangers of Vaccination. Is "Dr." Monck, of Brooklyn, an Impostor? N. B. Brittan. A Serp's Cheer. Tice versus Roberts.

**FIFTH PAGE.**—General Notes. Capt. H. B. Brown at 55 South Ada Street. Don't Know. Special Notices. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

**SIXTH PAGE.**—To a Flint Arrow Head, Picked up on the Site of Lichtenau, Sept. 14th, '82. Scraps—Fairdale—Waverly, N. Y.—Horse Heads, N. Y.—Worthy Workers—Free Halls and Churches, etc. A Fact for the "Regulars." David Eccles Replies to the Reviewer of his Pamphlet, Letter from Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Tests of Spirit Presence. "Mum Soberly." The Measure of Freezing. Letter from California. The Minnesota State Association of Spiritualists. Notes and Extracts. A Strange Reminiscence. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

**SEVENTH PAGE.**—"Mind"-Reading. List of Prominent Books for sale at the office of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—Murray on Kiddie. The Congregational Club at Cleveland Deliberates on Spiritualism. Mr. Cumberland's Methods. Science and Art. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

#### NEW VIEWS OF THE BIBLE.

An Extraordinary Sermon by the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton.

A New Christianity Offered in One of the Chief Churches of the Protestant Episcopal Denomination—An "Impotent Threat" in the Apocalypse—Prophets and the Psalms.

(New York Sun.)

The Rev. R. Heber Newton preached the remarkable sermon that is printed below in All Souls' Church, Anthon Memorial (Protestant Episcopal), Dec. 31st, 1882.

Every Scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.—2 Timothy, III, 16.

The old view of the Bible is fading upon the vision of our age. You have probably all perceived this more or less clearly. I have uttered the conviction which many of you have held in secret, with misgivings and self-reproaches, and have shown you some of the many reasons why this view could no longer be held by men of open minds. The new view of the Bible is as yet vaguely caught, and, therefore, the power is feebly felt. According to their natures men are indulging in flippant flings at a vanished superstition, or grieving silently over the disappearance of the ancient light which ruled the night of earth. I have sought to clear your vision of the new moon rising upon us, the same holy light God set in the heavens of old, though changed in the altered atmosphere of earth.

I propose now to translate the generalities of the previous sermons into some practical applications. I want to-day to make more distinct certain wrong uses of the Bible which grow out of the old view of it; wrong uses out of which great mischiefs have come to the cause of true religion, and great trouble to individual souls; abuses which fall away in the light of a more reasonable understanding of the Bible. The Bible viewed as a book let down from heaven, whose real "author" is God, as the Westminster Catechism affirmed; a book dictated to chosen penmen and written out by their amanuenses under a direction which secured them against error on every subject of which they treated; a book thus given to the world to be an authoritative and infallible oracle for human information on all the great problems of life—naturally calls for uses which, apart from this theory, are gross and superstitious abuses.

It is a wrong use of the Bible to set it in its entirety before all classes and all ages. On the old view of the Bible no man might dare to cut away portions of it in public reading or home instruction. The horrible atrocities and brutal lusts of the early Hebrews, and the coarseness of their later days, as unbearable by modern ears as the rough talk of Shakespeare's ladies, had all to be read to mixed assemblies of young men and maidens, and be read with blushing face by the pure mother to the purer children at her knees. For us, who see the Bible in its new light, there is no necessity for a minister to offend against the taste of a refined age, or for a mother to introduce the unsoiled soul of her child to evil, by reading straight through the successive chapters of the Bible. It has been left for Protestant piety to excel Romanists and Jews in superstition. The Church of Rome, as you know, discourages the use of the Bible by her laity, erring in the other extreme. The Jewish rabbis had a saying that no one should read the Canticles

before he was thirty years of age. If you follow the public readings of the Bible in this church from your own Bibles, you must often appreciate the relief such a rule brings. Use the Bible in this way with your children at home. Who would think of an indiscriminate use of the original Shakespeare? Stage managers cut him so freely for rendering before grown up folk as to have made another Shakespeare, the one who cares for his children's innocence will set before them an expurgated edition like that of Rolfe. So we should use at home such an expurgated edition of the Scriptures as "The Child's Bible," published by Cassell, Potter & Galpin of London. No timid soul need fear that impotent threat in the last chapter of the Revelation:

"If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy God shall take away his part out of the book of life."

That sounds like the ruling passion strong in death of the Son of Thunder, who in youth asked if he should call down fire from heaven upon a hamlet which did not welcome Jesus, and was well rebuked for his zeal by the gracious Master. A writer who was surer of his inspiration would not have appended such a postscript. This book, judged by Mr. Moody's test of inspiration, is one of the least inspired of the New Testament books. Paul would have not bolstered up his writings with such an imprecation. It is part of the human weakness through which the voice of God speaks, taking its tone from the defects of the instrument. Heed it not!

It is a wrong use of the Bible to accept its utterances indiscriminately as the words of God, to quote any saying of any speaker in its pages, or any deed of any actor in its histories as expressing to us the mind of God. Such use of the Bible is thoughtlessly common. Some time ago before going into a church in whose service I was asked to participate. I ventured to show some slight hesitancy in using certain Psalms which were set down in the Psalter for the day. When asked why, I mildly answered that I could not ask a Christian congregation to join with me in singing after the embittered Jews in Babylon:

"Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom, in the day of Jerusalem. How they said, 'Down with it! down with it! even to the ground.' Oh, daughter of Babylon, who ought to be wasted. Happy should he that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us. Happy shall he be that taketh thy little ones and throweth them against the stones."

Nor could I ask the people to unite in praying:

"Make their nobles like Oreb and Zeeb; yea, all their princes as Zeba and Salmana."

I had in mind the fate of Oreb and Zeeb and of Zeba and Salmana, splendidly brave fellows even in their death, as told in the seventh and eighth chapters of Judges, where you can learn what sort of prayer this of those savage Jews was. Naturally, as I thought, I objected to voicing such heathen imprecations in the nineteenth century of the era of the Prince of Peace. My good friend, with a look of amazement, replied, "Why, these Psalms are in the Bible." That ended the question for him.

This incident is typical of a vast quantity of wrong abuses of the Bible. So our American slaveholder read the word of the ancient tradition, "Cursed be Ham," and smoothed his troubled conscience. They were fulfilling the Divine will in breeding black cattle for the auction block. Pledty and profit were one, and godliness had great gain and some contentment also. So the extermination of the Canaanites, for which the Hebrews pleaded long after the Divine order, and for which they had substantial warrant in the land of these corrupting tribes and make room for the noble life Israel was to develop, has been the stock argument of kings and soldiers for their bloody trade. Thus poor human consciences have been sorely hurt and troubled as they read, in stories such as those of Jael and Sisera and Jacob and Esau, of acts which better nature instinctively condemned. They have felt themselves arraigning the Bible and suspecting God.

If indeed the Bible is a book let down from the skies, of which God can be called the author, then all such uses of it are correct enough, and in those dark and savage words and deeds I must read the words of God and the deeds he holds up to our admiration and imitation; only then I should reject the Bible and perhaps forsake God, as so many are doing who say with Maurice to the old theologians, "Your God is my devil."

If, however, the Bible is the national library of the Jews, I must expect to find all sorts of early Jewish notions in ethics and religion bodied in the words of the speakers they introduce, and the deeds of the men of whom they tell the tales. Fancy a man quoting Shylock when he pleads for his bond, or Iago's devilish innuendoes against Desdemona's purity, as showing what Shakespeare liked or what he would have us imitate!

If the Bible is the record of real revelation which came in the spirits of ancient men through the historic growth of conscience and reason, and if these books are the literature containing that growth of a people out of ignorance and superstition into the light of pure ethics and spiritual religion, then I must look to find all sorts of crudities and crassnesses in the representation of God, and all phases of moral life, as a part of the error and imperfections of which they had been educated. These deeds and words are the milestones in the path of promise by which Judaism reached Christianity. If the individual is to reproduce the story of the race

as our wise men tell us, then the words and deeds are in the Bible to carry us through the same course of education, to exercise our consciences in discriminating right from wrong, and to lead us to grow out of such conceptions and desires toward the spirit of Christ.

It is a wrong use of the Bible to accept everything recorded therein as necessarily true. If the historians were simply the amanuenses of the Infinite Spirit, then of course they could not have erred in anything they recorded. If they were ordinary writers, trying to tell the story of their peoples' growth, searching court archives, state annals, old parchments of forgotten writers, consulting the traditions of town and village, using the material in the best way their abilities enabled them to do, using all to teach virtue and religion, for which alone they were specially qualified of God, then all questions of historical accuracy are beside the mark. Nothing in their inspiration guarantees their historical accuracy, or their philological learning in using old poets' words hardened into facts, or their critical judgment in detecting exaggerations. Are we to wait anxiously upon the latest Assyrian tablets or the freshest Egyptian mummy to confirm our faith that God has spoken to the spirit of man? Are we to quake in our shoes when a few ciphers are cut off from the roll of Israel's impossible armies? If much that we read turns out tradition and myth, are we to find a painful alternative between a blind credulity and as blind a skepticism? Has it been such comfort to us to read the doings of Samson as actual history, slaying a thousand men with the jaw bone of an ass, that we should resent the translation of this impossible hero into the Semite Hercules, a myth? Or, if perchance, the historian accepted from remote antiquity the account of great deeds and striking events as they were told at the camp fires of the Hebrew nomads, or in the merry makings of the Palestine villages, with an ever growing nimbus of the marvelous around them, and if thus impossible marvels are reported to us soberly, are we to be compelled to accept them uncritically or reject the Bible altogether? Perhaps Elisha's iron axe head did swim upon the water. I am prepared to believe almost anything after our spiritualistic mediums and their expositors. Whether it did or did not concerns me no whit. I shrug my shoulders and read on. I cannot make out the historical fact which was at the basis of the Red Sea deliverance, nor do I care much to make out this or any other Old Testament miracle. If I felt obliged to accept literally these stories or to lose my faith in the voice of God which speaks through the men of the Bible I should care greatly. Those who can believe the story of Elisha and the bears or of Elijah's ascension into heaven may; those who cannot need not, and both alike should reverently read their Bibles, not for those tales of wonder, but for the still small voice of the eternal spirit sounding through holy lives and holier aspirations until he came whose life was the Word of God, the Wonderful.

It is a wrong use of the Bible to consult it as a heathen oracle for the determining of our judgments and the decision of our actions. The pagans, even such grand old pagans as the Romans, before undertaking any important action would solemnly consult the auspices. Men with reason given them of God would stand anxiously around the steaming entrails of a bird to find out whether the fates were propitious to their undertaking. Great Generals would open or delay a campaign according to the intestinal revelations of a goose. Intelligent people use the Bible in some such way. When at a loss how to proceed, instead of calmly consulting their own judgments and the judgments of their wisest friends, and then acting like reasonable beings, men and women will open their Bibles and at random let their eyes rest on the first verse, which arrests their attention, and accept any possible bearing on the question in hand as the voice of God. The journals of John Wesley and other eminent men contain examples of this abuse of the Bible. I call it an abuse for such acts degrade the Bible to the level of a heathen oracle. Isaiah, like all the great prophets, habitually contrasted the true and the false communications of the Divine will by the test of the reasonableness of their manifestations. The real prophet heard the voice of God, not so much in dreams and visions as in the calm and sober working of his mind illumined from on high. The oracle was the antithesis of the prophet. The oracle represented unintelligent, unreasonable, magical means of getting at a desired knowledge. The prophet represented the intelligent, reasoning, natural means of getting at that knowledge; the lighting of that candle of the Lord which is the spirit of man. The word of God which comes to man is the Divine Reason, of which each human reason is a ray. To train and use that reason in all our exigencies, humbly looking up to the Eternal Reason to let his light in us be pure and clear, is the way to have the word of God.

To consult the reason of the holy men of old on themes whereon they were qualified to speak is rational and right. To make of their writings a new oracle of whose mysterious meaning we are to guess, as the ancient Greeks puzzled over the message of the Delphic shrine, is to revive Paganism in Christianity. No prophecy was written centuries ago with reference to your private affairs. All that is there written concerned men and affairs of those days. The principles there ap-

plied will help you now, if you will take the trouble to search for them. For principles do not change like fashions.

It is a wrong use of the Bible to go to it as the heathen went to their oracle, for divinations of the future. The inspiration of an oracle was proven by the success of its predictions. In the same way men have turned to the Bible as a sort of sacred weather bureau, a book which, if we could only interpret its mystic utterances, would tell us what things were going to happen upon the earth. I remember a number of years ago an eloquent Irish divine who came to this country on a great mission. His first sermon was on Ezekiel's vision by the Chetar. He said this was the age of science, and such a marvelous science could not have escaped the vision of the prophet. The mystic creature which the prophet saw, with wheels, whose appearance was like burning coals of fire, which turned not as it went, and so on, was the locomotive! Let any political crisis occur, and some sage will write a book showing how Daniel had foretold just this issue of diplomacy. American, the restoration of the Jews to Palestine, and the Church of Rome especially inspire these crazy conjectures. This mad and maddening use of what, rightly read, are noble and instructive books, grows out of a misunderstanding of what are the functions of Hebrew prophecy.

Prophecy has been taken as a synonym for prediction. There is not much verbal difference between foretelling and forthtelling, but there is a vast difference for the purposes of religion. Take prophecy as the synonym of foretelling, and the essential function of the prophets was predicting. They were supposed to have been busy in predicting the things which should come to pass in the far future. The success of these long-range predictions was the demonstration of their being charged with miraculous powers. The prophecies constituted the chief evidence for the supernatural character of the Bible. Of course, with this theory in the mind of the Church, a predictive character would be read in everything capable of bearing it, and so the history of the Hebrews, the eloquent oration of their great statesmen the pious longings of their hymn writers, became mystic anticipations of everything in the heavens above or the earth beneath. But Hebrew prophecy never was the synonym for prediction. The prophets were "men of the spirit" whose pure natures mirrored the supreme laws of earth, the moral laws, whose intuitions made applications of those laws to the policies of statecraft, and enabled them to divine the issues of the stirring events among which they lived. Their glory is that they saw above the brute force of great empires the might of right, and dared to vision its triumph, and that history has verified their moral insight. But they chiefly spoke of things shortly coming to pass upon the earth, the horizon bounded by a very near future. In these predictions they were often mistaken, nearly as often in error as in the right. We never hear of these unfulfilled prophecies, but they are in your Bibles. They should teach you what the prophets tried so hard to teach their own countrymen; that the essential distinction of the true prophet was not that he predicted the future, for this they scornfully left to the false prophets, the oracles of pagan Jews, but that they foretold the inner mind and will of God. I believe I know of no one passage of the prophets which can be fairly said to point any event beyond the near future of the writer. Only in so far as they spoke of the ideal forces, of moral victories, did they launch out upon the far future. But you say, do they not surely point on to Christ? I answer both no and yes. Of any mere literal prediction of the events and incidents of his life I know none. The many passages that have been made to read like predictions of his miraculous birth, his sale for thirty pieces of silver, and so on, refer to passages and experiences in the time of the writers. Isaiah expressly says so about the Virgin—that is, the young bride who was to conceive and bear a son. Before he should be able to distinguish right from wrong the relief of Jehovah to Israel, would come. True it is that the gospel called that of St. Matthew goes through the life of Jesus making such use of the Old Testament words; but this was evidently done by some pious Jew, who regarded the Old Testament as our good people still do, and after the fashion of preachers, made application to Christ of words never meant for him. This use of the Old Testament is pushed to absurdity in books over which I have toiled, which gave me the "Gospel of Liviticus" or "Christ in the Psalms," fitting every word of every Psalm into the lips of the dear Lord, and showing the relations of Christ and the Church in the charming love idyl of some ancient Hebrew, known to us as the Song of Songs.

There was, however, a real pointing on toward Christ, but it was ethical and spiritual. The nation's hope of restoration gradually shaped the form of an ideal king; the nation's conscience gradually shaped the form of an ideal character, while the two expectations blended historically in him who lived the human ideal visioned by holy men of old and throned himself in the hearts of men as Lord though not alone of Jewry. The whole history of the people is a growth of the religion of Christ, and that is the wonder of it. But the Chinese puzzle book of prediction exists nowhere save in the imagination of the readers.

Let us pause here for to-day. And let us take home as the heart thought of the morning an assurance which may comfort us as we stand under the shadows of Christmas. If

the dear Christ's throne stood on any such flimsy basis of prophecy as men have built up beneath it, then, when the underpinnings came tumbling out, as to-day they are doing, we might fear that his authority was dropping in with them and that no longer we were to call him Master and King, and that criticism had pronounced his debarance. But that throne really rests on a nation's growth of the human and divine ideal; and this nation's growth was only on the same general lines as all other races' progress religiously—on humanity's evolution of the human and divine ideal. Man's best and noblest life aspires after an ideal which is Christ's character. Man's best and noblest thoughts of God fashion a vision which is the God revealed in Christ. He is Humanity's "Master of Life."

#### The Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The few months that this Church has had an existence, have been sufficient to warrant its founders in believing that its stability is assured. And why should any person have conjectured any other result? Is Brooklyn with its 650,000 people so full of churches which are so very acceptable, too, in creedal appointments, that one church organized upon the broad, plain and beautiful principles underlying the advancement of the human soul, as taught by Spiritualism, cannot find food for permanent growth? The very near future will answer that question and the friends of this organized action are always pleased to discuss the probabilities. There has been, and still is, a timid feeling among many who would like to investigate the sublime philosophy of Spiritualism, lest they should lose cast with the respectable portion of the community, and they are waiting for the time to come when these unpopular truths shall command the respect to which their merits entitle them.

Whatever may be said or thought of this exhibition of moral cowardice, the fact is potential that many thousands are to-day at heart, anxious to become open adherents to Spiritualism, but for the causes stated cannot afford the seeming sacrifice. They admit that from no other source can such knowledge of spiritual truths be attained, but point to the various fraudulent efforts of some of the prominent mediums who impose upon honest and earnest investigators. It is certainly a misfortune for great movements designed to ameliorate the sufferings of humanity, to be made the instrument in the hands of grasping persons for accomplishing selfish ends, but thus it ever has been, and that Spiritualism has been thus abused, is quite as certain as it is that the pure and beautiful teachings of Jesus of Nazareth have been perverted to selfish ends by men who call themselves Christians, and wear robes that are intended to indicate the "divinity of heaven." Spiritualists have suffered more in the past from these afflictions than they will in the future. To us the advance seems slow, and we are impatient that all may know the truths we have found, and enjoy with us the blessings they bring. To the spirit which has risen from its mortal surroundings, little account of time is made, if its spirit-life is free from that remorse which again drags down the soul to earth.

It is, however, not alone the unbefitting world which frowns upon the idea of a spiritualistic church, for we find we have to contend with no small amount of prejudice among honest and sincere Spiritualists. They have learned to look upon church organizations as having in the past been productive of bigotry, the cloak of hypocrisy, the instrument of oppression and persecution, and the name "church" is hateful and arousing at once a feeling of hatred and disgust. A little reason should dispel such prejudices. While there is much truth in what is alleged against churches, it cannot be denied that notwithstanding these grave faults, there also are many virtues, and in the name of Christianity, how many good deeds, kind words and noble actions are registered to its credit? How many bright angels are hovering over us to-day, who, notwithstanding the errors of Christian creeds, have risen in glory through practicing and living in this life in the true spirit of Christ, which permeates all Christian denominations. Shall we fall into the hands of wise (?) and cunning leaders, who will tack on to our articles of faith the creations of selfish hearts and ensnare the followers as others have been enslaved in other denominations? We think not. How can such a result again be possible? Only by the withdrawal of the influence and teachings now given us from the Spirit-world. Angelic communion as now given to mortals, destroys bigotry and religious oppression. It has written the doom of priestcraft across the heavens and proclaimed emancipation to the enslaved. "The world does move," and in the right direction too. When the windows of heaven were closed the world was in darkness, they are opening wider every day and a new light is streaming in. Let him who forges chains for mankind beware. Only the ignorant soul will wear fetters. The time when "many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased," is evidently at hand.

Miss A. M. Beecher has just closed a series of very instructive and interesting lectures. This lady possesses great natural talents and, but for a desire to avoid the notoriety and authority, few persons could accomplish more for the cause of truth.

Continued on Eighth Page.



## \*Oahspe, the New Bible.

COMMENTS BY PROF. ALEX. WILDER.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have not been inclined to be partial to professed revelations and the various assumptions of spiritual authority put forth under a pretext of some divine commission. What may be obligatory on the faith or conscience of another is not for that reason binding upon me.

In considering the new book, "Oahspe," I am guided by this sentiment. One of the early Christian writers has certified to us that "prophecy came not by the will of man, but that holy men spoke as they were influenced by a holy spirit."

I see no good reason to presume any inferior affluents for "Oahspe" unless it is apparent, in the doctrine or other aspects which the book may present. Other literary works have been given to the world, equally independent of the volition or purpose of the writers, and have secured a candid reception nevertheless. John Bunyan has given an Apologue to his "Pilgrim's Progress," with a similar explanation.

It is preposterous to charge the non-conformist thinker with plagiarism. Yet the *Roman de la Trinité* had been written three centuries before, and an English translation printed in 1483. The "Pilgrim of Perfection," by William Bond, was also published in 1529; and Bolswaert's "Pilgrim's Progress" in 1627, with engravings and other features resembling Bunyan's work such as analogies of the "Slough of Despond," "Vanity Fair," and the "Valley of the Shadow of Death." Other treatises also were extant, as the "Parable of the Pilgrim," the "Pilgrim to Paradise," the "Pilgrim's Journey toward Heaven," the "Pilgrim's Pass to Jerusalem," etc.

The occurrence of so many analogous publications without collusion is not hard to explain with perfect candor and justice. The ideas and principles of the "Pilgrim's Progress" were present in the religious world of that period. Whoever breathed that atmosphere was certain of the inspiration. The art was full of it, and men like Bunyan, Bolswaert and Deouille were suitable agents to give it form and voice.

Indeed, what was Dante's "Divine Comedy," Virgil's "Æneis," Homer's "Odyssey," but a "Pilgrim's Progress?" We can afford to be as generous and just to "Oahspe" in its debut as a new Bible. We acknowledge inspiration to the poet; and never cavil because one chance to occupy a field which had already been set off as the domain of another. The Christian complains of the Jew for not consenting to include Jesus and Paul with Moses and the prophets; and there may be somewhat of like plausibility in making a like claim for this new volume. If Charlotte Brontë had spoken truly, it is really so: "Besides this earth, and besides the race of men, there is an invisible world and a kingdom of spirits. That world is around us, for it is everywhere." If there has been a Canon of Prophecy open, then it has never been closed. "The Eternal Spirit," Milton declares, "assists with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases."

Schiller declared that his ideas were not his own; that they flowed in upon him independent of his intellectual faculties, and came so powerfully and rapidly that his only difficulty was to seize them and write them fast enough. Mozart asserts: "Thoughts flow in upon me rapidly; whence they come, and how, I know not, and I have no control over them.... All my feelings and composition go on within me only as a lively and delightful dream."

The story of the receiving and preparation of "Oahspe" appears to be of the same character.

What, then, of the "Oahspe Bible" itself? It seems to be of the nature of a compilation; and its style is very similar to what that of our present Old and New Testaments would be, if translated by a classical scholar of our times, without regard to the stereotyped King James's Version, which many apparently regard as even more sacred than the original text. Indeed, it often sounds affected to me, and even to be turgid and constrained. There are many strange words, and likewise familiar ones strangely changed.

This fact is not incompatible with any rational theory of the source of the volume. I also notice the peculiar orthography of Jehovih, suggested by the masoretic punctuation.

The volume is too large, and its scope too extensive, to permit much to be said of its intrinsic merits. There are specimens of picture-writing and various word-symbols that it is not impossible to associate with those of the Chinese, Egyptians and prehistoric races of America. If the assumption that it is a sacred history of 27,000 years, as well as a synopsis of matters previous, may be received as substantially authentic, the curious characters may be genuine likewise.

There have been seven eras of the world, we are informed; six have passed, and the seventh is at hand. The condition of mankind is characterized as follows: In the first, he was created, prone and helpless; in the second, he became upright and able to walk; in the third, there was a numerous population living in cities and nations; in the fourth, the Beast, self, was obeyed, and men became litigious and warlike; in the fifth, they were carnivorous; and in the sixth, the Beast took four heads or shapes, the Brahman, Buddhist, Christian and Mohammedan; and was worshipped. The earth was divided and standing armies maintained; one-sixth of man's life and labor was given to war, and one-third to dissipation and drunkenness.

At this time the Supreme Being sent angels to the earth with his mandate to desist from carnivorous practices, to put away the worship of the four heads of the Beast, cease from war, disband the armies, and have no God, Lord or Savior, but only the Creator, Jehovih. Those who obeyed should be called Faithfuls, and the others Unfaithfuls. It was in the thirty-third year of the new era that these "embassadors of the angel hosts of heaven" prepared and uttered this revelation: "To teach mortals how to attain to hear the Creator's voice, and to see his heavens in full consciousness, whilst still living on the earth." Hence "Oahspe."

Following this introduction is a second fragment, entitled, "The Voice of Man." It is of the nature of a Jereimiah, an acknowledgment of sins and a prayer for aid from all mankind: "As those speakers to Zarathustra, and to Abraham and Moses, leading them forth out of darkness, O speak thou Jehovih."

The "Book of Jehovih" follows with the dogma which constitutes the essential sentiment of the work. It is curiously like the mode of expression in the "Laws of Men," the great text-book of Brahmanism:

"All was. All is. All ever shall be. The All spoke, and Motion was, and is, and ever

shall be; and being positive, was called He and Him. The All-Motion was his speech. He said, 'I am.' And He comprehended all things, the seen and the unseen. Nor is there again in all the universe but what is part of him."

As this is the dogmatic part of the volume, it is to note that this Jehovih is first and last, the quickener, mover, creator and destroyer, of two apparent entities, the unseen, which is potent; and the seen which is impotent, and called "corpor." With these two entities all living things were made, and man was placed over them. He gave the Supreme Being the name *E-o-ih*, or Jehovih, which is expressed by an oak-leaf fastened to a cross and surrounded by a halo or nimbus. There are two worlds, the unseen denominated *Es* (Chaldaic, fire, foundation), and *Corpor*. *Es* fills all place in the firmament; *Corpor* has been made into earth, moons, suns and stars innumerable. There are also two subdivisions of *Es*, *Etherea* and *Atmospherea*. They are constituted by ethereal, the most rare and subtle of all things, existing not only by itself, but also having power to penetrate and exist within all things, even within the corporeal worlds.

The residue of the book of Jehovih is after a style compounded from the first chapter of Genesis II, *Endras* and modern text-books of science; and terms of Alwato character are employed in the technic.

Among the books into which "Oahspe" is divided after the manner of the Bible in the Book of *Sethantes*, Son of Jehovih, first God of the first Cycle, Book of *Ab-shong*, of the second Cycle, with a Book of *Lords* contemporaneous with each; then a synopsis of 16 cycles, or 48,000 years, down to the submergence of the continent of Pan, in the present Pacific Ocean, 24,000 years ago, "selected from records in the libraries of Heaven." We are told that each cycle is under the control of certain chiefs of high raised angels who occupy that particular arc of the sky. In the first cycle the "Holy Council of Orian Chiefs" appointed *Sethantes* to supreme control with the rank and title of first God of the Earth and her heavens. He raised up 15,000,000 brides and bridegrooms to Jehovih. Next came *Ab-shong*, a kind of "Heavenly Chinese" name, who raised a harvest of 2,000,000,000. The third cycle was under *Hoo Lee*; the fourth under the *Chieftainess C'pe Alan*; the fifth under *Pathodides*; the sixth under *Goemagak*; the seventh under *Goephens*; the eighth under the *Efodess Hycis*; the ninth under *See'ite'it'us* and the tenth under the *Chieftainess Miscellioh*. By this time the earth was full of people, but they were precocious and short-lived. Women were mature at seven, but seldom lived above 30 years. Many of the mothers bringing forth two score sons and daughters, and from two to four at a birth. It was, however, a golden age; food and clothing abundant, hundreds of thousands of populous cities, ships, innumerable, books and printing, and schools characterized this first period. But notwithstanding this spiritual greatness, they were degenerate in body, and Jehovih provided a new race. The "ground people" came forth and produced children by the women of the *Thins*, that were a copper-colored race. Six cycles followed, when under the God *Neph*, there was no harvest of brides and bridegrooms. This divinity bequeathed Jehovih for guidance, but received no answer. "As I try mortals so do I try angels," said he; "and as I try them so do I try my Gods. Forever and forever do I keep before them the testimony of an All-Higher." So he planned a flood and destruction; and all the continent of Pan was destroyed except *Zha-pan*.

It is not in my purpose to give an extended review of this volume. There are many reference and expressions peculiar to the scientific and physiological notions of the present century which will be revised as knowledge becomes more thorough and philosophical. I find in many places words and ideas which belong to various old nations and worship; and am led by such facts to admire where I might otherwise turn away in weariness. The ancient faiths of Persia, India and Egypt have contributed largely to the inspiration of "Oahspe." Many names are found belonging to Semitic, Aryan, Seriac and Ethiopic languages. It is curious, and cannot have been deceptive.

I have no wish to write this work up or to dismiss it with a sneer. Let every one who is curious read it, and judge intelligently and candidly. It is a marvel, whatever it is. The arrangement and construction are not ill; indeed, if we were to accept the work, we would find much to praise in this ingenuity. Where it approximates the faith of any ancient people, I notice somewhat of a following of their style of expression. This may be imputed to copying, but there is nothing of the sort. The resemblance is more in tone and sentiment in diction. I have a curiosity to witness the reception which the volume will receive.

A. W.

"Oahspe, a new Bible in the words of Jehovih and his angel Ambassadors. A sacred history of the dominions of the higher and lower heavens on the earth for the past 24,000 years, together with Synopses of the Cosmogony of the Universe; the creation of planets; the creation of man; the unseen world; the labor and glory of God and Goddesses in the *Etherea* heavens. Oahspe is quarto, large size, over 900 pages, bound in sheepskin; price \$7.50. For sale at this office.

## A Friend of Theirs.

## The Prison Mission of Linda Gilbert.

(Christian Union.)

There is hardly a jail-bird in New York but knows and loves Linda Gilbert. Her tall, erect, stalwart form, her bright, cheery face, her kind sympathetic words, her deeds of genuine charity, are as familiar in the prisons of the city as the hallowed presence of Florence Nightingale in the hospitals of the Crimea.

Her father, Horace Gilbert, was a hardware merchant who amassed a fortune, but lost most of it before his death, and her mother was at one time a missionary among the Indians. She was born in this city, but when she was four years old her parents removed to Chicago. One morning eight years later, as she was passing the old brick prison in that city on her way to school, a hand beckoned to her from behind the grating of a cell window. A sad furrowed face—that of a man past his prime—looked out upon her, and a hollow voice asked for something to read. Every Sunday for weeks thereafter she brought him books from her father's library. At last she was called to stand by his death-bed. "Little girl," he said, "you have saved my soul; promise me that you will do all your life for the poor people in prison who you have done for me." She made the promise and has kept it. She continued in school until she was seventeen, and her life for the last twenty years has been a consistent testimony to the reality of that early consecration.

She began her work in the Cook County jail at Chicago, establishing there a library of four thousand volumes, and interesting herself personally in the welfare of the prison-

ers. Libraries were also formed under her direction in several Illinois prisons, notably one in the St. Louis County jail. A single incident of her life in Chicago will illustrate her work and influence. It was in the days of the panic. Suspicious looking men were seen lurking about a house where a large sum of money had been secreted. There was no one at home but the lady and a servant girl, the head of the family being temporarily absent. Miss Gilbert was sent for to act as a protector. During the night steps were heard on the piazza. A man approached the door and tried the lock. Miss Gilbert opened the lattice of a window close by and asked: "Who's there?" The thief knew her voice and started. The alternative of starvation or stealing, he said, had driven him to such business. She slipped a five-dollar bill into his hand and bade him come to her next morning. The fellow skulked away, and six shadowy forms—his pals—vanished with him into the darkness. Next morning, when the thief came, his benefactress gave him a suit of clothes and paid a week's board for him in an inebriate asylum while she was trying to get him employment. A life-prisoner in the Missouri State Prison once carved her image on a stone slab in the floor of his cell. She purchased the slab for \$150, the money being sent to the convict's children. A lithograph made from it forms the frontispiece of her book, "Linda Gilbert's Libraries."

Miss Gilbert came to New York in September, 1873. Through her efforts libraries of from fifteen hundred to two thousand volumes have been placed in the Tombs, the House of Detention, the Ludlow Street jail, and in the workhouse on Blackwell's Island. The books are of a high literary order, and are read with delight and profit. But her work does not stop here. She visits the prisoners in their cells, listens to their stories, cares for their destitute families and when they come out assists them to an honest living. She never preaches, but sometimes she gathers the prisoners about her in the corridors and talks to them in plain, home-spun fashion, but in words which are heartfelt and are heart-reaching. She believes that desperation from inability to get work is a prolific source of crime, and her labors are chiefly in behalf of men who have preferred to steal rather than starve. For the confirmed drunkards she can do little. They are helpless, and fit only for the hospital or the asylum. She has placed some families on farms in the West, where they have won a competence. For others she has found employment in the city; and 275, whom nobody would hire, have been given four or five dollars' worth of fancy soaps, perfumery, blacking, writing paper or other notions, and sent out as peddlars. Some of the latter are now making as much as three or four dollars a day. Of all whom she has assisted six hundred are to her certain knowledge living honest lives. Of the rest—an unnumbered army—she has no record.

Thus far Miss Gilbert has received no salary and has been mainly the almoner of her own charity. She has invested \$7,000 in prison libraries, and an unestimated sum in private benefactions, and the most she has to show for it all is parasitic malaria, contracted by breathing the dead, poisoned air of prison cells. During the nine years she has labored in this city she has received from all outside sources \$10,592, including about \$2,200 from the city government, and \$50 from the late William Aspinwall, the only unsolicited gift she has ever received. The bulk of this amount she herself collected in small sums. She says she would rather peddle peanuts than do it again. About seven years ago a society was incorporated, known as "The Gilbert Libraries and Prisoners' Aid Association." Four years ago the society employed the Rev. J. W. Mackie to solicit funds for the work. After laboring for two years Mr. Mackie gave up a fruitless task, leaving the society \$200 in debt. The society has not held a meeting for two years. The treasury is depleted. Miss Gilbert's private resources will admit no further drain, and the work is practically at a stand-still for the want of money. As many as thirty ex-convicts applied to her for help in the two or three days following her remarkable midnight interview with a burglar, already described in these columns, but she could do nothing for them. She has plans, however, if she has not money. She proposes to obtain a large grant of land from the government in some Western Territory, a large endowment fund from the rich men of this city, and then colonize the land with 200,000 or more of New York's criminal population, dividing them into small bands and appointing one overseer for each to teach them the art of farming. She thinks that Jay Gould or William H. Vanderbilt could not make a better investment than to give \$1,000,000 to such a cause; it would make their lives far safer than detectives' or police can make them. William L. Gilbert, a wealthy clock manufacturer of West Chester, Ct., and an uncle of Miss Gilbert, has agreed to give \$10,000 to this fund when \$50,000 shall have been raised. One scheme in view for obtaining this amount is to send out a band of ex-convicts to give concerts in the principal cities and towns of the Union, the band to be accompanied by some silver-tongued ex-convict who shall present the cause to the people.

Miss Gilbert's theory of prison reform, perfected in the light of personal acquaintance with the evils and abuses of the present system, is worthy of remark, though its practicability might be questioned. "If I had my way," she says, "I would turn all the prisons into workshops." She would have no cells, no prison uniform, no shaving of the head, no contract labor. A portion of the prisoner's earnings should be set apart to pay his board. A certain per centage should go to his family, if he has one, and the remainder should be applied to the payment of the money value of the article stolen in case of theft, or a sum fixed by law in the case of other crimes the prisoner to be released when full restitution has been made.

To say that Miss Gilbert has solved the criminal problem would be an unwarrantable stretch of presumption, but the success which has attended her labors, attested by living examples, may be the earnest of greater things to be accomplished by the same means when used on a larger scale and with better facilities.

That was sound advice given by a sage to a young writer: Think much; write little; publish still less.

It is no merit of mine that he loves me, but it will be my fault if he ceases to love me.—George Eliot.

Women swallow at one mouthful the lie that flatters, and drink drop by drop the truth that is bitter.—Diderot.

Experience is the name men give to their follies or their sorrows.—A. de Musset.

Russian—Pray to God, but continue to row to the shore.

The first and worst of all faults is to cheat one's self.—Bailly.

## New England Musings.

Christmas—Prof. Denton—Living Spiritualism—Spiritualism at one's own Fireside—Death Predicted, etc.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Christmas with its merry bells is past, its trees have unloaded their strange fruit, the little stockings hanging by the chimney corner have all been emptied of the treasures which Santa Claus brought, and quiet is once more restored to our towns and homes.

On the eve of a New Year in our little parlor, endeared by memories of the good and great departed who have honored it by their presence, we sit with a copy of the JOURNAL spread out before us. A thousand miles away it first saw light, and yet its birth is in many a land, for it comes to us each week laden with rich gifts of deepest lore from out the mines of thought and study which great men and good women are exploring for humanity's sake.

Sometimes we are deeply interested in the pleasing stories of English phantoms which return to haunt the old ancestral halls of some deserted manor house. We touch Australian shores, and follow in our imagination at least, the great Denton as he searches for fossil or specimen, breaking with his magic hammer the old rocks of superstition and leaving in the sterile soil of fanaticism some fertile spots to cheer the time-stained traveler on his journey through. We almost detect the odor of California roses as we fancy Coleman sitting by an open window where, perchance, they now bloom profusely, to pen his thoughts afar; while greetings from "Merrie England" revive us when we droop beneath our sometimes stormy sky. Oh, yes we enjoy them, every one and almost feel acquainted with some whose frequent contributions fill the JOURNAL'S columns. But while here we find so much to please, we might sometimes, were we not well settled in our own knowledge of the truth, be puzzled to form an opinion of our own from out the heterogeneous mass of contending religious ideas with which the religious and scientific newspapers teem to-day. We wonder how it is with those who are yet unsettled in their convictions of the truth; and it is for that very reason we have suffered ourselves to muse aloud, hoping our musings may not offend, for sometimes one feels so full to repletion of good things, he longs to share with some who are not so blessed. To you, then, who are in a maze, amidst all this labyrinth of orthodox teaching and infidel preaching, this mind-reading, thought-disturbing, art-dressing, trick-performing, stage-managing, money-making consuming of truth, would we make our earnest appeal. We who not only have heard of Spiritualism, but are living it, are not frightened at dead men's bones, neither are we shaken because living men's bones crack. We know if we have homes what we have brought into them to beautify them. We have not hung blank papers on our walls to cheat our senses, calling them works of art. We have not placed in our libraries useless scraps of parchment, upon which nothing is written; we are not deceiving ourselves with ghosts of a dead past—we have little object to fool ourselves with the belief that we are living in a dead world; we have no cause to imagine that we are simply statues erected only for filling the niches of time. If we are sentient beings, as we think we are, gifted with one spark of intellect on which the fire of time has been playing for many thousand years, we know that in this age of reason we do not cheat ourselves nor play with a diseased brain, neither tinkle a too vivid imagination by our conceptions of the truth as presented to us by the varied phenomena which the spiritual realm presses upon us in both light and shadow.

Remembering my own interesting experience and the doubtful ground on which I stood some years since, I have often felt it a duty to make public some leaves of that experience. At present, however, I have hardly the opportunity to do so. But may I add if there be one who feels he would know the truth of the immortality of the soul or of the possibility of spirit-communication he need scarcely travel on any pilgrimage to Holy City or sacred shrine, to public exhibition or private séance, but if he desires with heart-felt earnestness, with patient perseverance and zeal, with every fibre of his being awake to that desire, he may reach the Mecca of his hopes at his own fireside; his own hearthstone shall be the sacred altar of a truth which nothing can conceal, for truth lives radiant as the stars which gleam more brightly when the night grows dark. Once I ran into the night and called on those whom men called dead. If ye still live, I cried, come in, and in my despair, threw wide the doors for, in my ignorance I feared closed doors might bar them out. Such was my desire to prove Spiritualism true or false; each evening I gave entirely to quiet sitting or frantic appeal. One long month with not a sign; utter silence. But, oh, the joy when suddenly as though sent head long from another world, came sign after sign, and wondrous confirmation of great joy. Out of the dregs of a sated Christian faith, of a cup of indelible poison, arose clear and sweet the perfume from a spiritual kingdom, where the flowers are ever fresh and fair, and fill our lives with their bright blossoming. I shall never forget how for a long time, as I awoke each morning the question would arise, can it be true? Have I indeed found those I lost? The answer came in countless ways.

Can the mind-reader produce one instance like the following, and there are hundreds of others like it? It was in those days, when myself a questioner, I severely tested every manifestation which came to me and doubted until each was proven to my satisfaction. Miss M. K., one of the first teachers of the city of Lowell was visiting me and asked to see something of the manifestations. A dying scene was enacted and the controlling influence reported that Eddie B., a distant relative, who had been sick a long time, had passed away a few hours before. The lady questioned it as he had been reported comfortable some three days before when she left the city. It was agreed that she should upon her return write immediately as to the truth or falsity of the communication. She returned the following day and the letter was received containing the word that the young man had passed away exactly as presented. I would like to say that I had never seen the gentleman and nothing had been previously mentioned between us in regard to him or his sickness and she was not thinking of him upon that occasion. Whose mind was read, as no one within thirty miles knew of the death, and how could my mind take any of theirs, as I had never seen any of them?

Now this is only one fact, the truth of which may be easily ascertained, and in the life of every medium and every earnest investigator are many similar instances. Upon no other hypothesis than the one claimed, have these things ever been satisfactorily ex-

plained; and yet we are so constituted that no other's experience can answer for us; that is quite right and well. We do not live other's life—we live our own. It is this very awakening to the consciousness that we have believed too long in the legends and fables of other people, that is agitating the thinking world to-day. It takes some power to turn the mill, and the chaff will mix with the wheat, but the miller winnows till he obtains it clear. There are many noble souls engaged in promulgating the truth, and some of the hard workers who are sifting out the error, get fearfully dusty in their efforts to obtain the pure article. Let us help, then, to cultivate only the healthy plants of the spiritual garden of knowledge and the obnoxious and poisonous weeds will die of neglect. M. C. CHASE.

Swampscott, Mass.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 20, 1883.

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The New York Observer—A Wonderfully Religious Newspaper—One-half Secular and the other half "Religious," but Altogether for the Dollars.

The New York Observer deserves a little free advertising. We have had occasion to correct it before to-day, and it has benefited by our correction. It is owned by a "reverend"—Rev. Ireneus Prime—who has four hundred thousand dollars invested in it and it makes money for him at that. The Observer is in trouble—not financial, but sectarian, "religious." Rev. Dr. Heber Newton has gored the side of this "religious" ox. Rev. Heber Newton is a noble specimen of what a clergyman should be. He is an honest, independent and frank follower of Jesus, one laboring for the good of the race and willing to co-operate with the free thinker and the radical in every good work. He is a noble Episcopal clergyman in the City of New York, 48th Street, near Broadway. Our readers will be benefited by hearing his good words. The Observer is sarcastic on what it calls "Dr. Newton's latest discovery." It says, "He has capped the climax of discoveries in theology." The point Dr. Newton made was that there are prominent writers in the Bible, and there are obscure ones; that Paul was the greatest; that "all the narrow, bigoted doctrines said to come from the Bible have arisen from some obscure writer in whom there was no genius of inspiration. . . . It is wrong to use the Bible to manufacture from its writings any system of theology which is to be received as absolute and final. . . . I am content with the authority of Jesus Christ on which to base my theology." Of this the Observer says: "As Dr. Newton's text was 'all Scripture is given by inspiration of God,' it is queer that he should proceed to show the essential difference between parts of it." Now, the fact is that Dr. Newton is by so much a better scholar than the Observer man, that he reads the Greek of his text and translates it just as it is and as Paul said and meant it, which the Observer man does not. What Paul said was, "All writings (or Scriptures) breathing of the spirit of God (theopneustos) and profitable for doctrine, for refection (or reproof), for correction, etc., etc., is that the man of God might be perfectly finished for every good work." Now, that is exactly what Dr. Newton and all sensible, intelligent men recognize. Dr. Newton means to say, and won't hesitate to assert, that when Paul wrote to Timothy that he should bring with him the cloak which Paul left at Troy and which injunction forms a part of "the Bible," the passage, "the cloak that I left at Troy with Carpus, bring," etc., does not breathe of the spirit of God, is not theopneustos, and is "an obscure" passage of no importance to-day.

The Observer, on the other hand, insists in its own ignorant and bad translation of what Paul really said and in its own stupidity, that, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," (which Paul never did say, and which the Greek don't make him say) and, therefore, every thing in the Bible is equal in inspiration; and, therefore, to bring from Troy Paul's cloak was an inspiration equal in authority with the noble words of Jesus, "Bless them that persecute you; bless, and curse not." Herein is the difference between a true follower of Jesus and a millionaire newspaper.

Then again, this wonderful authority, this money-making, bawling assailant of the good Heber Newton, takes a turn at the atheists, and affirms there is nothing to be done except to refuse a witness to testify, who "denies" the existence of a personal God. It asserts that an oath invokes the justice of God and that the witness is supposed to be conscious that God knows whether or not he tells the truth, and that it is all mummery if the witness be an atheist, and it goes on to say that the essence of the oath, as above, must be admitted by the witness or else it would come to pass that in practice the mere statement of an atheist would be placed on a level with the oath of "a believer." Well, what of that? Why should it not be? The oath of "the believer" is founded on a statement. He is asked according to the Observer's plan, "Do you believe in a personal God?" He states that he does, and the Observer says his oath may now be taken; but who is going to swear to this "believer's" statement. How is that statement any better than the statement which the infidel witness should be allowed to make? The infidel or the Agnostic comes into court as a witness, so does another man called "a believer." Each makes a statement. The "believer's" statement is to the effect that he believes in a personal God, shall, on that subject, his mere word or statement be taken as evidence any sooner than the word or statement of another equally good citizen on another subject, namely, on the subject matter before the court at the time the witnesses are examined? We say "No!" and the courts of the State of New York will say "No!" when they are administered in justice, freed from bigotry.

The Observer used formerly to print itself as "the best family secular and religious newspaper." The JOURNAL took it to task for this boasting. The JOURNAL insisted that itself was a far better religious newspaper than the Observer, and it is. Then, too, it insisted that there were a great many far better secular papers than the Observer; and we then advised the Observer to haul down that bragging flag. It has profited by our advice and is not now quite so flaunting a brag as it was before. It has taken down that flag. It took it down immediately after we scolded it for its bragging untruthfulness, and it did well in that. Now let it cut loose from bigots; let it exercise intelligent discriminating judgment; let it investigate carefully and humbly the phenomena of Spiritualism, and if it can be honest and will be so, it will land where its former editor, Mr. Bush, landed thirty years ago, and where all the intelligent independent preachers of the Gospel are landing—in Spiritualism.

## Rev. Heber Newton's New Departure.

The sermon of Rev. Heber Newton which we publish in this number of the JOURNAL has created a widespread interest. It is certainly a step in advance, an innovation on established ecclesiastical doctrines, and has stirred up in the theological world a whirlwind of excitement that will not soon subside. A reporter of the New York Herald has been interviewing leading divines in New York City in reference to this remarkable sermon. Rev. Ferdinand C. Ewer of St. Ignatius Church claims that "The Church's Bible, just as it stands is an intellectual miracle. It is a divine epic. Every great epic has only one character and one theme, and all the other characters and all the incidents are inserted merely to adorn, to illustrate, to act as foils to that one character and theme. The character and theme of the 'Iliad' is Achilles and his wrath; of the 'Æneid' is Æneas, the founder of a State; of the Bible, in Jesus Christ and him incarnate; and everything is scrupulously left out of the Bible which has not a connection with that one character and theme. We must take the Bible as a whole, Old and New Testaments." There is no mistaking the position of this distinguished gentleman—the whole Bible is demanded. He concludes by giving expression to the following: "In spite of the storms and billows of hostile criticism the Catholic Church's Bible will stand like a rock just the same ages hence, when the storms and billows of to-day are forgotten in the past."

Rev. J. H. Rylance of St. Mark's Church asserts that it is a bad sign, that the religious public should seem so shocked at the views of Mr. Newton upon the Bible, since such views are more or less common in the world of Christian scholarship, and it is very undesirable that Christendom should degenerate to the condition decaying paganism was found in, when there were two faiths in existence—one of the common people, who continued to believe in myths and tales of gods elaborated by the poets, and the other of the philosopher, who laughed or sneered at all such things. The reverend gentleman claims that Mr. Newton has simply the courage to state publicly—deeming the time here for the statement to be made thus—what many of our orthodox religious guides hold as to the natural history and authority of the Bible. In this enthusiasm against shallow, foolish notions current about the book, however, "he is in danger of accepting and circulating other notions not much better grounded," traces of which he thinks he detects in his published utterances.

An eminent lawyer, Mr. Ethan Allen, who was for five years a vestryman of Newton's Church, says that the reverend gentleman is one of the most honest, conscientious and vigorous free thinkers in his Church, or any other. He lets his mind go straight to the bottom of a subject, no matter what stands in the way, and he is the same in matters of charity, of business and of politics as he is in matters of religion. So far as he knows

the members of his congregation are wholly with him in his so called new departure.

Mr. Louis Maddox, a Front Street merchant and a vestryman and treasurer of the Anthon Memorial Church, said, smilingly, that he would rather speak for the financial administration of the church than anything else. He has held the purse strings these several years past, and under Mr. Newton's pastoral the congregation has been rapidly and steadily increasing. He heard his sermon on the Bible and approved its contents unreservedly. Moreover he don't know of any member of the church who does not.

The New York Sun says that "It is surprising that such a sermon as this of the Rev. Dr. Newton could be preached from the pulpit in which he stood. Had it been delivered by any of the loose pulpites of the day like Beecher it would have deserved a moment's notice. But the Rev. Dr. Newton is one of the lights of a great orthodox denomination which has fixed standards of faith; he is subject to the authorities of his Church; he is under the jurisdiction of an episcopate which is responsible for the orthodoxy of its rectors; and he holds his place upon conditions which give the highest weight to his words."—The Sun declares that it is a new Bible, not the old Bible, and a new Christianity, not the established Christianity, that are offered by the Rev. Dr. Newton. He yet believes, however, in Christ and his words, and the new Christianity will be of supreme and, indeed, of wonderfully magnified interest in New York City, if, with the new year, the Rev. Dr. Newton shall enforce upon his wealthy congregation that great and memorable injunction to the rich man: "Sell all that thou hast and distribute unto the poor."

The Christian Register alludes to him as follows: "No one has ever given brighter, more glowing testimony to the value of the poetry, the ethics, and religion of the Bible, cleared from the archaic limitations of past ages. . . . As this great champion has now come boldly into the field, is it not the duty of liberals to hold up his hands?"

## The New York Telegram on Spiritualism.

The New York Telegram's editor has given his opinion of the basis of Spiritualism in America. After noticing that fifty Spiritualists living in France, Bohemia, had been summoned to appear before the magistrate of that town that he may inquire into the basis upon which Spiritualism "supports itself," the editor of the Telegram says:

"Similar investigations have been made here, and the result is that the basis has been found. . . . It is not on one side and gullibility upon the other have been discovered to be the principal foundation stones of his thin and eccentric structure. Whatever truth there is in it has not yet been proved. We are too busy in this country to go in search of the matter, and our magistrates have too many important things to transact to have summonses served upon harmless table-tilters."

There is so much truth in this statement of the amount of fraud perpetrated under the pretence of materialization of spirits and of physical manifestation, and (we are sorry to say it) there are still in so many instances found as believers in and condoners of these frauds, men and women, otherwise honorable and intelligent, that we can scarcely wonder that even so able a paper as the Telegram should, from a superficial survey of the subject, regard the foundation of Spiritualism as "thin." Nevertheless it is in error. Notwithstanding the hordes of cheats and frauds, the foundation—the real basis—is solid and substantial. Hare, Crookes, Zöllner and others have demonstrated that, as is admirably shown in Sargent's "Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," the clearest and most comprehensive exposition of the scientific side of Spiritualism ever published. And no unbiased intelligent person can rise from the perusal of Prof. Zöllner's account of his experiments with Henry Slade without being convinced that Spiritualism has a base more firm and solid than the Christian or any other religion the world ever saw.

## Dangers of Vaccination.

A crowded meeting of the London (Eng.) Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination was held at the Rooms of the Society on Monday evening, December 18th. George Hogan, Esq., M. D., having kindly consented to take the chair, with a few introductory remarks, introduced to the meeting W. J. Collins, Esq., M. D., etc., who read a paper, illustrated with diagrams and tables, on the subject of the recently issued Government Report of the Public Inquiry into the cause of the deaths of four and injury to five children, vaccinated by the Public Vaccinator of Norwich in June last. He said that of nine perfectly healthy children vaccinated by the public vaccinator, in less than a month four died of erysipelas and five were suffering from constitutional disease. Evidence was given to the effect that pure lymph could convey erysipelas; and, according to the testimony of one medical man, erysipelas was a necessary accompaniment of true cow-pox. Mr. Baker, barrister-at-law, moved a resolution, as follows—"That the facts and evidence elicited at the Norwich Vaccination Inquiry, and set forth in the Parliamentary Return, No. 385, Session 1882, having demonstrated beyond question the dangers inherent in vaccination: Resolved, that the enforcement of the practice is a tyranny which ought to be resisted by every lawful means." The resolution was seconded and carried with but one dissentient. A vote of thanks to the chairman, and Mr. Lee Bliss, the instigator of the Norwich Inquiry, closed the meeting.

The auction sales of pews in Plymouth Church netted \$37,000. The highest sum paid was \$725, a decrease of more than \$1,000 as compared with last year's rentals.

## Is "Dr." Monck, of Brooklyn, an Impostor?

What to do concerning frauds who are imposing upon credulity or confidence—confidence is belief with reason; credulity, belief without it—is a difficult problem. We have no right to make a false charge against any man, nor to maliciously report the truth to his detriment. It is only legally and morally right to publish evil things that are true, without malice and for a valid reason, for the public good, and in the line of the duty of the person or paper doing it. We shall not say that "Dr." F. Monck, of Brooklyn, is a fraud or an impostor, but shall tell our readers what we know about him, and leave them to determine upon the facts.

"Dr." Monck has professed to found the "Apostolic Church of the Divine Gifts" in Brooklyn, and advertises himself in the papers as "Dr. F. Monck, LL.D., F.A.S.," calling upon the people to come and be healed at certain hours on the Sabbath and during the week. He preaches a short sermon, and lays hands upon the sick, whom he professes to heal. So far as healing them is concerned we have no doubt that many feel better, and some are better after his manipulations than before; that many who only thought they were sick are made to think that they are well, and therefore that they have been cured, and that some are really cured of serious maladies, which is not difficult to explain or parallel; but it is as Dr. Monck, LL.D., F.A.S., founder of the Apostolic Church of the Divine Gifts, that we speak. With regard to these claims we observe:

1. That we sent to him a gentleman of the highest character for veracity, to whom "Dr." Monck stated that he received his degree of LL.D. from the University of Edinburgh in Scotland.

This we are informed by high authority from England is absolutely false; and further, that Monck himself has claimed to have received it in this country.

2. He is a renegade spiritualist medium, who was arrested in his professed manifestations tried, found guilty of illegal practices, and sentenced to several months' imprisonment in England, under which conviction and sentence he went to prison. He told the gentleman whom we sent to him that he did not wish to have his former connection with Spiritualism known in this country, as it would interfere with his "Apostolic Church of the Divine Gifts."

What he does with Spiritualists or the ignorant, the hysterical or the superstitious, is not a special concern of ours; but as he has sought admission to Christian pulpits, and in some cases succeeded, we give the above installment of facts. Christian Advocate, Jan. 4th, 1883.

We have known of this man Monck, formerly an evangelical preacher, for some years; that he is a psychic is unquestionably true; that he is an unprincipled, vain, dangerous adventurer is beyond question. He was detected simulating materialized spirit forms in England and posed for a time as a "martyr" with fair success. Then he hit upon another scheme for fleecing the sympathetic, Spiritualist public, too prone to believe the stories of any worthless character, if he only assumes the role of a "persecuted" reformer or medium. This scheme was a story that he had a valuable invention, for the use of which responsible parties stood ready to pay him a large royalty, so soon as his patents were perfected; and he implored the dear, generous Spiritualists to donate a snug sum to accomplish this, promising in return to devote his time to those making a scientific study of spirit phenomena, when he should be placed above the necessity of working for his daily bread. He sent begging circulars to this effect to Spiritualist papers throughout England, America and Australia, and all of them, if we recollect right, except the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, helped on the gauzy scheme by noticing it. The JOURNAL argued that if the patents were to prove of such immense value, the firm which proposed to pay so munificent a royalty for their use, would not haggle over advancing the money necessary to perfect them, and looked upon the scheme as only another dodge to squeeze the public. Monck never performed his part of the contract, but loafed around London for months without ever showing himself to the parties before whom he proposed to exhibit his psychic powers. Finally he came to New York, where he was received with open arms by leading Spiritualists who accepted his specious stories of "persecution" and accorded him every courtesy and attention. Shortly after his arrival we received from high English Spiritualist authority a private note of warning. We felt that if the man had really made up his mind to reform he should have a chance, and hence we refrained from reviving the history of his crookedness; but in the line of what we felt to be our duty we sent a copy of the note of warning to leading New York Spiritualists, who seemed to discredit the admonition, its only immediate effect, apparently, being to cause the sender to be regarded as another "persecutor" of the innocent and oppressed English lamb. Apparently our well meant caution only intensified the devotion of his newly found supporters, and for a time Rev. Dr. F. E. Monck, LL.D., F.A.S., as he modestly wrote himself down, was in clover, no story he could concoct seemed too improbable for belief; all went on swimmingly to his advantage, and secretly to our disadvantage, but we bided our time with patience and serenity, knowing we could stand it if the rest could and that eventually it would be found that the fellow was wholly unworthy of confidence and that we were correct in this as in every other instance of a similar nature. Monck soon absorbed all the honey in the Spiritualist hive and realizing that he had done so, turned his back on his protectors and became ostensibly a devout Christian. Then the Spiritualist tune changed, and we were flooded with denunciatory and critical communications upon the tricky Ex-Reverend; but we felt it were in poor taste, to say the least, to make a public exposition of his true character now that he had joined the orthodox fold, after remaining silent while he affiliated with Spiritualists, and hence we said nothing. Our esteem-

ed contemporary asks: "Is Dr. Monck, of Brooklyn, an impostor?" We can speak by the card and say, He is an impostor! with all the word implies, an unconscionable falsifier, dangerous in any vocation, but superlatively so in his occupation as a "healer."

## S. B. Brittan.

We learn from the Banner that the funeral obsequies of Mr. Brittan occurred at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. S. D. Stryker, 340 Belleville avenue, Newark, N. J., at 12 M. of Tuesday, Jan. 9th. It appears from the Banner's biographical sketch that Mr. Brittan was born in Phillipston, Worcester Co., Mass., on the 13th of August, 1815, and hence was at his decease in his 68th year. His grandfather and father were of the patriotic stamp which led the first to fall on Bunker Hill, at the beginning of the Revolutionary war, and the second to enlist under his country's banner in the war of 1812. His mother's maiden name was Hannah Burt, and in after life she proved to be the possessor of rare spiritual gifts which at last were so signally displayed in her eloquent addresses, that the Baptist church, of which she was a member, declared her to be divinely inspired. In reference to his youth and early trials, the Banner says:

"The youth of Dr. Brittan was clouded with the keenest poverty as to pecuniary means, and his spirit oppressed by the severe theological views of those around him. But the new day spring which was then 'waiting to be born' at last reached the world, appearing to the perception of receptive hearts, and his (developed in the school of trial and labor) was fitted to be, as it was at once and ever after, irradiated by its glorious beams! What he has since accomplished to open the creed-blinded eyes of unthinking multitudes of earth to the crowning brilliancy of the Sun of Truth, is a matter of history, and in the hearts of those he has thus blessed, of grateful memory."

## A Seer's Cheer.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

We unite our voices in wishing you a "Happy New Year," which is our sincere prayer for your personal and public prosperity. The influence of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is widening week by week. For spiritualistic news items, for philosophic information, for scientific investigation into movements spiritual, the intelligent begin to regard your columns as proximately a safe guide. May you be patient with the impatient, gentle with the impetuous, just to the unbalanced, loving with the hateful, strong with the weak, and uniformly wise amid the multitude of fools (or unwise?) who come within your gates.

And may the Summer-land-gods be even so unto you, as they are in their dealings with your friend  
 A. J. DAVIS.

January 4th, 1883.

## Tice versus Roberts.

Last week the civil suit of Wm. R. Tice against Jonathan M. Roberts for libel was tried in Philadelphia. The jury found Roberts guilty and fined him twenty-five hundred dollars. Mr. Tice will receive the grateful thanks of an outraged public for bringing this old obscenist and libeller to justice. The time is probably not far distant when it will be a matter of wonder that such a paper as Roberts's libellous sheet, could exist in a decent community. No sect or party which will support such a paper is worthy of the respect of respectable people.

Mrs. Millie Kayner, wife of Theodore Kayner of this city, passed to spirit life at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard of St. Charles, Ill., on Thursday the 11th inst. The funeral obsequies were held on Saturday last at 2:30 P.M., Mrs. Helen T. J. Brigham officiating. Mrs. Kayner, like her sister, Mrs. O. A. Bishop, was a fine medium, having inherited her excellent mediumistic qualities from her mother. She was highly esteemed by all who knew her, and she leaves behind a large circle of friends to mourn her loss, yet who fully realize the sublime fact that she is now enjoying the ineffable glories of the Summer-land. A large concourse of friends and relatives assembled at the funeral. Twenty members of the Lady's Union of this city, of which the deceased was treasurer, were present, carrying with them a miniature canoe laden with flowers so arranged as to represent a bow and arrow and the word "Union." The other floral offering was a pyramid, which was composed of red flowers, at the base, and the body of white, a beautiful jilly resting in the center. The discourse of Mrs. Brigham on the occasion was pronounced by those who heard it as being very eloquent, presenting the grand truths of Spiritualism in a highly attractive manner.

On Tuesday evening of last week the Second Society gave their usual weekly social at Martine's Hall. The night was very cold, yet over one hundred persons were present. Miss Kittie Blade, Miss McCracken, Mrs. Dickson and Mr. Williams furnished the music. Miss Jessie Murray gave several recitations. Capt. Brown made a pleasant talk and recited with fine effect a beautiful poem. Mr. J. H. Har-mount was in good voice and spirits and filled up the intervals with some of his choicest selections. The JOURNAL is glad to record the growing sociability of the attendants at Martine's Hall. The social element is one of the most important factors in the success of any society.

Jennie B. Hagan lectured in Newburyport, Mass., Sunday, Jan. 7th. She will speak in the same place Sunday afternoon and evening, Jan. 14th. Address her at South Royalton, Vt.



079 16 20



## Voices from the People,

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

To a Flint Arrow Head, picked up on the Site of Lichtenau, Sept. 14th '82.

By A. M. DENT, M. D.

Defiantly fashioned for war and the chase,  
Thou mute survivor of a fast fading race,  
Speak of the past—how long hast thou lain  
'Neath the mold and the sod, the snow and the rain?

When did the strong hand by which thou wert sped  
Grow cold and numb, and nerveless and dead?  
What were thy triumphs in monstrous flight,  
For whose cause didst thou hurtle—the wrong or the right?

Thy swarthy father was he, too, of flint,  
A stranger to mercy—on vengeance intent?  
What were his deeds, and what his fate—  
Was his life full of honors or branded with shame?

Was he a warrior, fierce, bold and strong,  
Who dared and died for his people's wrong?  
Did he not shrink from the pale-faced foe?  
Did he drink for his country the dregs of woe?

Speak, voiceless one, through all these dead years,  
So freighted with hopes and fraught with tears,  
Tell of thy past—how long hast thou lain,  
'Neath the mold and the sod, the snow and the rain?

Thy made for full one hundred years—and more—  
My home in the loam of Mordkingshire's shore,  
And though countless storms have whirled o'er my head  
And men have buried their myriads dead,

Still, to me these cycles of years are as nought—  
For me no changes by time have been wrought,  
No e'er changed me matter or mood,  
For I am a senseless, inanimate stone.

In the hundred years or so that's passed,  
With the right or the wrong, my lot never was cast;  
In murder's errand, I never have flown,  
Neither in war nor in peace was I ever thrown.

My Creator and owner was an ugly old buck  
Of slender men and mis-able luck—  
A lazy and vicious never-do-well,  
Who wonderful lies without end could tell.

He never turned his back upon pale-face, I think,  
From whom he could steal a covet'd drink,  
'Dregs of woe,' did you say for his country's sake?  
God bless you, no!—'twas in quaffing fire-water he took the cake.

Too many for him was the juice of the maize  
And Manitou took him in furious craze,  
Through all the sad years since then I have lain  
'Neath the mold, the sod, the snow and the rain.

Scraps—Fairdale—Waverly, N. Y.—  
Horse Heads, N. Y.—Worthy Work-  
ers—Free Halls and Churches, etc.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Our meetings at Fairdale, Pa., were a success. We had the Methodist church and to their credit be it said, a goodly portion of the members attended the lectures and some expressed a desire to hear and learn more of the new gospel. I think these are the first distinctly spiritual lectures ever delivered in this locality, but I trust it will not be the last. This opening is chiefly due to two men, Mr. C. C. Shelp and Samuel McKeeby, who assumed the entire responsibility, and bore most of the financial burden. Mr. Shelp is an old and honored resident and is respected alike by saint and sinner, old and young, and his noble effort to "let his light shine," might be profitably emulated by Spiritualists everywhere. If every town had three such men as he, there need be no dearth of good light, and no laborers die. But many professed Spiritualists worth tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars allow the cause to remain unrepresented—save by its enemies—rather than to use 800 of their surplus cash, while they often give liberally to support some popular and wealthy institution, which they fancy will publish their praise and patronize their egotism; and yet they expect to share all the benefits of the soil and service which the loyal and generous make for an unpopular cause. When we meet such examples as Bro. Shelp it is worthy of note as an encouraging sign of the times. Fairdale is some five miles from railroad accommodation, and hence free from some of the evils that follow the great thoroughfares. I introduced the JOURNAL, and hope its influence will reach many in that vicinity.

At Waverly Mr. James R. Stone, president of the village, has a new hall in a convenient location, the use of which he generously devotes to the Spiritualists whenever they hold meetings. Bro. Stone, like St. Paul, is a teacher and possessed of ample means, enjoys using a portion of his wealth in the interest of Spiritualism, which he emphatically endorses.

Waverly has been and is an important center, where the angels have done much good work. Here Dr. M. B. Weaver lived and worked wonders for years. His memory is still fresh in the minds of hundreds, and his name is spoken with tender reverence and sorrowful emotions in connection with the spiritual history of Tioga county. He was one of the most remarkable mediums and reliable clairvoyant physicians I ever knew. He cured cancers and tumors after the regulars had given the patients up to die. Here, too, resides Hon. O. H. P. Kinney, one of the world's best men, whom Horace Greeley called one of the nation's profoundest statesmen, yet too modest to win in the senate for place and honors, or even to drive off such bunnies. An open Spiritualist for nearly thirty years, he has still enjoyed public confidence at home and abroad. Here is the home of Assistant Postmaster General Elmer. Capt. Jenks has performed some wonderful cures here of late. I saw a portion of "famous cures" in Dr. Lyon's office, which the captain had removed simply by laying on of hands. I followed Capt. Brown two Sundays, and now Weaver is looking a spiritualist rest.

Last Sunday we dedicated the new Bennett Hall at Horse Heads, N. Y. The Bennett Brothers are rich, and they donate the use of this hall to the Spiritualists whenever they want it for meetings. It was my good fortune to make the first speech in this new hall, on the last day of the dying year.

A. Tallmadge, nephew of the late Governor Tallmadge, has been one of the main pillars of Spiritualism in Chemung county for the past twenty-five years. My work in these vineyards has been tedious years to greet the loved ones here with a Happy New Year and exchange the tokens of mutual interest and devotion and enjoy the sweet surprise prepared for the occasion; and now, dear JOURNAL, we all join in wishing you and all your readers a Happy New Year and continued prosperity in the great work to which you are so unselfishly devoted.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Fredonia, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1883.

A Fact for the "Regulars."

Mrs. Edmund Lamb, who for several months past has suffered considerable pain in her right arm and shoulder, caused by inflammatory rheumatism, as our local doctors term it, recently visited Dr. Sweet, the celebrated bone setter from New York, who discovered a misplaced bone in her shoulder. He quietly replaced it and now she can use her arm without pain and is rapidly recovering.—*Sherburne correspondent of the Post, Norwich, N. Y.*

N. C. Russell writes: Allow me to thank you most sincerely for the firm and effective manner in which you are performing the arduous labor of Hercules for Spiritualism. All friends of the cause are aware that Spiritualism is a woefully handicapped and over-crowded and disreputable field. The firm high tone, yet liberal policy of the JOURNAL is bound to win. Let those who crave nothing better than chaff and cheat, flock to Colby and Roberts for their fodder; their intellectual maws crave nothing better at present, and in the doctrine of progression is their only hope. The better class of intelligent Spiritualists are undoubtedly with you almost to a man.

I. L. Hemenway writes: I am highly pleased with the course you pursue.

## David Eccles replies to the Reviewer of his Pamphlet.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

If your book reviewer had taken a little more pains to mentally grasp the contents of my pamphlet, I think he would have found his objections and questions already answered. I have nowhere denied the existence of an external something. I do deny that that something is identical with the sensations it creates in us. The illustration of the needle, as well as that of the tickle experienced when a feather is drawn lightly over the back of the hand, were used for the purpose of showing that the sentient resultant does not inhere in the primal cause. I multiplied these illustrations through all the five senses, and discovered in each of them simply a repetition of the tickle, i. e., a new sentient state. To me, the needle is a combination of these resultant sensations; to my reviewer and critic only one of them is allowed to be such, viz: pain. The rest, he thinks, are "properties of its own." What I claim is, that he has the same reason to call pain a property of the needle as he has to call color and size and weight its properties. All that he knows of its properties are its sentient effects. One by one we strip off these effects, and the mind is left dangling over the ghost of departed matter. Let him think of matter that has no weight, solidity or color. If it is beyond us to conceive, let us at least try to believe in this beautiful life more than thirty years ago, answered many questions very satisfactorily, one of which was asked by D. D. Tompkins: "Could he give his mother's first name?" The response was correct, "Margaret." In answer to a call for a communication he said, "Form a circle and I will come and talk with you." My mother came next and I asked her for a communication. She replied: "I am trying to help you all I can." The movements of the spirit corresponded to the individuality of the spirit's operating.

Afterwards four young ladies and a young man, none of whom had ever seen anything of the kind before, sat down by a stand to have some sport. They soon found that the stand had power to move itself, which alarmed them at first; but becoming calm, they sat down again and inquired: "Who is present?" The stand answered by spelling the name, "Klump," a man who had had several years ago. They then asked a number of questions, receiving satisfactory answers.

My next experience was at Orion camp meeting last June. In company with a gentleman I went to a store, and procuring two new slates, we called on Mr. Watkins, the medium, put the slates on the table in front of us, and he gave each of us five pieces of paper, and told us to write the names of those with whom we wished to communicate—one name on each piece—and write my name on the other. We then sat down and wrote, and he took them up in round balls and threw them on the table. While we were preparing them he was at different places, looking out of the window, part of the time paying no attention to us, and when we were ready, he took a piece of paper and wrote on it: "Father help me." He then put it with our balls and mixed the eleven all together, so that we did not know our own balls. Then he requested me to take my pencil and point to the balls. The third ball he took up and pointed to it in my hand. He then took his own slate and pencil; his hand became agitated, and he wrote a communication signed by Wm. D. Roberts, saying among other things, that he was happy to meet me again, and that my ideas on the subject were correct. Then the medium told me to open the ball I held in my hand and see if it was the right one. I found it so. He then directed me to point to another ball, and the third or fourth one he told me to hold in my hand. He then waited a short time and then said: "Did you not feel from that ball, that still kept the ball, I then pointed to a few others, when he told me to take one up and hold it in my other hand. His hand then became agitated, and he wrote a very good communication, signed by Conrad Ten Eyck, and in it he said he would try and help me get my other communication. I opened the ball and found it correct. The medium then pulled my slates, which had not been out of my sight a moment, over to him, took off the upper one, then broke two or three small pieces of slate pencil, put them on the slate, then, put the other slate over it, then put his hand on one end and said: "You, gentleman, put a hand on each corner." Very soon we could hear the writing between the slates, even the crossing of the 's' and dotting of the 'i's. Then came three small taps. He then told me to take off the upper slate. Doing so I found a letter signed by my sister, who passed to spirit life nearly thirty years ago, the substance of which was just what I would expect. She said: "My dear brother, God bless you. Do you know that words fail to express my joy at seeing you. There is one life and one life alone. I am so happy, and so happy to see you. I am your loving sister, Ann Jane Snow." I then opened the ball and found it correct.

The medium then inquired if either of us knew a person by the name of Margaret Snow. I replied that she was my mother. My friend received even longer and better communications than I did. He said: "My dear brother, God bless you. Do you know that words fail to express my joy at seeing you. There is one life and one life alone. I am so happy, and so happy to see you. I am your loving sister, Ann Jane Snow." I then opened the ball and found it correct.

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## Letter from Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I am very desirous that more spiritual papers should be taken in Saratoga. I do not know but Spiritualists are more inclined to become lukewarm and indifferent than church people. The social power of church organizations is more for them than the "believe or be damned" difference between the modern and old time religious thought is very great, but as to which is the more true and healthful there can be no doubt. If we do good for the love of it, we give evidence of spiritual growth, but if, to gain a reward, it betrays selfishness. When church doors and the soul-windows can be opened to the spiritual, there will be a brighter glow of sympathy and a higher motive for making ourselves useful to others. It seems that mankind in the past have made God the object of service to the neglect of each other. The old and sweet advice, "Feed my flock," has not been heeded so much as, "Work for God." Is it not a strange estimate of Infinite power? Can humanity sustain the throne of the Almighty. If we cannot recognize the divinity in man, we will not find it. God's laws yield a ready and willing service to man, as the higher is ever reaching to lift up all below it. If we would serve God, let us serve his children.

Spiritualism has gained a firm footing in Saratoga. Mrs. Brigham has made it the "voice crying in the wilderness," and has prepared the way for a new and more glorious dispensation. We have more to fear from the unwise action of its friends, than the power of its enemies. Mrs. B. has given us two lectures per month for several years, except during the summer vacations. Mrs. Mary F. Lovering as a writing medium has also done, and is doing, a good work. We depend, however, more upon our literature than any thing else. Books and papers go where lectures can not.

Wm. M. Wilson writes: Please continue my subscription to the JOURNAL, as I intend taking it and paying for it as long as I live in the body. I know of no source from whence thoughtful persons can derive as much benefit for so small amount of money as from the JOURNAL. I think the lovers of honesty and progress are a unit in favor of the brave JOURNAL.

A man who will live above his present circumstances is in great danger of living in a little time beneath them.—*Addison.*

## Tests of Spirit Presence.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A little more than a year ago, my wife's niece, Mrs. McCormick, and her husband from Omaha, were visiting us; also my wife's sister, Mrs. Wm. D. Roberts, and family of Grand Rapids. One evening I remarked to Mrs. McCormick that I had read Judge Edmond's tracts, the works of Samuel Watson and several others on Spiritualism, and from their testimony I had made up my mind that it was true. She remarked that a number of years ago while her mother was living, they held sances at their house and their neighbor's. I asked her if she had any power as a medium, and she replied: "A little; but as that was several years ago I do not know I have any now, but if you wish we will sit around the stand." Four of us sat around the stand, and in about fifteen minutes we had a response. We inquired: "What spirit is present?" This was spelled out: "Wm. D. Roberts." We asked him if he had a communication for his wife. His answer was: "Dear Helen, I am always with you." When asked if he was happy, the reply was, "Yes!" Then the stand moved in a lively manner to where my daughter was playing on the piano, and as it was, danced a jig with such force that it broke one of the legs, and that ended the sance.

The next two evenings we held sances, when Wm. D. Roberts replied to a former question as follows: "I wish all my family were here in this beautiful life more than thirty years ago, answered many questions very satisfactorily, one of which was asked by D. D. Tompkins: "Could he give his mother's first name?" The response was correct, "Margaret." In answer to a call for a communication he said, "Form a circle and I will come and talk with you." My mother came next and I asked her for a communication. She replied: "I am trying to help you all I can." The movements of the spirit corresponded to the individuality of the spirit's operating.

Afterwards four young ladies and a young man, none of whom had ever seen anything of the kind before, sat down by a stand to have some sport. They soon found that the stand had power to move itself, which alarmed them at first; but becoming calm, they sat down again and inquired: "Who is present?" The stand answered by spelling the name, "Klump," a man who had had several years ago. They then asked a number of questions, receiving satisfactory answers.

My next experience was at Orion camp meeting last June. In company with a gentleman I went to a store, and procuring two new slates, we called on Mr. Watkins, the medium, put the slates on the table in front of us, and he gave each of us five pieces of paper, and told us to write the names of those with whom we wished to communicate—one name on each piece—and write my name on the other. We then sat down and wrote, and he took them up in round balls and threw them on the table. While we were preparing them he was at different places, looking out of the window, part of the time paying no attention to us, and when we were ready, he took a piece of paper and wrote on it: "Father help me." He then put it with our balls and mixed the eleven all together, so that we did not know our own balls. Then he requested me to take my pencil and point to the balls. The third ball he took up and pointed to it in my hand. He then took his own slate and pencil; his hand became agitated, and he wrote a communication signed by Wm. D. Roberts, saying among other things, that he was happy to meet me again, and that my ideas on the subject were correct. Then the medium told me to open the ball I held in my hand and see if it was the right one. I found it so. He then directed me to point to another ball, and the third or fourth one he told me to hold in my hand. He then waited a short time and then said: "Did you not feel from that ball, that still kept the ball, I then pointed to a few others, when he told me to take one up and hold it in my other hand. His hand then became agitated, and he wrote a very good communication, signed by Conrad Ten Eyck, and in it he said he would try and help me get my other communication. I opened the ball and found it correct. The medium then pulled my slates, which had not been out of my sight a moment, over to him, took off the upper one, then broke two or three small pieces of slate pencil, put them on the slate, then, put the other slate over it, then put his hand on one end and said: "You, gentleman, put a hand on each corner." Very soon we could hear the writing between the slates, even the crossing of the 's' and dotting of the 'i's. Then came three small taps. He then told me to take off the upper slate. Doing so I found a letter signed by my sister, who passed to spirit life nearly thirty years ago, the substance of which was just what I would expect. She said: "My dear brother, God bless you. Do you know that words fail to express my joy at seeing you. There is one life and one life alone. I am so happy, and so happy to see you. I am your loving sister, Ann Jane Snow." I then opened the ball and found it correct.

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## "Mum Sociable."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

At the residence of Mrs. F. P. Crans, No. 345 West 34th street, New York, a large party gathered on Thursday evening, the 14th of January. The Misses Cronin, of the Harmonical Association, and Mrs. Belle Cole sang a number of pieces in an excellent manner, and greatly pleased the friends. Mr. T. W. Wood, Mr. H. H. Gardner, Mrs. W. M. Alberti and Mrs. M. L. Van Horn gave several recitations. Among the features of the evening was a Mum Sociable. Mr. A. J. Davis said that the penalty for speaking would be a fine of five cents and the subject of the evening would be "Mum Sociable." Mrs. W. was last called upon. During the time there was a great deal of fun among the ladies and gentlemen, and many declared they had rather pay the fine than "keep silence for the space of half an hour." There was a pin cushion filled with pins and the price of a guess was 10 cents, and the person guessing the right number of pins would take the cushion. There were tickets of admission and the financial proceeds were for the benefit of the Harmonical Association. Coffee and cake were served. Among those present whose names the reporter recalls were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jackson Davis, Mr. Martin L. Van Horn, Mrs. Margaret Austin, Dr. D. S. Brown and wife, Dr. J. E. Briggs, Miss Crans, Mr. Cole, Mrs. E. S. Cady, Mrs. Dr. Cooley, Dr. Dumont, C. Dake, John B. Gardner, Dr. Gross, Mr. and Mrs. Holmer, Dr. J. B. Loomis, Mr. Geo. H. Melish, Dr. and Mrs. Meigs, Mr. and Mrs. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Ostrander, Captain M. L. Phillips, Mrs. Tracy Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Sammis, Mrs. Steiner, Mr. Joseph F. Snipes, Mr. L. A. Zank, Mrs. Wolcott, Miss Wolcott, Mr. Weaver, Mrs. George W. Wheat and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.

300 Mulberry street, N. Y. HERBERTUS.

## The Pleasure of Freezing.

James Humphrey, a Canadian, nearly froze to death in a recent storm when driving homeward from Wallacetown to Aldborough. He has since given this description of his experience to a correspondent of the St. Thomas Times: "When he felt no longer able to hold the reins with any grip he determined to seek shelter in the first house until well warmed. His tongue became stiff, then his arms, sharp chills ran down his back, and finally it seemed as though his whole body was being congealed, causing an almost total cessation of the heart's action. This condition of extreme suffering and despondency speedily gave place to a feeling of grateful warmth. Effusing the system and causing an exhilarating glow. By this time he had reached a house, but he drove on, thinking that nothing was now to be feared. The sleigh, instead of crawling along at a snail's pace, appeared to glide through the air with great swiftness, and the horses fairly flew like pigeons. A sense of exultation filled the farmer's breast as he urged the horses to still greater speed, and the woods on each side were passing so quickly that they became indistinguishable black lines. Then the sleigh bells sounded fainter and fainter, until the chimes disappeared the distance; the farmer was gradually losing a delicious feeling, which was now being the sleep that knows no waking, and he knew no more until a time of life under a vigorous treatment.—*N. Y. Times, Dec. 30.*

## Letter from California.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

My last letter to you was from Minneapolis, Minn., and headed, "Notes from the West." I am now about two thousand miles still further west, but I don't intend going any further. About two years ago, Mrs. Mary A. Gridley of 117 Summer Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., gave me a psychometric reading, in which she positively affirmed "many changes in the near future" awaited me. She saw me in Southern California, etc. But she could not see me permanently located in the future. I was in Central New York when the reading was given; and had no more expectation of going to California than I now have of going to China. And yet, within six months some of my neighbors and myself were in Southern California. I came expecting to stay, but the following spring found me in the East again. When in Minneapolis six weeks ago I had no intention of returning here for one year; yet "Seneca," Geo. P. Colby's Indian control, told me that I would again go to the "great water" at the setting sun before the grass was again green. And here I am. Several unforeseen things transpired to cause the man who had engaged me to go with him a year to Minnesota, to propose that we go to Southern California. This gentleman has married an old acquaintance since coming here, which in part accounts for the change. The first coming here, the returning east, and the coming again, were not of my seeking; but circumstances were arranged in some unseen way, so that I had to make these changes. I followed my reason and best judgment. But I am determined to show that spirit controls can be mistaken as well as mortals. Mrs. Gridley's control does not see me permanently located in the future, and says I am to go to foreign lands in 1883. Seneca also predicted, when I recently conversed with him in Minneapolis, that I would not remain here very long, but that so soon as the climate had worked the needed changes in my system I would go to the "rising sun" again and work in a big house where people had been washing, where they go into a room, something like the orthodox bell, and afterwards are rubbed and washed. He said my work of life was to heal people by rubbing them. But I think he got the future mixed with the past, for formerly, for a long time I had charge of a Turkish bath.

Psychometry is a very interesting study, and I believe will be made very valuable yet, but at present things are apt to get mixed from various causes. Mrs. Gridley lately gave an interesting reading of a friend of mine in attendance from abroad. She could have no possible mortal means of knowing whose hair she was reading, and yet she said she was impressed that the owner had "become blind with a few years," which was a fact, and would not apply to one person in ten thousand.

But I have come here, Mr. Editor, to make me a permanent home in the land of sunshine and flowers, milk and honey, vines and fig trees. The air of the garden is perfumed with the odor of blossoms, roses, geraniums and other beautiful flowers. I have been giving grapes to-day, freshly plucked from the vines. The children play out-of-doors barefooted; and the mocking birds and meadow larks are seen and heard in our fields.

It was not till quite recently that enterprise built irrigating facilities here to make this earthly paradise. I think this country (Los Angeles) has more natural advantages, and fewer drawbacks than any other place in the world. I have bought ten acres of unimproved land, one mile west of Santa Ana, which I am preparing to plant to trees and vines next month. The trees will be mostly Apples, and the vines muscadine for making raisins. If I am prospered, I shall sometime, and before many years, too, have a home where I shall take great pleasure in entertaining weary, exhausted mediums and editors like yourself who are vigilant against foes without and foes within; till the life giving rest and diet and climate of this beautiful valley shall have restored them to the robust vigor and confidence.

Santa Ana, Cal. D. EISON SMITH.

## The Minnesota State Association of Spiritualists.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Minnesota State Association of Spiritualists held a two days convention in this city Dec. 23rd and 24th, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. (Owing to the near approach of the holidays, few persons were in attendance from abroad. Many of our resident Spiritualists deeming the time set for the convention as inopportune, had little faith; but the decree had gone forth, and as the time for the meeting drew near, some took heart and (knowing that faith without work is dead) carried their enthusiasm into the first session from which the whole lump was leavened.

At half-past ten A. M., the convention was called to order, and was opened by the president, Miss Susie M. Johnson, with a brief address of welcome, and in which she stated the object of the meeting. Discussion of questions bearing upon "spiritual phenomena" was next in order, in which all present seemed to take a lively interest. Numbered among those who took an active part in the discussions, were several ladies, more fully developing the fact that the world moves, and that woman's intellectual faculties are not inferior to those of her brother. In the afternoon session the discussion of some of the questions considered at a brief address of welcome, and in which she stated the object of the meeting. Discussion of questions bearing upon "spiritual phenomena" was next in order, in which all present seemed to take a lively interest. 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Numbered among those who took an active part in the discussions, were several ladies, more fully developing the fact that the world moves, and that woman's intellectual faculties are not inferior to those of her brother. In the







Continued from First Page.

Mr. Walter Howell is permanently engaged to preach at this church. He is quite young and boyish in appearance, and has never read a book. Born blind in England and only seeing now very imperfectly, his discourses have caused many to marvel at their grandeur, beauty and instructiveness. He is of a very spiritual nature, and in his boyhood attracted attention by his ability to discuss questions and speak upon religious subjects in the Methodist Church, to which he and his family belonged. He was sent out to preach, and soon attracted so large audiences as to create a jealousy among his co-laborers. He was after awhile charged with heresy, and when told what he had preached, denied all knowledge of having used the language charged against him. He was told that he had no right to preach if he did not know what he was saying. He meekly replied that when they sent him out, they said it was the Holy Ghost that inspired him, but that when people came in large numbers to hear him, they wanted to silence the Holy Ghost and him too. He was, however, silenced in so far as revoking his license could effect that result. Some two years afterwards he was invited one evening to attend a Spiritualist meeting. Until then he was ignorant of Spiritualism, and when he arrived at the hall he found a large audience, and the speaker announced to address the meeting could not attend. A medium at once announced that there was a young man present who would deliver an address. Up to this time Mr. Howell was conscious of what was transpiring. When his memory next served him, he was standing upon the rostrum, the audience applauding and the chairman bowing to him.

During his discourse his guides had made known their supervision over him, and the fact that while he was ostensibly speaking as an orthodox Methodist, they were planting spiritual truths among his hearers. But at last envy worked its purpose, and the voice of truth was for the time silenced at the demands of the Pharisaical bigots of latter days. We hope that through the instrumentality of Mr. Howell a large and flourishing church will widely extend its good work and benign influence. Already his discourses have attracted the attention of liberal-minded clergymen who have come to our church as listeners.

I wish to state a fact which has just come to my knowledge. Rev. Mr. White, a popular Methodist clergyman, having his church on the corner of Fourth and South Fourth Sts., Brooklyn, has with the unanimous consent of his trustees, invited Mr. Howell to lecture in his church on Thursday evening next, upon the subject of "Marriage Here and Hereafter." Mr. Howell has accepted the invitation and, I have no doubt, will have a fine audience.

We have for the present decided to have our church services at 3 and 7:30 P. M., having our Sunday School at 10:30 A. M.

A. H. DAILEY, President.

Murray on Kiddle.

How a Spiritualist of Twenty-five years Standing differs from one Comparatively Fresh in the Investigation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Mr. Oliver Johnson when a witness at the celebrated Beecher trial, being asked if he was a Spiritualist, replied that he was, but that he was not a consummate fool. He recognized the fact that the public had a right to know to which of the two classes of Spiritualists he belonged. This remark of Oliver Johnson was forcibly brought to my mind at the perusal of an article in the *Banner* of Nov. 18th, entitled "An Original Essay—The Two Schools of Spiritualists." It starts out with saying it is to be regretted, the want of unanimity as to "practical principles" among Spiritualists, who, it says, reason and view from different standpoints; and that it would be uncharitable and unwarrantable to impute to the members of either of these conflicting sects any want of sincerity or a desire to promote anything else than the truth, or that there are persons among them who do not love honest dealing and purity of purpose as applied to mediumship, and that a natural love of justice prompts each party. Now, that's kindly.

After this eulogium our author proceeds to divide these good people into two classes or schools, as he very naturally styles them, and proceeds to say of one (the one to which presumably he himself does not belong) that they would pronounce a solemn anathema of excommunication against all mediums and sitters who should refuse to submit to the dicta of an inquisitorial tribunal appointed by them, and that "these magnates are to be the duly ordained priests of this new religion," and that they claim all others must bow to them and adopt their methods, or woe to Spiritualism! It calls them "these soi-disant wise ones," and gives us to understand that they will sit in a circle "with a mind reeling with suspicion, skepticism, and arrogance and almost impudent pretence," and, on the principle that birds of a feather flock together (as it quotes), have their counterparts in the sphere just beyond, in the false and degraded spirit-bringing manifestations of fraud and deceit.

Such is the consistency of the article in question in describing the personnel of one of the two classes of Spiritualists—presumably, as I said, not the one to which the author professes to belong. At the outset the article comes to you as gently as a sucking dove, and at the winding up, it roars at you savagely as a beast of prey.

Again, one of its "schools," our original essay says, is by some called the obstructive (fraud obstructors?) and that its members appear to think that Spiritualism wholly consists in those repellent investigations which are needed, it says, to convince unbelievers or skeptics ignorant of facts and unwilling to accept them, and it claims that they, the obstructors, would apparently compel all mediums to go before a board of examiners and obtain a certificate of morality, social respectability, etc., etc., and, later on our author, getting bolder, leaves the "apparently" attitude and definitely asserts that the obstructors would have all the appliances and methods of investigation minutely prescribed by a board of inspectors or commissioners.

Now, of course, not one word of all this is true. It is exclusively "evolved from the inner consciousness" of our author; but with what sort of consistency, after presenting the doctrine of critical investigation in such unfavorable language and light, can he wind up his article, as he does, with a laudation of the very process which he condemns in the obstructors in insisting, ordering and directing that "all whose minds are open to conviction should study and digest the scientifically attested facts before they enter the séance chamber," with a laudation of Zöllner, Crookes, Wallace and Hare, whose investigations were based

upon the very species of critical tests to which the fraud-obstructors always urge each new investigator is entitled. To my mind our author writes more like a schoolmaster, dictating and closing, in a communication to his scholars or subaltern teachers, and not considering necessary either consistency, logic or order.

The true facts of the difference now existing among Spiritualists, as I understand them, are these: One class is disposed to allow entire latitude to every claimed exhibition of supernatural power, and to object to any effort being made for the purpose of showing that it is not of human origin, or that it is of human origin. The other class, whom our author says are called obstructives, favor the plans pursued by Zöllner, Crookes, Hare and other careful investigators, before pronouncing any physical demonstration to the world as having a superhuman source, origin or cause. They say to our author, "If you wish charlatans to humbug you, either by bringing into your séances masks and false clothing, it is your privilege from which we would not deprive you, but when your 'medium' has come forth with that tinsel and that mask upon her or him, don't urge to the public that it is evidence of spirit return which a man or a woman ought to accept. Do not pretend that this is the true basis of Spiritualism. So much in regard to physical phenomena. Then, in regard to the mental phenomena, they say as to twaddle uttered by a professed medium, or written by the hand of one, and professing to come from, or signed with the name of George Washington, William Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Queen Elizabeth and other disembodied celebrities, even though it be spirit writing, don't insist that it must have come from the source professed. Leave it open and free. Let people have the privilege to decide that for themselves, or else don't pretend to be a Spiritualist."

It was not by the publication of such material that "Zöllner, Crookes, Wallace and Hare," have given the world good cause to realize the existence of an unseen intelligent power, which asserts itself to be spirit once human and now removed from the earthly tabernacles.

As a whole the article in question is calculated to mislead as to the true nature of the difference existing in the spiritualistic ranks. It is illogical, confused in its substance, and wanting in the kindly feeling which it professes at the outset.

New York. BRONSON MURRAY.

### The Congregational Club of Cleveland Deliberates on Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Cleveland, O., *Leader* of the 27th ult., contains a brief report of the December meeting of the "Congregational Club" at the Forest City House, on the evening preceding, at which time after some brief preliminaries, including the prayer by Rev. Smyth, the Reverend Samuel Wolcott, D. D., presented "an able paper" bearing upon the topic for the occasion, namely, "the proper attitude of Christians toward Spiritualists and the doctrines of Spiritualism," in the discussion of which, if the report do not distort the arguments, we are treated to some very profound nonsense. Doctor Wolcott admits by way of preface that he "had not troubled Spiritualists to any large extent for a knowledge of their doctrines, nor had their doctrines troubled him; thus confessing not only ignorance of his subject, but indifference also toward it. Then why should the learned doctor essay to enlighten people in that "able paper," concerning this abounding heresy of which he knows and cares so little? He then "explained away" any possible scriptural support,—"though by what authority such literary liberties are allowed—we are not told, afterward laying down several propositions to prove the falsity of its (Spiritualism's) pretensions. Among these assertions he avers that "little is done which cannot be accounted for by sleight-of-hand performance." Indeed! how does Dr. Wolcott know? especially when, as he farther says, most of it is done under cover of darkness." In fact, he seems to claim more for jugglery than some of the most noted professionals in that line claim for their own art.

He further alleges that utterances said to come from those in the Spirit-world are largely below those represented as uttering them, and that whatever had been found true was known before. Then may we ask, "If the spiritual theory should happen to prove true in fact, and some arisen friend who had laid down the dusty burdens of this world, and gone on to the land of many mansions, should approach Doctor Wolcott 'under cover of darkness' perhaps, with some trivial remark or message ('known before' it may be) and below his ordinary utterances while on earth, shall we decide the said friend did not communicate, and Spiritualism is, therefore, false? This is wonderful logic to us! The 'utterances' in that 'able paper' I feel are largely below the woe of Doctor Wolcott; shall I believe, therefore, that the reverend gentleman did not communicate at the Forest City House? Such reasoning, if it can be dignified by that term, would, I confess, annihilate Spiritualism and the doctor and his 'able paper' as well.

He closes by telling us that "the proper attitude of Christians toward the whole matter, should be one of aversion mingled with compassion." In summing up, the public is simply treated to an inside view of personal prejudice, and stamps the word "compassion" as idle and devoid of meaning. We do not expect to prevent the learned doctor from "passing by on the other side," if he so elects, but I can assure him the Spiritualist public are in no pressing need of clerical "compassion," and that Spiritualism will take care of itself and continue to spread the proofs palpable of a continued existence in spite of bigotry or personal preference in the case.

In the general discussion following, and which closed the meeting, the several members of the "Club" joined, and "to a large extent concurred" in the conclusions of Doctor Wolcott, adding what they evidently deemed further adverse evidence among which is "the purely mercenary motives of those connected with it." This bold assertion is hardly becoming that consistency which is likened unto a jewel, for out of the estimated millions of believers in Spiritualism all over the world, only an insignificant small number, comparatively, receive pay for services as mediums or lecturers, while on the other hand it is a fact patent at least to church committees and D. D.'s, if they will but confess it, that the voice of ministerial duty is almost certain to be heard most distinctly coming from those moral vineyards that promise the biggest salaries.

Alas! reverend gentlemen, we are all human, and let us not forget while shoveling in the sleeves of a fat salary, there may be others who labor quite as conscientiously and who trench the tithe of humanity's

heart just as thoroughly, looking confidently for a better harvest in spiritual things in the appropriation of more of heaven's sunshine and less of theologic fertilizers; and shall such servants in "the Master's vineyard" be deemed "mercenary" because they require a few poor dollars at our hands for their "daily bread?"

As a further allegation "the character of many of them" is cited to show how dangerous Spiritualism is to those who believe it. How beautifully the gauzy web hangs together. First, the great heresy is but poorly understood; "its doctrines had not troubled" the Calvinistic pool. All scriptural texts referring to it were "explained away," revised as it were; then jugglery will account for most of it; then the spirits are not up to standard grade of utterance; finally, just a hint, a pious insinuation as to the character of its advocates. We refer the gentlemen to the daily accounts of criminal, social intrigues, embezzlements and cruelties for reply to the matter of character, and close our criticism in few words which embrace the kernel of the whole thing as it seems to be viewed by the "Club." First, Spiritualism exists; secondly, we hold it in "aversion"; thirdly, therefore it is false. These modern methods are too puerile to command respect or notice, and if we have been too lengthy in our reply, we beg your readers to excuse us on the single ground that their importance consists in the fact of the high society position of the members of the "Congregational Club," and who under cover of clerical dignity and place, seem to expect the "dear people" to accept their prejudices as profound philosophy.

A. G. S.

Painesville, O., Jan. 8, 1883.

### Mr. Cumberland's Methods.

A few Manifestations very far Removed from Mr. Cumberland's Toe-cracking Manipulations.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In Mr. Cumberland's tirade against Spiritualism, he makes the very common mistake of assuming that spiritual manifestations consist in such as are displayed by so-called mediums who give public exhibitions of their arts for pay. Only the grossest ignorance can overlook the fact that the truest evidence of spirit power—those manifestations that in their very nature must be entirely removed from the trickeries growing out of mercenary motives, will ever be found in private circles. For the better information of himself and the reverend gentlemen who are so swift to swallow whatever opposes the spiritual light they are keen to sniff out, I will narrate a few of the manifestations that have occurred in a circle to which I and a few intimate friends belong. He can then learn that not any amount of toe-cracking, even though he were to disarticulate the entire lot he has got in his boots, and cracked them never so industriously, would solve the problem of their occurrence.

But first a word as to pellet reading. His smartness in reading papers written in his presence would avail little in such a case as was my recent séance with Mr. Watkins. The six questions submitted I wrote with indelible pencil, in my own house, and crumpled and folded them up in such form as would be impossible without the use of both hands. The pencil Mr. Watkins had on his table was an ordinary black lead one. I carried them about with me in a pocket-book two days, and then laid them down in a huddled heap close to my hand as I sat on a table in the full glare of bright sun-light. They were afterwards selected at random, one by one, by myself, and then held close shut in my hand, and while thus held correct names and answers in complete pertinence to the questions propounded, were given, with but a seconds devoted to each operation. Not once did Mr. Watkins handle the pellets; not once did he open, and still further in proof of the absolute impossibility of extraneous papers being interpolated, the pellets were refolded and brought away by myself, and now remain in my possession, just as I originally wrote them in the purple ink. There was the same utter lack of opportunity for trickery in the matter of the slates. There were certainly plenty of them lying about, but I purchased my own pair at a store kept by two of the most rigidly orthodox ladies in the city, and had them scoured as clean as soap and water could accomplish, for the special purpose of guarding against Mr. Cumberland's acid bugaboo. These slates, laying one on the other, were never five inches from my hands, and were never touched by Mr. Watkins, except to place a little piece of pencil between them for independent writing; yet while I held them firmly together with my left hand, and the mere tip of the medium's fore-finger rested on the frame as the closed slates lay on the table within a score of seconds the lower slate was filled with clearly written, straight-lined calligraphy, in answer to a request in a pellet not yet opened, and held tightly within my own grasp. I distinctly heard the pencil as it wrote, holding one of Mr. Watkins' hands in mine, while his other hand was held at least two feet away above the table. I, myself, removed the upper slate, finding the writing and that the bit of pencil was entirely worn away. So much for this phase of spiritual manifestation. If ever Mr. Cumberland accomplishes like results, he will need outside assistance from a vast amount of acids and toe-cracking.

As to raps and other table manifestations, I can cite them just as wonderful and difficult of explanation. Our circle is composed of a half-dozen intimate friends, all sincerely bent in search of truth. The table I made after a peculiar pattern, in accordance with instructions given by involuntary slate-writing. It is a simple four legged affair, with a light stretcher across near the floor. Meeting once a week, on the fifth night we first heard the wonderful tiny raps that seem so simple, yet baffle the astutest minds to explain. If toe-cracking could make them, why did we have to wait so long for their appearance? Could it be tight boots that prevented the toes from having the requisite Cumberland free play? We were all eager to hear them. Moreover, they have since been produced at very irregular intervals, without the slightest reference to our individual or collective wishes, and the intelligent answers given by them are often totally at variance with such as we ardently desire. On some evenings we cannot get them at all, and yet we have all our toes with us; and when by the slate-writing we seek to know the reason, we are told by unmistakable intelligence, that the effort being used is not in that direction.

And now I will describe a phase of physical force that would require a fearful amount of Mr. Cumberland's muscular exertion, either toe or otherwise, to achieve. About three weeks ago, almost as soon as we had become seated, the table began to sway from side to side with the peculiar oscillating motion of a horse when pacing.

Questions were promptly given by raps of three, in blows of the legs on the floor, or one in the negative. Never in my life have I seen more marked intelligence than was given in the responses. It was particularly apparent in the desire expressed for music. The blows were then of the most emphatic character, both in approval and opposition. Solo singing was always opposed, the harmony of all joining together being the evident object mainly in view, with decided preference for such sacred hymns as "Nearer, my God, to thee," and the like. And on one occasion when one of the party began to play the violin, as perfect time was beaten by the table legs as could be attained by human feet, and evincing complete appreciation of the changing time and cadences of the music. Finally the table began to move across the floor in a certain direction, and with such persistent force, that not all my strength could prevent it, albeit I grasped both hands inside the end frame for the purpose. Then it deliberately turned up on end and over until the upper side of the top rested on the carpet round to the other end, and on to a complete somersault back to the feet. Next it pressed along in a different direction, so that we were obliged to stand up and go with it, and a young girl of decided mediocrity power, was forced nearly to the wall, when it gradually climbed up, first resting the cross-stretcher onto her knees, then rising clear up onto her head, with the bottoms of the four legs not less than two feet from the floor; and throughout the entire movement it was impossible not to believe that the dead wood of the table was alive in every fibre with intelligent purpose. We could only stand up and keep the tips of our fingers about it in the best way the strange circumstances would permit. After swaying about on the girl's head for a number of minutes, it came down onto its legs in the same cautious, deliberate manner, and slid along the floor to still another end of the room, and there, on its being announced by one of us that it was time to break up the circle, the invariable good-night given by five raps or tipplings, was accomplished by the table being struck against the wall with such force as broke through paper and plaster to the laths behind!

All this was accomplished among a company of intimate friends, with not the slightest motive for trickery, but one earnest desire to investigate the phenomenon to its truthful foundation.

W. WHITWORTH.

Cleveland, O.

### Science and Art.

To remove smoke stains from ivory immerse the pieces in benzine, and go over them with a brush.

A. H. Mason, in a note to the *Chemist and Druggist*, says that "Rough on Rats" is colored arsenic.

Colorado expects to dig up about \$24,420,000 worth of the precious metals this year—an increase of ten per cent from the product of 1881.

M. Tarnier, of the Maternité, Paris, is the inventor of a baby incubator which will do for the human race what the egg-incubator has done already for poultry.

Mr. T. R. Baker, in a paper "On the permeability of the Linings of House Walls to Air," deprecates wall-paper and advocates the old-time whitewashed walls.

Glue, when mixed with one-fourth part glycerine, is found to have an elasticity and pliability which prevents it cracking when dry. A German chemist in Nuremberg has called attention to this.

At the end of 1881 there were 2,218 registered insane persons in New South Wales, or 119 more than the previous year and 36 in excess of the average yearly increase. The percentage of deaths for the year was 5.46, the lowest since 1865.

Certain kinds of wood, of great durability when used alone, have, when joined together a very destructive influence upon each other. If cypress is joined to walnut, or if cedar is joined to cypress, decay is induced in both woods, which ceases, however, as soon as they are separated.

Fire proof paper may be made, according to the *Pharmaceutische Zeitung*, from a pulp consisting of 1 part of vegetable fibre, 2 parts of asbestos, 1-10 part of borax, 1-5 part of alum. The ink is made from 85 parts of graphite, 8 part of copal varnish, 7.5 parts of copers, 30 parts of tincture of nutgals, and a sufficient quantity of indigo carmine.

A French chemist claims to have discovered a method of overcoming the danger threatening vineyards from ravages of the phylloxera. His process is to inoculate the vines with the phenol poison. The phylloxera do not attack plants thus treated, and are exterminated for want of food. The vines are in no way injured by the inoculation process.

Before the electric light becomes, as it must soon become, the common illuminating agent of the period, says the *Lancet*, a determined effort should be made to devise some mode of mitigating its peculiarly unpleasant intensity. The vibratile impulse of the electric force is obviously stronger than the delicate terminal elements of the optic nerve in the retina can bear without injury.

The Quincy Market Cold Storage Company, of Boston, are said to have the largest refrigerating building in the world. It is of stone and brick, 160 by 80 feet in size, and 70 feet in height. The capacity is 800,000 cubic feet, the cost \$200,000, and the ice chamber holds 600,000 tons of ice. It will be used for storing dressed beef and mutton. The Chicago refrigerating cars unload at the door.

At a recent meeting of the London Physiological Society, Prof. Thomson exhibited an early Reis's telephone made by Phillip Reis, in 1861, at Frankfurt, and designed to transmit speech. It was modeled on the human ear, one form of transmitter being a rudely carved wooden ear with a tympan, having a platinum wire behind hard pressed against a platinum-tipped adjustable spring. Prof. Thomson showed by various proofs that words were actually sent by that and similar apparatus.

A correspondent writing from Johnsonville S. C., incidentally mentions a curious instance of the influence of animals in controlling or preventing forest growths. It appears that the fondness of hogs for the juicy roots of young pines leads them to seek them assiduously, so that where hogs are allowed to roam in that region one can hardly find a young long-leaved pine in a thousand acres of pine forest. There being no young trees to take the place of the old ones used up by the lumbermen and turpentine gatherers, that species of pine timber is rapidly being exterminated.

From a series of experiments on more than 200 rabid animals, Dr. Pasteur, the French scientist, finds that the nervous system is the actual seat of hydrophobia. And he has demonstrated that hydrophobia in its acute form can be prevented by inoculation.

Prof. H. D. Garrison, of this city, began on last Sunday afternoon at the Grand Opera House, a course of lectures upon the subject, "Evolution and its bearing upon Revelation and Theology." After a discussion as to the origin of the earth and heavenly bodies, the most recent views as to the origin and progress of vegetable and animal life upon the earth will be considered in detail. Dr. Garrison has a splendid physique; he is not as large as Ingersoll, but a finer form. From his custom of lecturing to classes in medical colleges, his style of delivery is scarcely so animated and fluent as is requisite for the best effect, but this he will overcome. The subject matter of his lecture on last Sunday was intensely interesting; he possesses much originality and a fund of humor that serves him well. We advise all our city readers to attend his lectures.

At a meeting held for the purpose at the residence of Dr. Mansfield in New York City on Friday evening of last week, arrangements were perfected for a memorial service to Dr. Brittan, under the auspices of the American Spiritualist Alliance, of which he was a member. The service will take place at Republican Hall, New York City, on next Sunday, the 21st. Speakers selected, Hon. Nelson Cross, Prof. Kiddle, Nettie C. Maynard, Henry J. Newton, A. A. Wheelock, Charles Partridge and Mrs. Cora Richmond. Appropriate music will also be furnished.

Mrs. Lizzie Markee, formerly Mrs. Compton, is now holding sances again in New York.

### MOTHERS READ.

GENTS:—About nine years ago I had a child two years old and almost dead. The doctor I had attending her could not tell what ailed her. I asked him if he did not think it was worms. He said no. However, this did not satisfy me, as I felt convinced in my own mind that she had. I obtained a bottle of Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE (genuine). I gave her a teaspoonful in the morning and another at night, after which she passed seventy-two worms and was well again. Since then I have never been without it in my family. The health of my children remained so good that I had neglected watching their actions until about three weeks ago, when two of them presented the same sickly appearance that Fanny did nine years ago. So I thought it must be worms, and went to work at once with a bottle of Dr. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE between four of my children, their ages being as follows: Alice, 8 years; Charles, 4 years; Emma, 6 years; John, 2 years. Now comes the result: Alice and Emma came out all right, but Charles passed forty-five and Johnny about sixty worms. The result was so gratifying that I spent two days in showing the wonderful effect of your Vermifuge around my home, and now have the worms on exhibition in my store.

Yours truly, JOHN PIPER.

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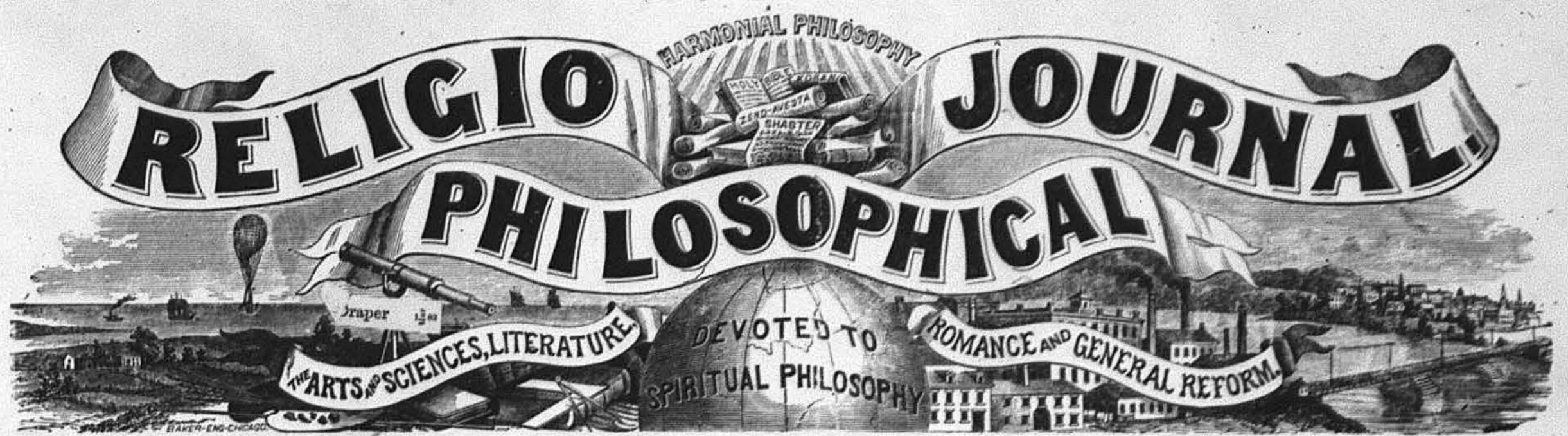
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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XXXIII.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 27, 1883.

No. 22

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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#### A Tilt at Herbert Spencer.

His Contradictions No Contradictions, and His Reconciliation Between Science and Religion No Reconciliation at All.

BY DAVID ECCLES.

While heartily uniting with any praise accorded to Herbert Spencer as a profound philosopher, I must deprecate every attempt to place him on a pinnacle of infallibility. The very men whose independent thought, in times past, added to the world's enlightenment and progress, have, owing to a spirit of hero worship, been transformed into obstacles to further progress, by making their utterances a finality.

In an editorial in a late Sunday's Journal, I find this encomium: "Any truth which he (Spencer) has indorsed, we may be sure, has been traced to its elements, and built upon a foundation that cannot be shaken." It strikes me that every truth, whether Spencer indorses it or not, "is built upon a foundation that cannot be shaken." If, however, the writer means any statement which he indorses is thus securely built, then I go to deny the proposition. It is beyond the capacity of any man to trace to their elements all the facts Spencer has indorsed, and specialists in various departments of science have detected him in many errors. The deepest oceans have their shallows, and Spencer is no exception to the rule.

I have had the temerity in a publication of my own to question the legitimacy of his metaphysics and am willing to test my logic against any of his defenders. This presumption, I am painfully aware, will be met by a clamorous charge of egotism, but one who feels the strength of his position can afford to bear the obloquy that hero defenders always heap on obscurity. In my humble judgment, if Spencer's future fame rested solely on his metaphysical speculations, he would not live in the world's memory a century. The enduring monument he has raised for himself is his great scientific generalization of evolution. In this connection his far-reaching grasp of scientific fact and scientific induction has never been surpassed.

In Spencer's analysis of ultimate religious and scientific ideas he is pleased with no less than reducing every conception of truth we can frame to an inconceivability or contradiction. Between alternative theories he offers us no choice. All are rejected as equally invalid. At every point he strives to push the mind into an intellectual suicide. I cannot for one moment allow that we are left in such helpless confusion, and will take up seriatim, his illustrations of the imbecilities of the understanding, and point out the defects of his reasoning. If it is true, as you, on the strength of his dictum, assert, that "analysis of any possible theory destroys the theory," then who can rescue his own theory of the unknowable from the general ruin? If we have no absolute knowledge, then we cannot even know that we know nothing. Do you not see that Spencer is like a man who, sitting on the limb of a tree, saws it off—he tumbles with the success of his own undertaking.

Respecting the origin of the universe, we are told, three theories can be framed, viz.—self-existence, self-created, created by an external agency. What I have to remark on in Spencer's mind. For, but two of these theories attempt to show an "origin" to the

universe. The theory of self-existence has for its very nature a denial of "origin." To classify this theory as a theory of "origin" is a most bungling procedure. The theory is simply an assertion of being, and all being is eternal being. It cannot come from nothing nor lapse into nothing. Self-creation is a contradiction, since it supposes a thing to be and not be at the same time. The theory of creation by external agency is a compound of the axiomatic truth of eternal being, plus the figment of a new creation from nothing. Between something and nothing no thought can be established; hence, the mind has absolutely no starting place for the theory. Eternal existence, however, contains the body of a definite thought. The objection Spencer urges against it is that "we cannot form a conception of existence without a beginning." What do we mean by the words eternal and infinite? It has been asserted that the attempt to impose an affirmative meaning to them is a "disastrous failure," and that they are mere "negative terms." Is the infinite, then, interchangeable with zero or nothingness? It must be if a negation. If not a negation then it is a positive thought, separated from other thoughts by an element of difference. What is that element? Indefinite, endless expansibility! We conceive the finite by limits; the infinite by removing limits. The assertion that we cannot conceive the infinite means that we cannot limit the infinite. If we attempt to conceive it in relations we lose the thought of the infinite, which is more than a "mere negation." Spencer, in looking for a conceptive "origin" and limitation of the eternal existent, lands himself in a contradiction. That is the outcome of his absurd statement of the problem, and does not affect the truth of the concept eternal being. To limit this being by origin is to deny its self-existence. If indefinite, endless expansion by removing all limits is not the state of the infinite, then it is no being, and the word may as well be thrown from our language. Every subsequent so-called contradiction Spencer evokes is a repetition of the above sophism.

His reasoning on "First Causes" is simply a rehearsal of Hamilton and Mansel's theology. These men, believing in origin through creation, are compelled to seek a first cause. But after they think they have found it, its mutual contradictions prove its destruction. For a cause is a relation, and a relation cannot be absolute. I dismiss all this learned rignarole by the simple axiomatic statement that there is no cause or origin to being, hence no "First Cause." If there is a "First Cause," there would be a last effect, which is an absurdity. When we think of the infinite or absolute we suppress all relations. Spencer muddles up being with relations. Relations are caused but being is uncaused.

We turn now to scientific ideas. What are space and time—something or nothing? Spencer says we can assert neither of them. Let us see. What is nothing? I define it as the negation of all thought. Every positive conception is a conception of something. Is space a positive conception? Most assuredly. Space, therefore, is something. It is known by elements of likeness and difference. It is like matter in that it is extended; it is unlike matter in that it is non-resistant. Time has being in relations, but unlike space has no absolute being. Space and time, so far from being "wholly inconceivable," are comprehended as they are. As Spencer says to posit the alternative belief (that they have no existence) is to "multiply irrationalities." These quoted words are used frequently by Spencer, and mark a distinction which he has failed to appreciate. To "multiply irrationalities" is to break thought on the rock of contradiction. On every side an adamant wall rises. Thought has no room for flight. But open the endless vista of the infinite and we never reach a contradiction. We only contradict ourselves by trying to conceive it under limitation.

Matter is infinitely divisible or it is not. Spencer says "the one hypothesis is no more acceptable than the other." The old sophism on the infinite is his only means of equalizing them. "We cannot realize," he says, "infinite divisibility in thought," which means we cannot bring it within the bounds of limitation. Which means that we cannot think it to be finitely divisible and infinitely divisible at the same time; which means that the mind refuses to contradict itself. When we abolish limits to divisibility we conceive its infinite divisibility. Spencer says: "Really, to conceive the infinite divisibility of matter is to mentally follow out the divisions to infinity." That is, to conceive the infinite we must find an end to it. Why, the very conception denies end. An endless, unobstructed flight for thought is our positive conception of its being. An endless power of division is our conception of infinite divisibility, and this conception we are compelled by the very nature of thought to frame. Every conception that agrees with fact is the true conception. Our conception of the infinite agrees with fact. There are no negative ideas.

Matter being infinitely divisible its forms and states must be infinitely numerous. Newton's theory of solid impenetrable atoms breaks the law of continuity to material conditions, hence Spencer finds that the law of continuity to motion is broken by the supposition. His elaborate argument to establish this is superfluous, since the hypothesis itself does the thing which he perceives must happen, as a correlative, to motion. Bascovich's theory ignores the infinite divisibility of matter, and starts from nothing—points

without extension. Like Spencer he sought a first cause and found it nothing. Neither of them appear to be able to see that a thing may be infinitely divisible and never reach "a point without extension." So far as the force conception of Bascovich is concerned it is just as good as Newton's hard atoms, for both are false. Both mistake their subjective feelings for objective things. But of this anon. The divisibility of atoms is enforced by modern chemistry. The mathematical relations the elements bear to each other show evolution. The spectroscopic has shown an evolution of new forms of matter in the formation of embryonic worlds. Every fact, every analogy and every consideration points this way. Matter being infinitely related the universe must be a plenum. Spencer urges that the compressibility of matter necessitates vacant space. It necessitates porosity but not vacancy. When we squeeze a porous body we bring its parts closer together, but in the act some subtler form of matter escapes. A sponge could not be compressed to the same extent as we know it capable of being if all the water and all the air it contains were retained. There are forms of matter that elude all our senses, and were it possible to isolate a finite quantity of space in an absolutely non-porous receptacle its non-compressibility I believe would be established. Professor Cook says that the ether would resist a pressure of a million pounds to the square inch.

Respecting motion, I have this to say: All motion is a relation. Absolute motion is absolute nonsense. Motion is not a thing, it is a condition. In ultimate religious ideas, Spencer muddles up relations with being; in scientific ideas he muddles up being with relations. He thinks there is a something goes out of one body into another when two bodies collide. He asks, "What has been transferred?" I reply, nothing has been transferred. There has been an exchange of mode, but no exchange of being. Action and reaction are equal and opposite. This law would be broken if one body received more than the other. All nature's changes are exchanges of mode merely. Professor Tait, of Edinburgh university, demonstrated mathematically that a moving body has no more force than a stationary one. What it gains in front resistance it loses behind.

It is easy enough to start with a false physical conception and deduce a contradiction. Spencer does this repeatedly. I suspect the contradictions he finds in the law of attraction are of this character. Many able physicists deny the law. They do not deny the facts of gravitation, but they deny that these facts can be explained by an unthinkable attraction. If the present attitudes of science and philosophy be accepted, when it states that all material properties are accidents of relation, then there are no attractions, and all such appearance must be explained by a propulsive mechanism. Dr. R. G. Eccles of Brooklyn, in a paper read before the Brooklyn Philosophical club, and subsequently published in Col. Case's magazine, established a propulsive theory that met every fact collated by the law of attraction.

We come now to the inner world of consciousness. Our subjective modifications "constitute a series" we are told. He says that it is "difficult to separate and individualize them," but that it is "beyond question" that they "occur in succession." If it is so difficult, how can it be "beyond question?" Until he removes the difficulty of separation into distinct states, his *ipse dixit* is a mere begging of the question. Planting myself on the law of continuity, I emphatically state that our states of consciousness are not detached, but continuous, and call the consciousness of every man to witness to its truth. Between our pronounced states there is an unbroken stream of feeling, which we may not isolate in thought, but which we know to be there. The deepest sleep that ever fell upon man never found him unconscious of being. He may be unconscious of external relations, but not of his own existence. Spencer says, "We have indirectly reached the conclusion that there was a period when it (consciousness) commenced." When did he reach the conclusion? When he prostrated his intellect by seeking a first cause in an infinite and eternal universe. I have denied both premises and conclusion. Being is eternal; self-consciousness is being; self-consciousness is eternal.

This brings us to the battle ground of the unknowable. Do we know self? Spencer says the "knowledge is forbidden by the nature of thought." Many people who read Spencer conclude that his unknowable is unknowable only because of its magnitude. They do not perceive that he labors to show that it is qualitatively as well as quantitatively unknowable. All we know of external existence is the sentient states it creates in us. These states are not the thing. That is forever unknown. We have an inexhaustible consciousness of external being, but that being must not be confounded with what we know as matter, for this is an effect of an unknown cause. I have followed scientific symbolism of matter and mind thorough, and complete. But, elsewhere, I have attempted to show that mind is real of existence, matter its symbol. If, however, we do not know our true self, and there is an unknown machinery behind feeling, my position falls to the ground. But I have the consolation of knowing that the logic that proves we do not know self, proves that we do not know anything, not even relations, for self is the primordial feeling from which all thought relations are derived. Deny self-knowledge and we deny all knowledge. The "primitive dualism" of thought is Spencer's

reason for denying that we know self. Subject and object must be one before self can be known, and this would be "the annihilation of both," he thinks. The confusion arises out of the fact that Mansel, Hamilton and Spencer follow Kant's false use of the words subject and object. They have two things, matter and mind, in view, forgetting that they themselves have shown, that matter is a condition of mind. The subject is not that which thinks. The object is not that which is thought. Ideas alone are objects of thought. The subject of the idea is the sensation. The object of the idea is the thought about that sensation. The perceiving subject is the immediate feeling. The perceiving object is the immediate thought. The thought is not self; only a symbol of it. The perceiving subject is self. The mind is both subject and object of itself continuously. If not both at once it is never either. If never either, it never exists, and every testimony of consciousness, the consciousness of Spencer's unknowable included, is a false testimony. If it testifies false of self it testifies false of everything else. Reason, then, is a chaotic wreck.

I have not seen the slightest reason to believe that truth has any such out-throat qualities about it. In a knowledge of self we have absolute knowledge, a knowledge unconditioned by any other being. We could never know two if we did not previously know one. We might not know one as related till two appeared, but the appearance of two did not add being to one. The mind simply revolved the relations. The deep-seated conviction "I am," is independent of all conditions. That is the feeling that is modified indefinitely by outer relations, but these relations do not give it being. They simply give it state. Eternal persistence is eternal being. The ego feeling persists through every change. This persistence must be the nominal of which persisting matter is the phenomenal. Strip matter of the sensations it produces and what is left? Colorless, formless, resistless, attractive and without weight. We can conceive of no being devoid of these but mind. The unknowable of Spencer, unless he gives it some form or quality, which he does not, is a barren ideal. It is worse than useless, since it makes men think they have an idea when they have none. It is a crutch to perpetuate a scientific materialism, which transfers the forms of matter to the unknowable. The master denies quality, or at least asserts no quality of it, the disciple spuggles the material quality in. Not to do this is to recognize its worthlessness. This abstraction he offers to the church in lieu of God. It has no mind qualities to it. He does not assert that it even knows its own existence. We know more of the unknowable than the unknowable knows of itself, according to this showing. We know that it is. It doesn't know that. To know that would be to give it self-knowledge, which according to Spencer, cannot be predicated. And he thinks this miserable negation will supplant the religious conception of deity. Never! I have denied that being is caused, hence do not believe in a creative divinity. But throw mind behind all phenomena and God is a necessity. In conceiving God we are not left to a mere negation. We predicate self-knowledge, endow him with all the power of man and infinitely more. I lay it down as a truth never to be forgotten, that wherever the mind finds room for indefinite expansion that is the true line for thought to pursue. First—The positive element of conscious being, then infinite states to that being, and religion and science are harmonized. The infinite is not a contradiction nor a negation. Spencer not all the world to the contrary, notwithstanding.—Kansas City, Mo., Journal.

Extract from Sermons by Rev. H. W. Thomas and Prof. Swing.

DR. THOMAS.

Suppose that we take the lower ground, and say that the desire in man for the good is simply the result of experience and utility; that finding certain courses of conduct are more conducive to happiness than others, he counts them the best, and hence adopts them. Now, if experience has taught the world this lesson, and succeeded in partially educating the race to habits of industry and economy and honesty, may we not hope that the same experience will not only hold the world to its present attainments, but continue to lead it still higher? If part of the race have learned the utility of morality and the benefits of peace, why not the lesson go on till all have learned the same lesson, and dishonesty and intemperance and cruelty and war be abandoned as not conducive to happiness? If experience has taught us the advantage of the railroad over the old stage coach, why may not the steam-car lead us to hope for still greater progress? And thus on this ground the expectancy of the world—is reaching forward for some greater good—is not without reason.

Or let us account for the desire in man for the good, and the present advanced condition of the world upon the hypothesis of evolution, and say that there is something in the nature of things, some law or tendency by which the lower forms are successively followed by the higher, and that along this law one form of life has appeared above another, from the radiate and the mollusk on to the vertebrate, and to man who crowns the series. And let us say that primitive man, who was but one step above his parental ape, was in obedience to this law passed out of the uncivilized state and risen to such forms of government and religion, and science as we

find in England, and Germany, and our own country; having said all this, are we not left in a position to look for still more? Does not evolution place the world in an attitude of expectancy? Certainly it does; for who shall set any bounds to the possible results of this upward-moving potency or law? If evolution has evolved from chaos a universe, and from dead matter and formless dust the rose, and the pine, and the bird of plumage and song, and man with reason and conscience, and learning, and law, and religion, where shall we draw a line and say it can do no more? If evolution has lifted up a part of the race, why not lift up all? If evolution has given the world its Homers and Dantes, and Platos and Bacons, and Lafayettes and Gambettas, why not give the world still greater poets, and philosophers, and statesmen? And so, evolution leaves the world in expectancy—bids us watch and wait for the greater good yet to be. And we may go further and say, that if evolution be true—and it is gaining ground every day in the conviction of more thinkers, and I see no reason why we should oppose its progress—if evolution be true, it was always true, and has been at work in all the past; and who can say that if in a few thousand years working on our earth it has made civilization, made science, made governments and religion, made Jesus Christ, that it has not in the long past peopled other stars and suns, and made other and higher orders of beings? Who can say that it has not made a God of moral perfection and of power over nature to control it as we do, only on a universal scale. And thus we find that the philosophical and the scientific view of things places man in a position of expectancy; both place the world on an upward plane; both point to what is yet to be.

PROF. SWING.

The human race has always laughed at or been angry at all fecklessness of mind, and has generally charged it upon woman, because man, being the maker of literature and being the ruling power, has always possessed too much vanity to see the frailties of himself, and early learned to ascribe inconstancy to woman. Virgil learned it from the old world back of him, and thus shows us that man having written his own history has made himself to be a personage of conspicuous goodness in this one direction. In our day the facts are of more value than the feelings of men, and probably indicate that in the possession of fidelity woman will be found rich when her husband or brother is a beggar. History has crowned perseverance as one of the virtues. Men of undeviating purpose have lived to develop the good of their character, or brain, or of their invention, and have thus hampered out the maxim that there is no excellence without labor, and that perseverance will conquer all things. Nature has so made her worlds, our world at least, that when in any of her works you omit the word "faithful" you have done or suffered an injury. The poor victims of loss in Cincinnati send up a faint cry compared with those shrieks of anguish which filled the cold winter air a few days since, a few miles away. These men and those hard-tolling girls springing from windows a hundred feet from the solid ground, leaping out with a furnace behind them and an abyss in front of them, screamed and fell at the command of unfaithfulness. Builders, and owners, and managers all were reckless guardians of human life and each life was lost by their indirect command. The heroes who once fell in an awful carnage enjoyed in dying this thought: "We lie here at the command of our country," but over the dead of last Wednesday the painful epitaph must be written:

We were tortured to death by faithlessness.

Watchmen pacing each floor in the night; watchmen relieved at short intervals would have robbed the original architect and builders of their power to maintain and kill. But faithfulness to duty was not a part of those who built or who managed the machine of death. Mortar and brick and wood enter in all these large structures, but faithfulness is not thought of as a part of building material. It is too expensive for common use. The calamity of our sister city may be our calamity to-morrow; for it is all a question of an overturned lamp, or of a mouse and a match. Man does not govern his world—he only lives in it; and he does not always live long and often his death is terrible. He builds windows to admit light and air, but they are often made use of by convulsed persons who clasp the sills and scream for mercy to the crowd below; he builds a stairway and an elevator with which to climb to his bed at night, but he does not always come down by his convenient instruments. If the match, or the pile of oily rags, or a fluttering curtain say so, the inmates hurl themselves from the upper windows and are mangled until no affection can see the features of loved ones. Thus the King of Kings, the Legislator of the universe, punishes all contempt for truth and constancy, and comes to all the thinkers, and all the patriots, and all the men holding offices of trust, to all the builders of houses, and says: "Be ye all faithful and the reward is near your footsteps."

Japan is keeping fully abreast of Western nations in the introduction of new inventions. One of the latest signs of this is the extensive use of the electric light in several of the Government establishments at Yokohama.



## A Dream on Christmas Eve.

By Michael Biron, formerly Catholic Priest, now Editor of "Lucifer," Madison, Wis. Translated by George Leiberknecht.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful in the Catholic Church?" said sister Sylveria to me. "Just notice how supremely happy our little ones are under the Christmas tree! I have lately been reading—entirely by myself—the 'Life of Jesus,' by Baltzer, and it really interested me a good deal. I found the book with old Dubois, the skeptic, and I took it away from him. I know it wasn't right to do so, but what could I do, placed as I am? We have strict orders from the superior (sister Adolphe) to confiscate all books of that kind. If I hadn't done it, another sister certainly would, and the poor man would have got into trouble. I gave him another book in the place of it, the 'Triumph of the Gospel.' He readily consented to the exchange, and remarked, he was not afraid to read anything and adopt whatever seemed the best. The 'Life of Jesus' he could easily spare, he said, as he knew it almost by heart, and with a smile he added, there would be no harm in my once carefully perusing it. In reply I said, and in earnest, such a book ought to be thrown into the fire. After reading it through, I burned it up. Now Father B., isn't it an awful thing for a sister of charity to read such a book? Strange thoughts have since been running through my mind. To tell the truth, many things in the book pleased me very much, and my religious faith has been somewhat shaken. If religious questions could be decided by the voice of reason, then it were possible that I might turn skeptic myself. But we, and especially women, let feeling and sentiment lead us, and I can't fully decide whether we are right or wrong. To unconditionally and in all cases follow one's reason, has a great charm; but, then, the voice of sentiment is so enticing, that a woman will follow it with pleasure. What would become of all the beautiful, touching, comforting and exalting customs, festivals and usages of the church? What would remain of Christmas, that brings so much happiness to all of us, without the Christmas belief? The Christmas tree in the house of unbelievers looks to me as badly as the madonna on the stage in 'Freischuetz.' And so I have made a sacrifice of my doubts to the world's Savior in the manger, and now I feel at rest once more. I didn't speak of this matter in my confession, not so much from fear that I wouldn't be forgiven, as from an irresistible feeling of shame to say things of that kind into the ears of the priest at the confessional. But now I've confessed it to you, here under the Christmas tree, and I think this answers just as well."

Sister Sylveria was much too amiable, accomplished and high-minded a woman for any sensible man to treat at all like the other victims of fanaticism, so I simply said to her, "You must settle that with God and your own conscience."

The above mentioned "Life of Jesus" I had not read at that time, but I had read that of David Strauss, and it was a load on my stomach. Still, its effect upon me was almost neutralized by the orthodox writings on the other side, coupled with the ascetic habits of my priestly education. On this evening, however, my memory called up the writings of Strauss with a vividness extraordinary. The refined and genial manner of Sylveria, this lovely guardian spirit of the institution, and that touching honesty of hers in confiding to me the inner processes of her mind, exercised upon me an influence almost magical. During the distribution of the gifts, when she, like a mother among her own loved children, was passing to and fro among the happy orphan girls, in a way so full of cheer and tender grace, she appeared to me like an angel, and what she had communicated to me seemed like a revelation from a higher world.

The large dining-hall of the invalids' Home at Mentz (Mayence) where the festival took place, had been fitted up by the nuns most tastefully with living, blossoming plants and other nice things, such as nun's hands only can fashion, and looked as inviting as the garden of Eden. Of course, the Christmas tree was not missing, and it was an uncommonly large one lighted up and trimmed in brilliant style; upon the long, richly decorated tables were piled up the presents for the children, but the most attractive and interesting thing of all was the "little manger."

It was a masterpiece in its way, and arrested the attention of all present. It brought before the eyes of the spectator the mountain scenery in glittering colors, Bethlehem wrapped in darkness, the lonely stable with the "holy family," the Christ child upon Maria's lap, pious shepherds kneeling in front, angels singing the "Gloria," and in the distance the wise men with their camels following the star.

Bishop von Ketteler, accompanied by his secretary, the count of Galen, the members of the hospital commission, all the sisters of charity and many invited guests were present. The girls, plainly but tastefully dressed, recited various little poems, most of which I had prepared for the occasion. The bishop was much pleased with these, and repeatedly assured me how much he enjoyed them. But my own mind was wandering in a different direction. I had fallen into one of my dreamy moods, and hardly took notice of what was going on. I was dreaming with open eyes, dreaming about the history of Christianity, the unforgettable history of the spirit of man. I overheard count Galen remark to his uncle, the bishop, beside whom I was sitting: "Notice the pastor, he looks quite enraptured!" Still he had not the slightest suspicion that the spirit of truth, in the form of sister Sylveria, had taken "control" of me, and was showing and telling me things that formed a glaring contrast to the comedy that was being enacted before me.

I could boast to have had clairvoyant dreams and visions, and to still have such at times, with as good right as that sailor Mann, in Michigan at the present time, if I didn't know too well what singular delusion persons with a lively imagination and a romantic cast of mind are subject to. In my boyhood, one of our professors called me "dreaming Apollo," because quite often I had dreams which would be fulfilled exactly as I dreamt them, but as my dreams invariably turned on trifling and unimportant things, I paid no attention to the phenomenon beyond telling my dreams to my fellow students, for our amusement. And later, when wrapped in "pious" meditation, I have often seen the heavens open, the holy "mother of God" and similar delusions. And to the present time it is no uncommon thing with me to have dreams in which I see Christ and the future of mankind. From these experiences I could manufacture prophecies that could rank with those of other religious fanatics, who pretend or imagine to have visions, to receive instruction from a supernatural source and to foresee the future. All that is required is an easily excited, vivid imagination,

tion, a dreamy cast of mind, and to think and brood a great deal on some subject. If such a person, under the sway of religious zeal and devotion, practices a system of vigorous self-denial (as prescribed in convents) while giving himself to protracted meditation, he is sure to see strange and wonderful things. Self-evidently, the "visions" presented in the dreams of such a one simply mirror the thoughts and objects which engrossed his mind during the waking hours. When the "prophet" Mann, of Michigan, assures us that, dreaming, he sees himself as an exalted being receiving "revelations," it proves no more than that he meditates and reads a good deal about such things in day-time, and that the same impressions which he formed in reading the crack-brained "revelations" of the prophets, reappear in his dreams, and that his mind, consciously or unconsciously, is craving and hankering after such things.

A group of orphan-girls, dressed as angels, with wings, presented a sight of rare loveliness. They sang the music of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

A beautiful hymn! Truly it sounds like a message from the higher spheres. But now it seemed to me as if Sylveria, loveliest among the angels, with earnest mien and an awe-inspiring countenance, rose up to ask: What becomes of the glory of God, when his pretended servants are solely bent upon advancing their honor and authority? Christ said, "ye know that the princes of the gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them; but it shall not be so among you." Why do you assume all manner of titles; call yourselves "reverend" and "right reverend," even the "holy" and "most holy," fathers, contrary to the plain precept of Christ? Christ, in the manger, bedded upon straw, without a pillow for his head—and you, rolling in wealth, appearing in costly togery and theatrical tinsel, sitting upon thrones, styling yourselves "princes of the church" and acting as infallible teachers. I accuse you that all those human souls, whom Christ labored to free from the yoke of superstition, ceremony and priest rule, you have chained down and bound more firmly than ever into the fetters of bigotry and ignorance!

Is it to the glory of God, when here below you represent him as a bloodthirsty, cruel and jealous tyrant, unable to check his wrath and forgive men their sins, through weakness committed, until he could see his own son famishing and bleeding to death at the cross? A malignant tyrant, who, although Christ suffered for the sins of the whole world, has predestined the larger part of humanity to eternal damnation? An unjust tyrant, who curses all mankind because Adam and Eve, led astray by the devil, ate of the forbidden fruit? A treacherous tyrant, who, though his own son rendered a "full and overflowing" recompense for the sins of men, yet refuses to liberate men from the consequences of sin, from sickness, tribulation and death, from hell and damnation? A remorseless tyrant, who all through the ages has been letting loose upon poor, suffering humanity a whole swarm of priests and other enslavers of mind and body, pursuing their victims like bloodhounds? Yes, the "Glory of God," you have removed to higher regions, i. e., to an airy nothingness, while here on earth, your honor, priestly pride and dictation over men's consciences flourish in excess.

"And on earth peace, good will toward men." To restore peace to a generation torn up and perishing from mutual hatred and envy, love of power and conquest, oppression, ignorance and injustice, Jesus considered as his true calling. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you," said he to his followers, and sent out his disciples as apostles of peace. But what has become of the peace, of which the Christmas legend speaks? Has Christianity brought peace to mankind? Has it not, on the contrary, burned this earth into a vale of tears, where, in place of the blessings of peace, we find nothing but misery and woe? Under the dominion of the Cross, history records war upon war, the subjugation of peoples, the dismemberment of States, desolated countries, burned cities, gory battle grounds, the horrors of religion, fanaticism, the awful cruelties of the inquisition, and the burning of heretics and witches, the crusades not only against the Mohammedans, but also against the Christian Waldenses and Albigenses, the Hussites, Germans and Slavs—against the spirit of liberty and progress wherever it showed itself.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," says Christ, as the son of man, the ideal man. But Christianity has nursed the race with a cup of woe; made it groan under heavy burdens; taxed and robbed the people for the benefit of the church and the fattening of priests; allied itself with the nobility against the common people, thus creating the class of bondsmen and dependent poor; oppressed the people with tithes and tasks for the support of the drones of the priesthood and nobility. While Christ called men to the liberty of children of one God and Father, and to the truth, that makes free, Christianity by blunting the minds from earliest youth and training them to an abject submissiveness toward the arrogant nobility and priesthood, cheats them out of reason, liberty and manhood.

My eyes rest upon the "little manger," and to me it seems a striking tableau of the history of Christianity, a history of cruel despotism, falsehood and deception. Here I see the Protestant bigot arguing against Catholic black-gowns, accusing popery of having falsified, not Christian tradition only, but the Bible itself in an unblushing manner. We read in 1. John 5: 7: "For there are three that bear record in Heaven: the Father, the Word and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one." How did these words get into the Bible? In none of the Greek or Latin manuscripts which originated during the first eight centuries, in none of the old translations do we find this passage, nor is any such quoted or referred to by any one of the old Christian writers, fathers or councils of the church. Even Luther, not finding it in the Greek text omitted it in his translation as fraudulent. They were Roman Catholic priests who committed this fraud for the purpose of proving by it the fiction of the holy "trinity," and with that the better to stupefy the people. For every one whose impious credulity has gone far enough to believe in the "Trinity," this mockery of common sense, is ready to accept further absurdities. Well, the Catholic black gown humored replies to his Lutheran adversary: "My friend, you better sweep before your own door; for although Luther had good reason for omitting this passage in his translation, you have quietly reinserted it some time ago, because, although fraudulent, it is so well calculated for a 'blind' for your 'evangelical' flock. And, furthermore, have you not copied and endorsed, without protest, a similar fraud of the Greek Catholic priests in 1. Timothy (ch. 3, v. 16) in order to have a passage with which to clearly prove the divinity of Christ? You have done this, knowing that the passage is a pious fraud, and that it could not be

found in the text till long after the Arian troubles, which turned on the question of declaring Christ a God. All the manuscripts of the first few centuries have the passage this way: "Great is the mystery of godliness, which was manifested in the flesh," while in your Bibles, thanks to an unblushing fraud, this passage now reads: "Great is the mystery of godliness. God was manifested in the flesh." Well, you know, "birds of a feather," etc. Concerning interpolations of scripture, we priests, whether Greek Catholic or Roman Catholic, Lutheran or reformed, stand equally guilty. By the way, Roman Catholic priests have also falsified the apostolic creed, for, without now noticing minor changes, they have smuggled into it words about Christ's descending into hell. The words "descending into hell" do not occur in any manuscripts of a date previous to the seventh century.

And now, in front of the quarrelling bigots I see rising up the Spirit of Truth, who addresses them thus:

Christ, whose birthday you celebrate with these trappings, was no God and did not want to be taken for such. In opposition to the Phariseism of his time, which made God a God of revenge and fear, he taught God to be the loving father of all mankind, whose sons, or children, all are. Therefore he prayed, "Our Father in Heaven." When the Bible calls him the son of God, we must bear in mind that it speaks of other men in like manner, and Jesus did not make the slightest difference between God as his father and God as the father of all men. He says: "I go to my father and to your father, to my God and to your God." (John, 20, 17). Likewise Matthew 5, 41: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you," etc., "that ye may be the children of your father in Heaven." Mark relates: (10: 17, 18) "And when he was gone forth into the way, there came one running and kneeled to him and asked him, 'Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?' And Jesus said unto him, 'Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God.' So Christ did not want to be called 'good,' much less 'God.' John (14, 28) has him say plainly enough, 'My father is greater than I.' Would he have expressed himself in this manner if he had considered himself a divine being, equal to God, his father.

With my mind's eye I also see the Apostles arise, and hear them say that all men are truly sons, or children, of God. "For as many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God."—Romans 8, 14; and he adds, verses 15 and 16, "for ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." John teaches the same thing. (1. John 3, 1.) "Behold what manner of love the Father has bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. Beloved, now are we the sons of God." And in the face of these plain utterances, I see the hypocritical convulse of priests planning that most stupendous fraud, to bamboozle the ignorant people by false translation of Scripture into the idea that Christ was God: for the purpose, as Pope Leo X. openly declared, to put themselves into better position, as proxies of this incarnated God, to fill their pockets and lead a life of ease and luxury. This was the end and aim sought for by the clerical impostors, in falsifying the Scriptures, and this is the reason why they have persistently and systematically made out Christ the "son of God," and the rest of mankind his "children" only. Remember that in the original text of the Bible we find uniformly in all places the same term used for Christ and all other men, namely, in Greek the word *pais*, and in Latin the word *filius*—son. If in past centuries somebody had ventured to call the priests to an account for these forgeries, they would have branded him an enemy of God and burned him as a heretic and anti-Christ at the stake. By this means, the barefaced imposition succeeded, so much so, that up to the present time they and their blind followers will declare every one an emissary of the devil who undertakes to spread the light of truth.

Where fools chant their "Gloria," 'tis night, though thousands of candles be shining around the Christmas doll—a fitting emblem of the mental darkness in which Christianity keeps the minds of men. But already we see "Lucifer," the morning star, glittering in the eastern sky, signifying the break of day; little by little the light is spreading in the heads, in the hearts; the fairy-like delusive show begins to pale in the clear light of truth now sweeping in upon it with a power irresistible.

I see a picture of the future. The veil is rent, the night of legend cleared up, and the figure of the "son of man" lives and moves among his fellow men, a sublime reality. There is no more looking for Christ in the Bible, or in heaven, in the refulgence of the Godhead, or in the church—but in the hearts of humanity, in the love toward one's fellow men. "Verily I say unto you, who shall receive one little child in my name, receiveth me"—"inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," and "behold, the kingdom of God is within you." There will be no more need of priests or prophets, for "one is your master, Christ," i. e., the ideal man, true man—and womanhood. And this perception of the truth will carry the day, in spite of Greek Catholic and Roman Catholic and Protestant priesthood, in spite of the unholy alliance of Church and State, in spite of all the obstacles which the relics of barbarism still at work in our civilization are throwing in the way of the final emancipation of mankind from error and wrong from within and without.

The breaking up of church and priest rule and the establishment of a religion of pure humanity was the objective point of Jesus' endeavors. He had no patience with foolish ceremonies and temple worship, but inculcated that God is a spirit, not to be worshipped with any legerdemain of priest, but in spirit and in truth; not with bloody sacrifices, but with a contrite heart. "To do justice is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice." He condemns all public prayer, partly as hypocrisy, partly as folly, "for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him." But such as think they must pray, at all events, he doesn't send to church with prayer or hymn book in hand, but into the quiet closet, to pray unseen. Add of his followers he says that they are not to be known by regular attendance at church, by the creed they profess, by worshiping with or kneeling before any "Reverend" so and so, or by the observance of religious or ecclesiastical customs at all, but by their genuine kindness of heart. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." This law of love was to supplant the dominant selfishness, do away with the pride of riches and station, the abuse of privileges and monopolies, remove oppression, stop the impoverishing of the masses by a favored few, in short, was to

renovate and reconstruct society as a whole socially, religiously and politically, and make room for the kingdom of heaven upon earth. And it needs no argument to prove that the present order of things, based upon grasping selfishness, injustice, adroit scheming and assumption of power, can have no place whatever in this kingdom of heaven on earth. In the latter according to Christ's teachings, all are children of equal rights of one and the same heavenly Father. And this time is drawing near. Already the dawning light of a better era lights up the mountain tops. And the day on which Christ's ideal will be reached, will be the glorious day of his second coming, will be the day of the spiritual resurrection of mankind, the day of judgment upon centuries of wrong.

And here are the priests and their dwarfed spiritual slaves, calling free thinkers "infidels" (unfaithful) to Jesus? Who have perverted his spirit and his teachings? Who have denied and betrayed him for centuries? Who betrays and denies him to this day?

Before me I see moving along the great army of priests and preachers of all the churches and sects, with their religious conceit and bigotry, their intolerance and dogmatism, carrying the torch of religious wars, upholding a system of absurdities, given to a pharisaical zeal in prayer, a slavish deference to those in power, with the tools of torture of the Inquisition, with their benighted, impoverished, degraded and defrauded retinue of all nationalities—and Christ, the son of man, is shedding bitter tears over these traitors of his cause!

The Christmas legend contains in its inmost germ the story of humanity working out its own salvation. Jesus, the son of common people, born in poverty's hut, teaching that the highest good is not to come from above, from those in power and authority, or from the fashionable world, but from among the poor, impoverished, over-worked and disfranchised people. What Jesus was to his own time, what he did for the good of humanity, that which made his name immortal, all that sprang from the common people, from among the lowly, from those which the fashionable and privileged classes look down upon with contempt. Through the legendary tale about the shepherds at Bethlehem, too, there gleams this truth, that persons from the lower, poorer classes generally are the first to rouse to the recognition of high ideals; while the rich, the influential, the fashionable, the Pharisees and Sadducees, the preachers, will care next to nothing about it. And when they were finally compelled to take notice, it was with horror and dismay, with the murderer's sword in hand, as is indicated by the legend of the Bethlehemite children's slaughter. With rare exceptions, those in power and high position look upon the spread of new ideas among the people with fear instead of pleasure, and are unscrupulous in their choice of means to suppress the new-born spirit at the threshold. The Roman governor, Pilate, in league with the priesthood, brings Jesus to the cross, an illustration of the alliance of Church and State. But it's all in vain! The new spirit triumphed.

In vain to hunt down the "infidels" as "dogs"—in vain to make war upon and devastate their country—in vain to carry on a thirty years and still longer religious wars—in vain to burn Huss, Hyronimus of Prague, Savonarola in Rome, Michael Servetus in Geneva—in vain to set fire to Magdeburg and bury its resolute inhabitants under a mass of ruins—the new spirit, the truth will triumph. And what a cheering sight it is to look upon the long line of pioneers who have battled for the light and the truth, for freedom and justice! How comforting to know one's self in the same glorious company, to be maligned, persecuted, imprisoned by the horde of kingly and priestly devotees, as they were!

The Christmas festival is drawing to a close, the distribution of the gifts is finished, Bishop von Ketteler makes a little speech to the "sisters" and the children, and blesses all with his benediction. Sister Sylveria, watching her opportunity, says to me: "Why, my dear pastor, your mind seemed to be in another world all through the exercises. Now, between us, I tell you I felt so myself. Wish I hadn't told you about reading Baltzer's 'Life of Jesus.' It just seemed as if the Christ child, with a benign expression, was saying to me, 'The Christmas dream is beautiful, but truth only can give us real peace. Didn't you think so yourself?'"

"Come, Father B.," said Bishop von Ketteler, "we must now call on the English Misses, who are waiting for me," and together we returned through the cold, wintry night to the Hospital of St. Rochus.

## Summary of the Sixth Annual Report of the Treasurer of the Onset Bay Grove Association, for the Year 1882.

1882, Jan 1	Cash	Dr.
Cash in Treasury	\$3,613.51	
Gross receipts for year ending Jan. 1, 1883	1,112.92	
	\$4,726.43	
Gross expenditures for year ending Jan. 1, 1883, on orders inclusive of orders No. 708 and No. 1004	\$12,021.99	
Cash balance	2,704.44	
	\$14,726.43	
CASH RECEIVED ON ACCOUNT CAMP MEETING		
Cash paid on account camp meeting	\$2,133.16	
Cash paid on account camp meeting	\$1,204.05	
Balance	920.11	
	\$2,133.16	
Amount of previous camp meeting balance	\$1,073.53	
Balance of 1882	920.11	
	\$2,093.64	
Balance in favor of camp meeting account		\$2,093.64
ASSETS OF THE ASSOCIATION		
Land of Onset property	\$1,000.00	
Land of Sturtavart farm	500.00	
13 cottages	900.00	
Park Dining Hall	2,500.00	
Pavilion	600.00	
Unpaid assessments	8.00	
Fixtures, including team	800.00	
Stables and sheds	200.00	
Land sold, not paid for	100.00	
Building materials on hand	300.00	
Down Aleya	150.00	
Lumber for wharf extension	200.00	
Cash in Haverhill Savings Bank	1,000.00	
Cash in City Savings Bank	1,204.44	
Cash in Merrimack National Bank	77.25	
Interest bearing notes	24.00	
Accrued interest to date	\$10,063.69	
LIABILITIES OF THE ASSOCIATION		
Capital stock, 100 shares	\$5,000.00	
Profit and loss	5,063.69	
	\$10,063.69	

## PARKS AND GROVES.

Waban Grove, five acres; Bay View Grove, two acres; Pavilion Park, one and one-half acres; Prospect Park, three acres; Shell-Point Grove, two and one-half acres; Longwood Park, one acre; Wabasso Park, one acre;

camp ground, six acres; shore land, twenty-five acres, more or less.

The value of pleasant Parks and beautiful groves to complete the desired effect of our Summer resort both as a sanitary measure and an indispensable pleasure retreat, are too sacred to be estimated with figures, and they should never be encroached upon except to be made more attractive with pleasant walks, shrubs and flowers;

## IMPROVEMENTS OF 1882.

Since the commencement of the present year the widening of Union Avenue from thirty feet to forty-five feet, and East Boulevard from Twelfth Street to East River Bridge from thirty feet to forty-five feet have been completed and brought nearly at grade. A plank walk five feet wide has been laid the entire length from Park Street to the East River Bridge.

West Boulevard from Onset Avenue to First Street and all the streets leading from West Central Avenue to West Boulevard have been opened. First and Fourth Street have been raised to grade.

An agreement has been signed between the owners of the Sturtavart Farm and the Onset Bay Grove Association, whereby the association assume complete control of the whole property.

The association has purchased the Clayton property on West Central Avenue and fitted the same up for a boarding house. They have also purchased the Cook, stables and sheds at the Horse Grove, and repaired the same for association purposes. The old restaurant has been taken down and the grounds where it stood are to be graded and once more become a prominent part of Prospect Park. Prospect Park Dining Hall has been erected and so far completed as to have been used the past season, which will, when finished and put in proper condition, furnish a very much needed public demand.

Three cottages are being built by the association; two of them for camping purposes, and one of them is to be fitted up expressly for the accommodation of the speakers during the camp-meeting season.

The wharf is to receive a large extension, the piles and lumber for the same have been nearly all bought and paid for. The work is to be done in the coming spring.

The efforts of the association to establish and develop a quiet summer resort have been more than realized. The increase of travel to Onset from 1880 to 1881 was 25 per cent, and from 1881 to 1882 it was 33 per cent.

While the sale of lots has been as large as it was in 1881, it has been a healthy and steady growth; forty-nine lots were sold.

The camp meeting was a success in every particular. The extra talent brought upon the platform, both in speakers and in music has guaranteed the association that the best is the cheapest.

There were built during the past year by private individuals twenty-nine cottages.

At the annual meeting of Onset Bay Grove Association, held in Boston on the 10th inst., the following persons were elected to conduct the affairs of the association for the ensuing year: President, E. Y. Johnson, Warren, R. I.; Vice President, Hon. George Robbins, Fitchburg, Mass.; Clerk, W. F. Nye, New Bedford, Mass.; Treasurer, B. F. Gibbs, Wareham, Mass.

Directors: A. W. Wilcox, Worcester; C. F. Howard, Foxboro; W. C. Carter, Fitchburg; Mrs. H. R. J. Bullock, Wareham, and Miss S. R. Nickles, Stoneham, Mass.

Haverhill, Mass., Jan. 12th 1883.

W. W. CURRIER.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 27, 1883.

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## Circles and Mediums for the Advancement of Low Spirits.

It has been stated, and in some quarters advocated as sound spiritual doctrine, that it is highly advantageous to the lower order of spirit intelligences to communicate through mediums. It is held that the bare fact of such communication, elevates and purifies the spirit and sends it on its progressive way. It is said that low and undeveloped spirits, are confined to earth, just because they cannot make such communications and that they are compelled to remain miserable and degraded until the opportunity offers for them to "come in contact with earth." So strenuously has this been advocated that circles have been and are maintained for the express purpose of giving these spirits a chance to speak, and such circles have been well supported by arousing the sympathies of believers in the doctrine. Now, we confess that we are unable to see the connection such communications have with the advancement of the spirits making them, and certainly the vast majority have none with progress of knowledge here. Taken as a whole they are a dreary mass of words, often meaningless, and although diverse spirits speak, they repeat the same old story. We do not say that these communications are not from the sources they purport to come. Their imperfection does not prove they are not. A host of low and ignorant people enter the Spirit-world, and if they communicate it is to be supposed they would speak as they did while in mortal life. Such people here learn by study, and editors usually are so hard hearted as to reject their communications, should they attempt to write, regardless of the possibility that their advancement may depend on their making the press a slop-bucket for their immanities. The point we raise is this: Why, when these same persons become spirits, their advancement should depend on their communicating through some medium, a dull account of their transition, and feelings in spirit life, and still further what possible good publication can do them? Certainly the publication of these communications is a stumbling block, and source of contumely from those who are outside of Spiritualism; and is of no possible service to those who accept its truth. Then we must look for good directly to the communicating spirit. We are told that great good does follow, why or how is not satisfactorily stated, in short no valid reason can be assigned. The claim comes from and is an excuse for the puerility and vapidly of the communications, which otherwise would have no excuse for publication. Communications, which would at once go into the waste-basket if from mortal source are given a conspicuous place if purporting to be written or communicated by spirits. For what purpose? Because they state new truths, or old ones in better language? Because they will interest or instruct the reader? No, for they are confessedly driveling nonsense; but because such publication will at once unburden the spirits and start them on a new career!

Influenced by this doctrine many mediums yield to a low order of influences, thinking they are doing a deed of charity and true missionary service, while others excuse the incongruity of communications they receive on the same ground. Granting that the doctrine is true, what a lame and impotent plan

of salvation it furnishes! Not one spirit in ten thousand can entertain a hope of writing through a medium. A "free circle room" may accommodate, say a score of spirits a week, but during the week thousands have passed from mortal life. What proportion, then, of these spirits in bondage can be relieved by this method. Evidently it is wholly inadequate to the claims made upon it.

We are led to these reflections from several communications and inquiries we have received. A lady medium writes that Jessie James has become her control and wishes to free his mind, that he may rise above the earth. If he came confessing his horrible crimes and penitent, there would be some excuse. With his bloody record, it might be plausible that he would feel oppressed and the necessity of asking for forgiveness. He, however, speaks in no such strain. He assumes the tone of injured innocence and makes a hero of himself. To publish the unbearable stuff he purports to utter would be an unkindness to the reader, and we fail to see how it would benefit him.

Another is inspired by Guiteau, who thereby is seeking to escape from the inclination to the earth life. She despises him, rebels against the influence, yet feels that she ought in charity to allow him to influence her. We do not hesitate to say that such is a mistaken charity. The Spirit-world is quite capable of taking care of its own. The same laws of advancement govern there as in this life. The way for such a moral monstrosity as Jessie James to advance is to learn the consequences of his course of life, become repentant, and seek a higher plane. Contact with earth through a medium, would intensify his earthly and selfish faculties instead of holding them in abeyance.

The same may be said of Guiteau and all other criminals, cranks, as well as ignorant persons. If their purported communications are indicative of their condition they are as ignorant, or besotted and selfish as before passing from the earth-life, and to use a suggestive phrase, unrepentant. In fact, they usually have, according to their own story, nothing to repent of. They were working at "their mission," and ought to receive praise therefor. Such a doctrine is mischievous and immoral in its tendencies, and carried to its ultimate conclusion leads to the lowest depths of corruption. Some mediums who began by acting the role of charity as missionaries, for the purpose of relieving the minds of low spirits have gone farther, and held that it was necessary for such spirits to relinquish their earthly life in order to escape therefrom. They were forced, they claimed, by their "controls" to indulge in drinking, gormandizing and debauchery, until they became debased and brutalized. Common sense ought to teach that instead of elevating an immortal spirit, such a course of crime, for it can be called by no other name, would cast it down to still lower level, and destroy the medium through which it was effected. It can be by no possibility be of benefit to mortal or spirit to do wrong, and whatever is wrong for mortal is wrong for spirit. The sympathy excited for "degraded spirits" who stand around circle rooms, as it is claimed, in crowds, which exceed the rush for a ticket wagon of a traveling menagerie, awaiting a chance to "say their say," and have it published, that they may "ascend higher," is entirely mistaken, and the money it gives worse than wasted. It propagates a mischievous doctrine, calculated to work injury wherever received, and not only without foundation in spiritual laws but opposed to common sense.

The Spirit-world is capable and willing to care for its own, and its methods of advancement do not require the sacrifice of sensitivities here, nor the publication of voluminous nonsense whose only claim to notice is its spirit-origin. The most illiterate communication may be characteristic and of interest to friends and relatives, as private letters, but this is no reason for making a cash penny of their publication, and forcing them before the public.

## He Don't Yearn for Conviction.

A somewhat widely known newspaper man, west of the Missouri river, writes us as follows:

Can you not do something towards getting Col. Ingersoll to attend a séance of Mrs. Simpson's or some other good medium, and bring him to time. We can make him acknowledge the truth or brand him as a coward. See what you can do. You could by that one stroke convert thousands of his followers. Try it, dear Brother.

Col. Ingersoll has, if we are not mistaken, already had some experience with mediums. It is not at all likely that his mind is any more open to the reception of the truths of Spiritualism than are those of many of the theological dignitaries whom he assails. His work is pre-eminently one of negation; he tells only what has been told a thousand times before in more polished, philosophical and logical ways; but his stalwart utterances, oratorical powers, and good luck have enabled him to make a bigger dent in the public mind and put more money in his pocket than has any other man. If our esteemed correspondent can successfully assist in convincing Col. Ingersoll that he can fill the largest halls and theatres in the country with people at a dollar a head to listen to his affirmative exposition of the truths of Spiritualism—its facts and philosophy, we will agree on our part to convince the great orator of the verity of spirit communion.

C. B. Lynn will speak in Haverhill, Mass., the first two Sundays in February; in Stamford, Conn., the last three Sundays of April; in Brooklyn, N. Y., during May.

## What is Orthodoxy?

The time has been, and not long ago, when there was no doubt what doctrines the Church held and taught. It is not so now. Creed and catechism have had their day, but have measurably ceased to be even an approximately correct statement of what the Church believes. True, the creed and catechism are unchanged, but the words have a new meaning; men read between the lines. What would have been styled heresy in the old times, has so permeated the body of the Church, that when some one more bold or less discreet than his fellows, utter the convictions he holds, the outside world, expecting instant explosion of the offenders, is startled by finding he is not in advance of his congregation; that they are not surprised nor alarmed; the preacher has but spoken their thought better than they could have done it themselves. Mr. Beecher denies an eternal hell, and enforces his denial by withdrawing from the congregational association, avowedly on the ground that he no longer believes as they do; but his church is as crowded as ever; it is still necessary (if not right) to have policemen present to enable the pew-owners to make their way through the throng of eager, earnest men and women who throng to hear him. Mr. Newton boldly attacks the plenary inspiration of the Bible, and straightway some of his Episcopalian associates declare, as we heard one: "The only importance his sermons have, is from his being an Episcopalian minister; but he who denies the inspiration of the Bible, denies the Church which proclaims it in her articles. Let him leave the Church whose faith he has abandoned—he would soon sink into insignificance." This is one man's view, but a digest of opinions gathered from Episcopalsians, tells a different story. The Rev. Dr. Rylance is reported to have said: "It is a bad sign, I take it, that the religious public should seem so shocked at the views of Mr. Newton upon the Bible, since such views are more or less common in the world of Christian scholarship, and it is very undesirable that Christendom should degenerate to the condition decaying paganism was found in, when there were two faiths in existence—one of the common people, who continued to believe in myths and tales of the gods elaborated by the poets, and the other of the philosopher, who laughed or sneered at all such things. Mr. Newton has simply the courage to state publicly—deeming the time here for the statement to be made thus—what many of our orthodox religious guides hold as to the natural history and authority of the Bible. And members of Mr. Newton's congregation declare they see nothing to object to in the sermons which have made such a stir.

Nor is the difficulty confined to this country. The Bishop of Manchester on a recent occasion of consecrating a church at Mossley predicted that unless the present internecine war in the Church of England were speedily terminated, the days of the Church as a national institution were numbered. The very faith of the Church was in jeopardy, while its members were fighting about the clothes they should wear.

Everywhere the "form of sound-words," by which men have been held, is slipping from the grasp of the people. Everywhere are men now absolutely rejecting one doctrine; again criticising away another, and we have heard some speak of the revision of the Bible as a confession of judgment that the Bible was not inspired, thus casting down at one fell swoop all the teachings of the creeds, as authoritative statements. Hence the pertinence of our query, "What is Orthodoxy?"

The term literally means right thinking, and had come to mean thinking in agreement with accepted authority. But authority is dethroned now, and men are seeking new statements, something that shall express the convictions of to-day, rather than the crude imagining of centuries ago. So the Congregationalists have appointed a committee to draw up a new creed. In the January number of the *North American Review*, Revs. Mr. Smyth, Lyman Abbott, and H. W. Beecher discuss the subject of Revision of Creeds, each ably, but each from his own standpoint. They seem to agree that creeds grow; if they are so hard and inelastic they cannot do this, they die, for men will grow away from them. We give some specimens, showing the different writers' recognition of the need of new definitions of Orthodoxy:

"The paramount question now does not lie between different interpretations of Christ anointing in as many different sects; it is whether there is any divine revelation, whether we have any religion at all."—Rev. Dr. Smyth.

"Our church creeds are, for the most part, statements, not of religious facts, but of religious theories; and our theological controversies are almost entirely about, not the facts, but the theories."—Rev. Dr. Abbott.

"It is not to be denied that in every community where the intellect has been aroused good men have become dissatisfied with the old and prevalent creeds. That creeds should be rejected by men who have abandoned all faith in revealed religion, or by scientists who have gone into the twilight of agnosticism, can excite no surprise. But in a different way, and for different reasons, discontent prevails among thoughtful men and the most devout. It may be seen in the gradual disuse in the pulpit of venerable symbols of doctrine; in the attempt, by construction to bring them into sympathy with modern religious ideas; in the demand in various quarters for an amendment of creeds; in a spasmodic attempt on the part of good but not wise men to bring back neglected creeds to the family, the school and the church service; which is as if on a November should gather the leaves that have finished their work and attempt to give them again to their old places and make them perform again their past and finished functions, and above all, by this discontent with ancient doctrinal formulas is shown by an organized attempt to frame a creed that shall be suitable to the

divinely appointed fruit of modern thought." [Alluding to the commission appointed to prepare a capitulary of doctrine for the Congregational Churches.]

"Catholic and Protestant stand before the world to show that complicated metaphysical creeds do not draw Christians together, but separate them; that they do not promote union, but dissent; and that the more they reduce moral truths to sharp definition the less possible is it to hold large bodies of active minded men in unity."

"The characteristic of the whole Bible is that truths of the head are expressed in the language of the heart. Creeds have attempted to express emotion of the heart in the language of the head. The reduction of an emotion to an idea is not a translation, but a destruction. A flower analyzed is a flower destroyed. . . . Creed makers have treated the Bible as men do their sheep, shearing the wool to make thread, dyeing the thread for the shuttle, and working the shuttle in the loom to create every fabric that invention can achieve, all the while declaring that these fabrics and patterns all grew on the sheep's back."

"There are two great churches, the church mechanical and the church spiritual. The one is materialized, has order, forms, regulations like a kingdom; the other is living, lambent, invisible, of no shape, with no creed but holiness, with no ordinances, but with the real, personal ministry of the Holy Spirit always present, and the light, the life, the power of God."

"The only orthodoxy on earth is the beauty of holiness. Above all creeds is the creed of right living. God and the human soul are the only forces that the world knows. All others are derivative, subservient, auxiliary."

"All that in the church to-day is lifting and purifying man and infusing into society the redemptive spirit of Christ, is from the soul-power of men illumined by the soul of God; and the zealous disciples of the letter—the mechanical defenders of a mechanical creed—are the chief adversaries which the gospel meets."—H. W. Beecher.

Still, we have not found an answer to the question. Orthodoxy is just now in a transition state and undefinable. In the mean time, while the professors are trying to answer our question, let us do some "right thinking" ourselves, and not be frightened at the conclusions we cannot fail to reach. If God did dictate the Bible, it was dictated to men; it is impossible that man's expression of divine truth could be divine—only to such a degree as they were able to receive and express.

If we study nature in ourselves and outside of us, accepting its phenomena as evidence of the Creator's will, we shall surely be orthodox in our belief in the true meaning of the term, though every D. D. should shake his head in solemn rebuke of our hardihood. And our creed will grow as we grow in knowledge, never reaching a culmination, for eternity will always have its mysteries and its revelations.

## Readers in the State of New York, Attention!

A movement is again to be made in the State of New York against the "Doctors' Law." We publish below a petition addressed to the Legislature of that State, which we advise our readers in New York to sign and procure others to sign, and forward without delay one to their Senator and one to their Assemblyman. It needs duplicates. A petition is valuable aid to any one lobbying a bill. He can refer to it as showing general interest. To the collective Legislative body, however, it is a folded paper with an endorsement upon it. The several members do not criticize it or scrutinize the signatures. It is read or not and referred to a committee, and forgotten by the members who are to vote upon the bill at its passage. On the other hand a letter from a constituent to his member, however humble the former may be, is carefully read and makes an impression; therefore, while commending the signing and presenting of the petition below, we at the same time urge each reader, male and female, to find out who is their Senator and Assemblyman and address to each a short letter. Cut out the "BIB" which we print below, paste it to your letter, and ask him to get it passed. The help will be wonderful. There will be parties at Albany, N. Y., pressing the bill. Aid them.

A MEMORIAL OF CITIZENS OF NEW YORK FOR SECURING THE PROTECTION AND PRESERVATION OF THE NATURAL RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

To the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New York:

The undersigned, citizens of the State of New York, do hereby entreat the attention of your honorable bodies to the following facts:

1. There now exists upon the Statute Books of this State a proscriptive medical law, (R. S. Chap. 436 and Chap. 513) the enforcement of which causes much injustice to a large number of reputable citizens, depriving them of the right to employ such medical art for the alleviation of suffering and the cure of disease as their judgment shall dictate.

2. This law deprives from practicing within this State persons who are gifted with the power of "healing by laying on of hands," through the presence and imparting of vital magnetic force and otherwise. Some of these powers are natural to the practitioner and are not increased, but more likely to be diminished by the course of study required in the medical colleges.

In view of this serious encroachment upon the natural rights of the people in those hours of affliction when they stand most in need of freedom of action, we respectfully entreat you to pass the following bill.

A BILL FOR AN ACT TO PROTECT AND PRESERVE THE NATURAL RIGHTS OF RESIDENTS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK IN SICKNESS AND MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

The People of the State of New York represented in Senate and Assembly do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. The right of every citizen and of the people to employ for medical purposes the services of any individual in whom he or she may have confidence; whether such em-

ploye has or has not a medical diploma, or has or has not registered as a physician, shall not be questioned in the State of New York.

SECT. 2. No such employe as aforesaid shall be liable to fine or imprisonment for rendering such service when guiltless of any false representation in connection therewith.

SECT. 3. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

## Reception to Capt. Brown and Mrs. Brigham.

On Wednesday evening of last week, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Harcourt gave a reception at their residence on Bishop Court, to Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham and Capt. H. H. Brown. It is seldom, in the exigencies of the lecture field, that two such talented speakers can be met on the same evening; and as a consequence, few "regrets" were sent and the parlors were crowded with a happy company. After an hour of conversation, and music by Mrs. Treffrey, Mr. J. C. Bundy made a few remarks complimentary to Mrs. Brigham and Capt. Brown, and said he only voiced the sentiment of the numerous friends in requesting Mrs. Brigham and the Captain to favor the company with some of their inspirations. Capt. Brown, after a few felicitous and humorous words, gave several recitations in fine style, after which Mrs. Brigham gave an impromptu poem, from subjects supplied at the moment, which was warmly applauded. Mrs. O. T. Shepard, always a favorite speaker on these occasions, by invitation then made a brilliant little speech, full of pathos and good sense, which met a responsive chord in the hearts of the company. Many of the officers and active members of the two Societies were present, and all seemed to unite most harmoniously and cordially in the spirit of the hour.

On Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Slocum gave another reception to Mrs. Brigham, which was well attended and highly enjoyed by all who were so fortunate as to be present.

## Not Complimentary to the People of the State of New York.

The *New York Medical Journal*, published in the interest of that class of doctors who ignore the individual right of Americans to select their own physician or go without one, utters the following insult to the people:

"The people of the State of New York have for years persistently and stupidly refused to protect their own interests, their health and their lives by any regulation of medical practice worthy of the name."

Such language coming from a paper devoted to a class or society which is ever besieging the Legislature to protect the public for their own pecuniary profit, is, to say the least, unbecoming.

Genuine therapeutics made greater advances, in the State of New York, in the forty years (1834 to 1874) in which there was no law restrictive of medical practice, beyond common law responsibility for maltreatment, than during any similar period.

The present law in that State is too stringent. Had it always been in force the Homeopaths, Electropaths and Hydropaths would all be in jail or out of the way of the Allopaths, who would still be administering their heroic doses and plying the willing lancet. It is very well to "register" all healers after some proper method, and deprive of their license such as misuses it; but the people must not be tied up to any order or classes of practice.

## Champions of Woman Suffrage.

[Inter-Ocean.]

Some persons think the champions of the woman's suffrage movement are all old maids or women who have no interesting domestic ties. In refutation of this Susan B. Anthony, the only one of the agitators who never married, publishes the following statement as to the children of woman suffrage women:

Lucretia Mott, 5 daughters, one son.....	6
Elizabeth Cady Stanton, 5 sons, 2 daughters.....	7
Martha C. Wright, 2 sons, 3 daughters.....	5
Antoinette Brown Blackwell, 5 daughters.....	5
Lucy Stone, 1 daughter.....	1
Harriet Robinson, 3 daughters.....	3
Mary A. Livermore, 2 daughters.....	2
Lillie Devereaux Blake, 2 daughters.....	2
Matilda Joselyn Gage, 1 son, 3 daughters.....	4
Belva A. Lockwood, 2 daughters.....	2
Elizabeth Baynton Harbert, 1 boy, 2 girls.....	3
Helen Ekin Starrett.....	8 of 9
Myra Bradwell, 2 girls, 1 boy.....	3
Francis D. Gage, 6 boys, 2 girls.....	8
Mrs. C. L. H. Nichols, 3 boys, 1 girl.....	4
Mrs. Olympia Brown, 1 girl, 1 boy.....	2

Susan and her friends can find further food for speculation from these figures, in that they show fifty per cent. more girls than boys. Indeed it suggests a method by which the balance between the sexes can be so adjusted in a generation or two as to make the male only an insignificant factor in society. When this occurs such devoted agitators as Mrs. Livermore will not do as she once did—turn her face to the wall and weep because the new born infant was a daughter.

The *Banner* and a Philadelphia sheet habitually indulge in vituperation and abuse of some of the best people in the Spiritualist ranks. It has been the practice of these papers to denounce them even to the extent of declaring them to be enemies of the spiritual cause. Albeit Putnam has, written, and for a wonder, the *Banner* has printed a letter entitled, "Tolerance better than denunciation." Mr. Putnam maintains the dogma that differences of opinion among Spiritualists should be expected and tolerated, and not made the basis for wranglings and abuse. Let the *Banner* take heed.

Kersey Graves, the author, is now ready to receive calls to lecture wherever his services may be desired. Address him at Richmond, Ind.



## GENERAL NOTES.

[Notices of Meetings, movements of Lecturers and Mediums, and other items of interest, for this column are solicited, but as the paper goes to press Tuesday A. M., such notices must reach this office on Monday.]

We have received a fine photograph of Miss Susie M. Johnson, for which we return thanks. J. Frank Baxter lectured and gave tests, Jan. 14th, at Hyde Park, Mass.

Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham lectures at Springfield, Mass., during the month.

Judge Stansell, of Leadville, Colorado, spent last Sunday in the city and attended Mr. Howe's lectures.

Mr. Fred A. Heath, the blind medium, lectures at Fall River, Mass., the 28th; Cambridgeport, Feb. 4th. Engagements can be made for the month of March by addressing him at 721 Lawrence street, Charleston, Mass.

Mrs. E. S. Silverston is now in Michigan, giving tests and holding public circles. She is now engaged at Kalamazoo, and parties in the vicinity desiring her services, can address her at that place.

George A. Fuller, of Dover, Mass., attended the convention of the New Hampshire State Association of Spiritualists, N. H., Jan. 20th and 21st. He lectures at Newburyport, Mass., Jan. 28th.

Hugo Preyer has commenced the publication of a paper in the German language at Denver, Colorado. It bears the name of *Colorado Courier*. We hope he will have success in this western undertaking.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield will lecture in Beverly, Mass., on the 28th; Keene, N. H., Feb. 4th and 11th; Newburyport, Mass., Feb. 18th, and in Portland, Me., March 4th and 11th. Engagements can be made for other dates by addressing him Box 30, Stafford Springs, Ct.

The 18th annual meeting of the Illinois Press Association will be held at the Palmer House, Chicago, Feb. 14th, 15th and 16th. Questions of great importance will come up for discussion, and it is hoped there will be a full attendance of the members.

Capt. H. H. Brown will speak at Kalamazoo, Mich., Jan. 26th, 27th and 28th, and at Lowell, Mich., the 29th. He is on his way eastward, and can be engaged in Pennsylvania and New York for dates in February and March. Address as above, or at his home, 734 Jefferson street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Pastor of a Presbyterian church in Pittsburg, Penn., on the first Sunday of the month asked all those of his church who had danced during the last year to stay away from the communion table. About three-eighths of the whole number, acting upon the suggestion, did not come forward. The suspended members have until March to confess their sin and promise new obedience.

It is claimed by a special dispatch to the *Chicago Tribune* from Erie, Pa., that Prof. Thompson, a few evenings ago, successfully exposed Henry Allen, the materializing medium, by exploding a tube filled with chemicals at a dark séance, revealing the medium in the act of handling the guitar, whose music was supposed to be evolved by spirits. He claims that although caught in handling the instrument, none but the angels played "Over the Garden Wall," the air abruptly terminated by the explosion.

The prohibitory amendment to the Constitution of Iowa, adopted by popular vote last June, has been declared invalid by the Supreme Court of that State, Judge Severs rendering the decision. The case was adjudicated upon the simple point raised—the question as to whether the forms of law had been complied with in the adoption of the amendment. This question being answered in the negative, the case was at an end.

C. E. Watkins will remain at Lawton Station, Erie Co., N. Y., until March. We hope he will recognize his unfitness for travel and promiscuous sittings, cultivate his will power, and strive in every way to be a better man. He has splendid gifts that should be made to conserve the best interests of Spiritualism; and but for his trifling character and bad habits he would be one of the most honored mediums in the country. Unless he can change his course, the poor house and the gutter will be the end. Hosts of friends stand ready to aid him in a better life but he must do his part.

Lyman C. Howe, the veteran lecturer, appeared before the Second Society of Spiritualists at 55 South Ada Street, on Sunday last. Only forty persons in the morning braved the inclemency of the weather; and although the speaker had traveled all night and got off the cars and proceeded direct to the hall, he delivered an excellent address, highly appreciated by those present. In the evening he was greeted by a fine audience who seemed to take a deep interest in his remarks. Indeed, his lecture was profoundly eloquent, containing much food for thought, and making a lasting impression on the minds of his listeners. He lectures again next Sunday.

A new volume on the STATE OF NEW YORK has just been issued, which should be in the hands of every one interested in the Empire State, also in every public and private library. It embraces historical, descriptive, and statistical notices of cities, towns, villages, industries, and summer resorts in various parts of the State, together with a complete list of the post-offices, counties, and county towns, lakes, rivers, railroads, &c., and is embellished with 200 fine wood-engravings, illustrating almost every point of interest. No book has yet been published on New York State, so picturesque as this, and containing so much information of a general and practical use.

The get-up of the book is all that could be desired. The size is octavo, and it is printed on tinted paper and bound in blue cloth and gold, top edges gilt, and published at the low price of \$1.50. The compiler, editor, and publisher of the book is Henry Kollock, office, 22 Vesey street, New York City.

In a visit to Palenque in Central America, twenty years ago, Mr. Charency cut down all the trees on a certain tract of land. Returning there last year he found it covered with a new growth of trees, several of which showed 230 rings.

Professor H. D. Garrison gave the second of his lectures on Evolution Sunday afternoon at the Grand Opera House. He presented a series of views showing the comparative sizes of all the planets and their relative position as regards the sun. Several fine views of the comets of a number of years past were thrown upon the canvas. The transit of Venus was carefully given in detail through the medium of six views. The moon was graphically depicted. The craters of the moon were shown by some carefully prepared photographs taken by Professor Hough and the lecturer. Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and the sun were shown with a startling vividness that almost made one feel they were taken on the spot, so minute were all the details entered into. The stars that deck the distant skies were shown and the Milky Way also, with the relative size of our solar system. A series of star maps were given, showing the infinite variety of myriads of these suns, as the lecturer called them, that are invisible to the naked eye; they were depicted by views taken with the most powerful telescope in the world. The lecture was intensely interesting throughout.

Dr. David Stern, a prominent Jew of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., is out in a lengthy letter advocating the abandonment of Saturday, the Bible Sabbath, as a "rest-day," by his people, and the substitution thereof of the Christian's Sabbath, the first day of the week, the resurrection day of Christ, and established as a festival day by the Roman Emperor Constantine, A. D. 321. Dr. Stern begins by calling attention to the fact that his own people do not in any considerable numbers observe and respect the seventh day. "The few attendants on Saturday," he says, "are composed of some old ladies and children who have nothing else in this wide world to do, but the bone and sinew of the congregation, the young and middle aged, are no where to be seen." Since the Jew has assumed the privilege of citizenship, and taken upon himself corresponding duties, Dr. Stern is of the opinion that "there is no other way in which he can become fully identified with the spirit of the age than by the abandonment of all the external rites which tended forever to stamp him as an Oriental sojourner amid Occidental nations."

One of the marked features, and crowning, as well as essential, characteristics of a popular road, is its safety. The rapidity with which a train of cars moves very naturally suggests the idea of danger to one not accustomed to such rapid traveling. We have heard that the CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY is the safest in the country. Whether we should use the superlative form of the word safe or not, it is proper to refer to two or three facts in this connection, for safety in railroad traveling is a consideration of no small moment. First, the road-bed seems to be a perfect one, with steel rails on all its main lines and most of its branches. Hence its firm and substantial character is very readily realized as the train passes over it. Another feature is the most perfect condition of the cars run on this road. The coaches all have the appearance of having just come from the shop and seemingly in the most complete order for service and safety. Another feature of safety is the kind of men employed to run the trains. They are evidently not of ordinary stock, but are selected as men worthy to be trusted with the lives of hundreds and thousands of people. There is an air of business and stability about them that gives a traveler a feeling of trust and confidence. The safety of a road is one of the first things that a traveling public desire to be assured of, and we are satisfied that the Company controlling these great and important lines spares no pains or expense to make this feature of their road all that the public can ask or demand.

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## A Valuable Premium to Subscribers.

Ever on the alert to extend to our patrons such friendly favors as shall cement still more firmly the cordial relations already existing, we have for a long time been looking for something to offer as a premium that would be of intrinsic value to our patrons and free from the serious objections pertaining to chromos, engravings, and pictures requiring several times their original cost to be expended in framing. We wanted a book; one that should be a veritable companion. We could find plenty of stale, unsalable and obsolete books, to be had at about the price of old paper, but such were not what we were looking for. We wanted a dictionary, but here another obstacle arose, all the low priced dictionaries were either in too small type, or printed from worn-out plates or otherwise objectionable. At last, however, our trouble is over and we are happy. We have found what we want in the National Standard Dictionary, fresh from the press and printed on new plates from good readable type. Of course the book is not a "Webster's Unabridged," we don't claim it is; yet so far as it goes it is trustworthy and meritorious, and will serve the purposes for which a dictionary is wanted in thousands of families. The terms on which it is offered our patrons is, we think, exceedingly liberal and only such as can be offered in anticipation of a most generous patronage and by buying for cash a very large quantity. There are other dollar dictionaries in the market; we have carefully examined nearly all and give the National Standard the preference by far, though we can buy others for much less money. We know our readers appreciate the best. See advertisement in another column, for particulars.

Professor H. D. Garrison gave the second of his lectures on Evolution Sunday afternoon at the Grand Opera House. He presented a series of views showing the comparative sizes of all the planets and their relative position as regards the sun. Several fine views of the comets of a number of years past were thrown upon the canvas. The transit of Venus was carefully given in detail through the medium of six views. The moon was graphically depicted. The craters of the moon were shown by some carefully prepared photographs taken by Professor Hough and the lecturer. Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and the sun were shown with a startling vividness that almost made one feel they were taken on the spot, so minute were all the details entered into. The stars that deck the distant skies were shown and the Milky Way also, with the relative size of our solar system. A series of star maps were given, showing the infinite variety of myriads of these suns, as the lecturer called them, that are invisible to the naked eye; they were depicted by views taken with the most powerful telescope in the world. The lecture was intensely interesting throughout.

Dr. David Stern, a prominent Jew of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., is out in a lengthy letter advocating the abandonment of Saturday, the Bible Sabbath, as a "rest-day," by his people, and the substitution thereof of the Christian's Sabbath, the first day of the week, the resurrection day of Christ, and established as a festival day by the Roman Emperor Constantine, A. D. 321. Dr. Stern begins by calling attention to the fact that his own people do not in any considerable numbers observe and respect the seventh day. "The few attendants on Saturday," he says, "are composed of some old ladies and children who have nothing else in this wide world to do, but the bone and sinew of the congregation, the young and middle aged, are no where to be seen." Since the Jew has assumed the privilege of citizenship, and taken upon himself corresponding duties, Dr. Stern is of the opinion that "there is no other way in which he can become fully identified with the spirit of the age than by the abandonment of all the external rites which tended forever to stamp him as an Oriental sojourner amid Occidental nations."

One of the marked features, and crowning, as well as essential, characteristics of a popular road, is its safety. The rapidity with which a train of cars moves very naturally suggests the idea of danger to one not accustomed to such rapid traveling. We have heard that the CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY is the safest in the country. Whether we should use the superlative form of the word safe or not, it is proper to refer to two or three facts in this connection, for safety in railroad traveling is a consideration of no small moment. First, the road-bed seems to be a perfect one, with steel rails on all its main lines and most of its branches. Hence its firm and substantial character is very readily realized as the train passes over it. Another feature is the most perfect condition of the cars run on this road. The coaches all have the appearance of having just come from the shop and seemingly in the most complete order for service and safety. Another feature of safety is the kind of men employed to run the trains. They are evidently not of ordinary stock, but are selected as men worthy to be trusted with the lives of hundreds and thousands of people. There is an air of business and stability about them that gives a traveler a feeling of trust and confidence. The safety of a road is one of the first things that a traveling public desire to be assured of, and we are satisfied that the Company controlling these great and important lines spares no pains or expense to make this feature of their road all that the public can ask or demand.

In a visit to Palenque in Central America, twenty years ago, Mr. Charency cut down all the trees on a certain tract of land. Returning there last year he found it covered with a new growth of trees, several of which showed 230 rings.

A new volume on the STATE OF NEW YORK has just been issued, which should be in the hands of every one interested in the Empire State, also in every public and private library. It embraces historical, descriptive, and statistical notices of cities, towns, villages, industries, and summer resorts in various parts of the State, together with a complete list of the post-offices, counties, and county towns, lakes, rivers, railroads, &c., and is embellished with 200 fine wood-engravings, illustrating almost every point of interest. No book has yet been published on New York State, so picturesque as this, and containing so much information of a general and practical use.

The get-up of the book is all that could be desired. The size is octavo, and it is printed on tinted paper and bound in blue cloth and gold, top edges gilt, and published at the low price of \$1.50. The compiler, editor, and publisher of the book is Henry Kollock, office, 22 Vesey street, New York City.

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## Temperance.

Wednesday evening of last week, Bishop Ireland of St. Paul, lectured in Central Music Hall, under the auspices of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, on "Temperance." Nearly every seat in the hall was occupied. He set forth that the total number of dealers in all kinds of liquors was stated to be 185,729, or one for every 270 men, women and children. In the first district of Illinois, which groups the rural counties of Kane and Du Page with Cook, there are 5,000 licensed rum-sellers, or one to every 130 of the population. Estimating from statistics furnished by Dr. Hargreave, there are 722,500 hopeless drunkards in the United States. As fast as they roll into their graves others come up to take their places. On the basis of the same estimate, there are 19,900 hopeless drunkards in the first district of Illinois. The speaker quoted A. M. Sullivan's recent statement that if the Irish would let liquor alone for five years, the land of Ireland would be freed from the curse of landlordism. He stated that 95 per cent of the crimes committed by Irishmen are due to whisky, and trusted the time would come when it would be a disgrace for an Irishman to be a saloon keeper. Make the Irish people sober, he said, and they would soon acquire their homes and their names would be read with respect by Americans.

January 1st, 1883, the *Marshall Statesman*, of Marshalltown, Iowa, came out with sixteen pages (same size as those of the daily *Tribune* of Chicago), devoted to the commercial and manufacturing interests of the city. On the first page is a bird's-eye view of the town and surrounding country. Scattered throughout the paper are nearly 70 illustrations of business houses, etc. The task of getting out such a paper was large, and exhibits great enterprise on the part of the publisher and his patrons.

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CURES EVERY CASE OF PILES.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

On the 5th inst., at the house of her daughter, Mrs. Rouse, passed to the higher life Mrs. A. M. Hovey, wife of Dr. E. Hovey, of Springfield, Mass., in the sixty-third year of her age.

Passed to the higher life at Leadville, Colorado, Jan. 7th, 1883, from her residence, No. 210 East 7th Street, Mrs. J. R. Hovey, aged forty-four years. She was an affectionate and devoted wife, highly esteemed friend and neighbor, and beloved by all who knew her. She has left a mourning family who are conscious of her spiritual presence, and he rejoices in that golden link that binds his soul to the spheres above.

She has left her earthly tenement of clay and bid adieu to all things mortal. Her soul spirit body entered day as she entered that heavenly day.

Mrs. S. Young passed from earth life, Nov. 22nd. She had been a Spiritualist for more than thirty years and a reader of the *Journal* for thirteen or more. Mr. Howe conducted the services at her funeral. She was quiet and unassuming in her life. M. A. MANDEVILLE, Waverly, N. Y.

Michigan Annual Meeting.

There will be a three days' Meeting of the Spiritualists and Spiritualists of Michigan, probably at Grand Rapids, about the middle of March. Speakers and Mediums who desire to attend are requested to address, with terms.

J. M. POTTER, Lansing, Mich.

Spiritualist Convention.

The First District Association of Spiritualists, composed of Adams, El Dorado, and Jackson Counties, Mich., will hold a convention at the Court House, in Lapeer City, Feb. 2nd and 3rd, 1883. All the members and friends interested in the completion of this organization are desired to be present.

Saturday A. M. will be devoted to business, the evening to speaking, and also Sunday. It is an important crisis in the spiritual movement and essential that the business part be well represented, and the good things which follow the unity of expression of our noble principles.

Good speakers will be in attendance, and a large number are expected. Mr. J. P. Whiting, Milford; Mrs. J. A. Peirson, Ithaca; Dr. E. S. Sidney, Detroit; and Rev. J. H. Fowler, of Lapeer, will also attend.

Reduced rates at the following Hotels: Knox's Exchange, American House, Madison House, at 75 cents per day including breakfast; Algonquin House, \$1.00.

Mrs. F. E. O'NEILL, Sec.

Spiritual Meetings in Chicago.

SECOND SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS meets regularly in Martine's Hall, No. 55 South Ada Street, between Madison and Washington Streets. Services at 10:45 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Lecturer: Lyman C. Howe.

The Chicago Progressive Lyceum, convenes at 12:30 each Sabbath at Martine's Hall, 55 South Ada Street, to which all are cordially invited.

Meetings at Martine's Hall, 55 South Ada Street, each Sunday at 2:30 o'clock P. M.

Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York.

NEW YORK.—The New York Spiritual Conference, the oldest Association organized in the interest of modern Spiritualism, in the country, holds its sessions in the Harvard Building on Sixth Avenue, opposite Bowling Green, every Sunday from 2:30 to 5 P. M. The public is invited.

F. E. FAIRBANKS, Secretary.

Address Box 777 P. O.

At Brooklyn Hall, No. 11 East 14th Street, near Fifth Avenue, New York City, the Harmonical Association under Andrew Jackson Davis, President and regular speaker, hold a public meeting every Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, to which all are cordially invited. These meetings continue without intermission until June 10th, 1883. Services commence and conclude with music.

THE FIRST SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS holds services at Brooklyn Hall, No. 11 East 14th St., (near Broadway) every Sunday at half past eight and half past seven P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 5 P. M.

CHURCH OF THE NEW SPIRITUAL DISPENSATION, Church below Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Inspirational preaching by Walter Russell every Sunday at 8 A. M. and at 7:30 P. M. Sunday school for old and young, 10:30 A. M. Ladies' Aid Society every Wednesday at 2 and the Young People's Association at 7:30 P. M. The People's Prayer Meeting every Saturday at 7:30. All meet at the Church and seats free.

A. H. DAILEY, President.

The Friday evening Conference will be held at the Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation on Clinton Avenue, between Myrtle and Park Avenue, at 7:30 P. M.

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It is the only one that is so wise, and so wise. It is the only one that is so kind, and so gentle. It is the only one that is so loving, and so tender. It is the only one that is so faithful, and so true. It is the only one that is so loyal, and so brave. It is the only one that is so noble, and so great. It is the only one that is so good, and so beautiful. It is the only one that is so great, and so wonderful. It is the only one that is so true, and so real. It is the only one that is so pure, and so clean. It is the only one that is so honest, and so sincere. It is the only one that is so brave, and so bold. It is the only one that is so wise, and so wise. It is the only one that is so kind, and so gentle. It is the only one that is so loving, and so tender. It is the only one that is so faithful, and so true. It is the only one that is so loyal, and so brave. It is the only one that is so noble, and so great. It is the only one that is so good, and so beautiful. 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## Voices from the People, AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

### Now and Then.

BY N. J. WENTWORTH.

"I am forego my Now, for an Immortal Then."—*Theodore Parker.*

The Now, with her raiment of beauty,  
With promise of pleasure and gain,  
That phantom-like ever eludes us  
And leaves us but sorrow and pain.

The Now, that ignoring restriction,  
Bids us not wait for the Then,  
Is the Now that is most to be dreaded,  
And shunned by the truest of men.

But the Then for which you have waited,  
Are, waited in sorrow and tears,  
Will be Now, with a beauty and gladness,  
That will last through eternity's years.

Oh, ye who would live in the Present,  
Untrue to the duties of men,  
Remember! no blessings await you  
In the beautiful kingdom of Then.

### The Water's Course.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

A beautiful flower bent his head  
To the rippling wave that was flowing past;  
"O glistening water, stay," it said,  
"Nor hasten away so fast!"

But the water murmured, "I may not bide,  
I must on through the pastures and cornfields  
glide."

O'er the smiling face of the countryside  
To the rushing river deep and wide,  
Thence, on its bosom, in safety ride  
Till I bathe, at last, in the ocean-side.

"But, fair little flower, do not sigh,  
Though I say good-day, it is not good-bye,  
For, soon or late, I'll return to you  
In crystal drops of the evening dew."

### A Strange Apparition.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

My first experience in Spiritualism occurred when I was only five years old. I was a large fat baby child, accustomed to sleep each day after dinner. On waking up on one occasion, everything in the room seemed to have life—the chairs, table, etc. I was laying on my back when I noticed this strange phenomenon; turning on my side, I saw on the floor, a gold-headed walking cane. I got out of my bed and taking it in my hand, I found a small gold chain attached to a staple in the gold head. I placed the cane against my breast and commenced pulling the chain hand over hand towards me; it seemed to pass through a doorway, the door being slightly ajar. I had pulled, perhaps, three feet of slack chain, when the door opened, and a large man stepped out. The chain was hooked to a button hole in his vest. I was so close to the door that my hands nearly touched his vest. He did not look at me, but seemed to be looking up into space. I felt as though I was doing wrong by taking the cane and handing it to him. He took it in his hand. I then started down stairs. There were several blankets hanging on the rail at the top of the stairs. I took one of them, and in a boyish way covered my head. I was ashamed that I had taken his cane. I walked down two flights of stairs. He followed me. At the foot of the stairs I threw the blanket on the floor, and he picked it up, folded it, and returned it to the place from which I got it. I stood at the foot of the stairs and watched him.

The members of the family were all out of the house, but my oldest sister, twelve years of age, was rocking the baby. After the apparition passed out of my sight at the head of the stairs, I turned to tell my sister what I had seen, but just at that moment there seemed to be two legs of nails tumbling down the stairs, one after the other. My sister became frightened and fainted. Mother was within twenty yards of the house, but I ran to the stairs to see what had come down, but I found nothing at all was quiet. I then went to the door, called my mother, and told her that my sister was dead. She immediately threw water in my sister's face, and then asked me what had happened. I then described the incident to her before my sister became fully conscious. She said I had been dreaming, but my sister, on recovering, told the same story so far as the noise was concerned. There is nothing so vividly impressed on my memory as this incident, although happening fifty-five years ago. I know the apparition was not a man in the form, or belonging to this mundane sphere.

F. A. FAIR.

### Henry Ward Beecher—Mental and Moral Muddle.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the JOURNAL of October you published a report of the statement of Henry Ward Beecher's religious, or rather theological opinions on his withdrawal from the Brooklyn Congregational Association. It is an odd mixture of good sense and absurdity—the last, however, coloring the whole. He says: "I accept the trispartite, the trinity of God. I believe one can be three and three one. It can't be demonstrated, but it follows the analogy of the world." What analogy this mathematical absurdity follows he doesn't explain, nor can it be explained.

He "believes in miracles, and that they are possible now," yet talks of "God using natural law." What a miserable mental jumble! A miracle, as the word is used theologically, means a setting aside, a suspension, a violation of natural law. He muddles the whole matter.

Of the Bible he says: "I believe in its inspiration as laid down in the Westminster Catechism, with some few exceptions." Here is more muddle. He fails to make clear whether he holds the book infallible or not. It is a huddle unworthy an honest man.

Of immortality he says: "Christ revealed eternal life, it was not known before him." This is either stupid ignorance or a deliberate knavery. Samuel Johnson, after twenty years of study, said: "The Hindoo religion is saturated with the idea of immortality." One of the oldest prayers in the world in the Big-Veda is: "Come close to us, O Father! Along with the spirits of our fathers." Egypt, in the pyramid days, long before Christ, was full of the same idea. These facts are fully and clearly shown in writings of acknowledged orthodox authority, by Max Muller and others, who are in the library of many a minister. Is Mr. Beecher an ignorant man? Has he any right to play fast and loose with plain facts, and confound all moral distinctions?

After reading his statement, had, and still have, a stronger sense than ever of his want of moral integrity and mental clearness. He is not to be trusted. Detroit, Mich.

B. STEPHENS.

J. W. Kenyon, the lecturer, writes: "I found your warm friend, Dr. E. H. Dowson, at South Bend, Indiana, doing a good work as a healer and medium. In all this section of the State he is very highly spoken of. In his home will be found culture, in the soul stirring music of his daughters, who manipulate finely the piano, violin, and clarinet. At Michigan City we found Mr. Eddy with a new phase of mediumship, clairvoyantly reading passages from a blackboard. We find good mediums wherever we go."

Mr. John Wilson, a prominent citizen of Plato, Ill., and for many years postmaster, in renewing his subscription for the JOURNAL, says: "I am in hearty accord with the thousands of others, who endorse your efforts to free the spiritual ranks of free love, frauds and mountebanks; in so doing you have stirred up a big hornet's nest, but they (the hornets) don't seem to sting you worth a cent. Continue as you have been doing, exposing, fraud of every kind and upholding what is pure, and you have the approbation of all well meaning Spiritualists, and thousands of others. Let us have Spiritualism in its purity, or none."

L. Barrett of Whitehall, N. Y., writes: "This town seems to be dormant in reference to Spiritualism. If some good medium would come here for a few days it would give new life to our good cause."

### Fragments.

[Herald of Progress.]

Mr. Cade speaks about placing the last straw on the back of that huge monster—dark sciences. Strange to say, the last straw is a light science, and far too light to effect the purpose Mr. C. so ardently desires. What is a huge monster to one, is a great blessing to another, or, according to the proverb—"What is one man's meat, is another man's poison." Some of the most convincing, satisfactory, and beautiful spiritual phenomena has it been my privilege to witness at dark sciences. Let us agree to differ, without resorting to this indiscriminate, crushing process, soavoring of the worst spirit of intolerance and bigotry, and have some slight respect for those who differ from us regarding the merits of dark sciences. All our churches, so far as the spiritual side is concerned, are dark sciences. Ministers are too frequently, of all denominations, exposed in the newspapers, showing there is a wide gulf between profession and practice—few, it is true, in proportion to the great bulk, and so much may be said in respect to Spiritualist mediums. But who would think of taking one of them as the last straw to break the back of that huge monster—Christianism? Shade of Ebenezer! I spoke in my last letter about trance mediumship being a dead letter in London, which statement is, to an extent, confirmed by the announcement of the closing of Goswell Hall after the 24th inst. A neat, pretty, comfortable hall, capable of seating about one hundred and fifty persons, and situated within easy walking distance of twenty minutes from St. Paul's. What a striking comment upon the progress of the creed of the spirits in this million peopled city during the last decade! Having command of the best spiritual talent, and some self-denying voluntary workers, the services of the democratic religion cannot obtain, in the centre of four millions of people, sufficient of the one thing needed to pay the rent of a hall for one day weekly. Why is it that the creed of the spirits finds no echo in the needs and sympathies of the people? Fortunately, or unfortunately, sir, the democratic creed of the spirits is anything but a "huge monster." It is the most we of babes, in a state of inaction for the want of sustenance. It is a moot question whether there is anything "huge" about Spiritualism, except in the heated imaginations of enthusiasts, pro and con. I should be as diffident of finding ten physical mediums giving dark sciences in London, as Abraham was of finding ten righteous men in Sodom. What a "huge monster!"

I have before me a sheet of eight hymns to be sung at "two trance discourses," delivered by the "trance medium of London." How they make merchandise of the word trance. I do not question the soundness of the method. In the eight hymns there is not the remotest reference to the work, life, or even the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Thus a false impression prevails that all Spiritualists and Spiritualism are essentially anti-Christian, and, therefore, the churches will have none of it.

I will advert to some of the hindrances to investigators, namely, the lying messages that are frequently given through trance mediums. For example, a friend of mine, who had been separated from his wife, attended a séance for controls. A medium was contacted by a spirit, which purported to be his wife giving a circumstantial account of her death. He immediately set on a journey, and found the whole thing a baseless fabrication. Another instance, well known, a woman's husband had left home some years, and as she desired to get married, she was anxious to know whether he was still in the body, so she went where spirits are wont to congregate. A medium was contacted by the spirit of her husband, and another, and another, thus proof upon proof. The spirit assured her he had passed away, and was only too pleased to give sanction to her union, and he also would fetch his first wife from the spirit spheres, who also controlled and congratulated her. A tea party was held, and her husband controlled, and he played the music so beautifully, just as he did in earth, and all went merrily as a marriage bell, and she was married. But there was a deep sound as of a rising knell to all her hopes, when, shortly after, she casually met her first husband in too solid flesh, and what was poetry in the spheres, was quite different when on another plane. Another friend of mine was told by a control, that a person, to whom he was a large creditor, was about to fail, but if he went directly, the distance was some hundreds of miles, he would get what was due him. He went, and his credit got its due. The statement was a pure or rather impure invention. Such experiences are legion, but they have their lesson if we are willing to learn. "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." I have more stray thoughts and experiences than I can be sufficiently interesting for publication.—Sincerely yours, CHAS. R. WILLIAMS.

1, Penfold Road, Hackney, London, E.

### A Brilliant Light.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I am not a medium, but an earnest investigator. I have read the JOURNAL for years. Through Indiana and Ohio there are many who know nothing of Spiritualism, and they are too much afraid of their devil, to listen to one who speaks of the spirit world. On the evening of the fourth of November, while sitting on my porch with my brother-in-law who has always been an unbeliever in a future life, has read a great deal, and is intelligent and a good man, I related some of my experiences. He would hear me but would not believe. As I was talking there came a light, the brightness of which I cannot describe; it seemed something like the electric light, but far more brilliant. We first saw it coming on the steps of the porch; then it seemed to flash down suddenly from above. My brother-in-law saw it, and I looked in every direction to determine if possible where so bright a light could come from; while he examined it carefully, it suddenly vanished. He told me that it was about thirty feet wide and fifty feet long. It was, in my opinion, a spirit light, and he must have been the medium. He then consented to place his hands on the table, and in less than five minutes it began to tip and would respond to his thoughts as well as his words. Then he consented to hold a pencil in his right hand, and to write messages and names of his deceased friends, some of whom had passed to spirit life in boyhood. He now says that he believes in a future life; he could not find the evidence in any other way.

MRS. S. GRIFFITH.

### Experience of the Tom Thumb Troupe in the Milwaukee Fire.

The following private letter to the editor will be of interest to many who are personally acquainted with the parties, and hence its publication. It was received too late for use last week. The large number of attendants at Mrs. Allen's lecture when Mr. and Mrs. Beecher and Mrs. Stratton were present, will remember their genial faces and the deep interest evinced by Mrs. Stratton:

Mrs. Stratton received your letter and requested me to reply. We are all grateful for your kind sympathy in our misfortune. We have great cause to be thankful for our escape from death by burning; but my dear wife received terrible injuries. Her left shoulder was dislocated and arm fractured; her left hip dislocated and her right limb having a compound fracture just above the knee; her head also cut and injured in several places. The great wonder is that she survived. Although her condition is critical, she is progressing favorably.

We all lost everything we possessed in the way of clothing and a considerable amount of money which was in our trunks, but we count that as nothing in the frightful calamity. Mrs. Stratton saved her jewels. She thanks you for your kind wishes and will ever esteem your friendship. With the highest regard I am respectfully yours.

STEVENS BLECKER.

Milwaukee, Wis., Jan. 14th.

O. La Grange writes: I am glad to see that you are still exposing impostors and I hope you will follow them up until you have driven them all out of the field.

J. Baker writes: I very much admire the steady way you handle your craft and the course you are steering.

J. S. Cowdery writes: I appreciate the straight forward, manly policy of your paper, and hope to increase this list soon.

P. Mayers writes: We find your JOURNAL a desirable weekly.

### "NEMOKA."

#### The Michigan Camping Ground—A Grand Success—The State Association.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

One hundred acres of beautiful ground has been purchased on the shores of Pure Lake, ten miles from the capital of the State and on the line of the Chicago and Grand Trunk R. R. It contains a beautiful oak and hickory grove of fifteen acres. The lake is pure spring water, and the natural resort for central Michigan. It is the intention of the movers in the enterprise to start a liberal town or village, therefore, invite all who feel interested in the matter to forward their money to S. L. Shaw, at Saranac, Mich., or to J. M. Potter, or the Central Michigan Savings Bank at Lansing, Mich., and secure a full warranty deed of a good village lot containing one-fourth of an acre for the nominal price of \$25. Those who have contracted for lots and forwarded the money, will receive their deeds in a few days. There will be a thirty days camp meeting the coming summer on these grounds. Buy your grounds and prepare your cottages. For further particulars address me at Lansing, Mich.

#### THE STATE ASSOCIATION.

I am frequently asked by letter and otherwise what my views are in regard to perpetuating the organization in this State under its present name (of which I am president), known as the State Association of Spiritualists and Liberals. This inquiry comes to me, no doubt, as the result of frequent discussions where parties, equally sincere, differ in regard to what is wise in the matter. As the president of such Association, I cannot, nor do I desire to, forswear an opinion of that body, but as a private individual, I do not think it wise or proper for me to withhold my opinion, therefore desire a small space in your paper for that expression. While I have felt individually that I was at liberty to go into any port, and exchange an old error for a new truth, I do not think it necessary to leave home permanently for that object. There is an irrepressible conflict going on to-day between Materialism and Spiritualism; two elements more widely differing cannot be found. Each is doing much in its own way to agitate and enlighten, but combined in organic work they produce inharmonious, and that prevents successful society work that would result in great good. I believe there should be two societies doing independent work. Where their work pertained to a common object, they could assist one another. This is not a hasty conclusion, but the result of much deliberation. J. M. POTTER, President of State Association of Spiritualists and Liberals.

#### A Child Spiritualist.

Special correspondence to the Cincinnati Gazette from Rushville, Ind., December 5, says: Cumberland the mind reader, is wanted over this way. If he can explain in a satisfactory manner the "spiritual" manifestations of little Susie Hearn, of this place. She is an orphan girl, aged 13 years, and resides with the family of our City Marshal, Mr. Waggoner, through whose kindness your correspondent was invited to attend one of her home exhibitions, which scores of our citizens throng to see each evening.

We were accompanied by a young man of a scientific turn of mind, one of musical predispositions, and other who deals largely in the mythical, all "unbelievers." Entering the pleasant home, we found the same comfortably filled with our best people, many of whom have become converts. Susie was then giving her performance to the astonishment of the visitors, whose mouths and eyes stood distended, and they had assumed positions of awe and expectancy, as though the "spirits" would soon call them to account. The "unbelievers" propounded several questions to the "spirits" without any answer, which fact could easily be accounted for. However, at the instance of the little girl, the small center table by which she was standing would proceed in the direction of any person in the room whom she would designate, and knocks could be heard proceeding from the table in response to questions put by her. Again the table would tip from side to side, then shake as if in convulsions. However, when near a community of "unbelievers," the "spirits" would refuse to respond to questions, or manifest their presence even when earnestly entreated by the medium.

When asked when she first discovered her powers Susie responded not over a month since, when, after she had retired to sleep, the knocks about her couch were so audible that she became alarmed, since when it has been a source of uneasiness, and when she "calls up the spirit," which she thinks is that of her mother, she becomes so nervous that even her eyes hurt.

Many who have witnessed her performances are soundly convinced that no other solution can be given than that of "real live spirits." Others think it must be evil spirits. Again, others account for it on the ground of animal magnetism. This, they say, is evident from the fact that when the medium's hands are not upon the table it will not move. Again, when her attention is attracted to another object she has not the "spiritual" power, convincing many of the truth of the assertion of an eminent scientist, who claims that there is an intimate connection between mind and matter which has never been explained.

In justice to her, we will say that there is no trick connected with her manifestations, and many experiments have been resorted to to explain them by divers prominent persons without satisfactory results. Any person who can explain them is invited to investigate for himself and see "if these things be so."

Meantime citizens continue to throng the home of the little girl, and become more and more convinced that it is or is not "spirits."

#### Ghostly Visitation.

Mr. Pleasant has a ghost sensation. Taylor's mill, formerly known as the old De Wolf mill, is said to be haunted by a genuine ghost. Years ago a murder is said to have been committed in the mill and lately a white vaporous form, which says it is the spirit of the murdered man, has taken to roaming through the mill nights, making all sorts of unearthly noises, and it says its body was thrown into a hole in the ground under the northwest corner of the mill, and the spirit demands a decent burial. A number of the most reliable citizens of Mt. Pleasant, including policemen, the president of the county agricultural society and others have been staying in the mill over night endeavoring to unravel the mystery, but without avail. They have seen and conversed with the ghostly object, but have been unable to tell from whence it came or whither it goeth. It appears with a light in its hand, and when they attempt to follow, it disappears like vapor.—Gate City, Keokuk, Iowa.

#### "In Heartiest Sympathy."

A well known writer attached to the editorial staff of a leading Eastern magazine writes: "I am in heartiest sympathy with the aims of your paper. It is the only spiritualistic journal in the country that I can more than tolerate—fraud, credulity and a low intellectual standard being the position of all the others. These facts make all spiritualistic literature obnoxious to many who would gladly know more of the subject, as yet too hedged about with these conditions to receive justice from either friends or enemies. Mrs. Potter's work is always of a high order, and I am sure you have a future, and will be able more and more to make the JOURNAL an exponent of the highest development the faith has for its followers. A hearty God speed for the paper, and all personal good wishes for you and yours."

#### Decay of Catholic Nations.

I admit that Catholic nations are decaying. The sixteenth century was an age of protest. The seventeenth century was an age of doubt. The eighteenth century was one of denial, and in the nineteenth God is ostracized. Yes, these nations are decaying, and they deserve to decay. I am a Catholic. I would die this moment for my religion, for a religion that is not worth dying for is not worth living up to. But still I say these nations deserve to decay. I have traveled through Europe, and I saw more true religion in Queenstown in Ireland, than I saw in Rome in the continent in as many months. When Catholic nations fall they fall far.—Robert Egan's Boston Lecture.

Wm. H. Barnard writes: The JOURNAL is the only spiritual paper with which I am acquainted that I will have in my house.

### Brooklyn (N. Y.) Spiritual Fraternity.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

On the evening of Dec. 20th, Mrs. Milton Rathbun gave us an able and timely discourse, the subject of which was, "Watchman, tell us of the night, what its signs of promise are." It reviewed the past and present of our cause and gave auspicious prophecies of its future success and triumph, but the fair speaker argued that if this success were attained, it would be by earnest and persistent work by those who had accepted its facts and were striving to live its beautiful philosophy and religion. The speaker urged as a means for the accomplishment of this grand result, the more generous patronage of our spiritual papers, the purchase and circulation of books on Spiritualism, the protection and care of all genuine mediums, whether used in public or private, and by right living on the part of those who had accepted the cross of mediumship, and also urged the absolute necessity of such purposes on the part of every one who claimed to be a Spiritualist. The large audience seemed to be in sympathy with the fair lecturer. She is honored and respected by a large number of friends in our city. Mrs. Rathbun speaks with ease and fluency, and impresses all who hear her by her earnest sincerity, intellectual power and womanly virtues, which she so beautifully represents as the wife, mother and friend. God grant that more of such teachers may be called into the public work, for the harvest is great, but the laborers are few.

Friday evening, January 5th, we had no meeting owing to a very severe north-east wind storm. On Friday evening, Jan. 12th, the President spoke of the recent transition of Prof. S. B. Brittan to the eternal home, and said that he had known him for thirty years, and that in all the relations of life he knew him to have been a true and faithful man. He spoke of his sacrifices in the cause when a preacher in the Universalist denomination, which in the early days of our cause furnished not only Prof. Brittan, but Wm. Fishbough, J. M. Peebles, Charles Hammond, Adin Ballou and many others. No man among us would be more loved, and none understood the principles of Spiritualism more clearly, and while Prof. Brittan was editor of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, he gave a tone and character to the movement which had never been fully appreciated or recognized.

Mr. J. C. R. Pooler said that he had known Prof. Brittan for many years, and his able articles had produced a marked impression on the thought of the times. His scholarly productions were read not only by Spiritualists, but by the thinkers of whatever name. As a controversialist, Prof. B. had equal calm, dignified but convincing, his discussion with Prof. Richmond had been pronounced by Horace Greeley as among the ablest ever given in reference to the subject.

Mr. Latham spoke of the influence of spiritual teachings in regard to death and the after-life. He said that Beecher had knocked hell out of old theology, and that the teachings of modern Spiritualism had changed and moulded modern thought, and his teachings in regard to death and the after-life could not be other than beneficial, for it taught personal responsibility and accountability; that sin and misery went together; and when men became righteous by right living, by kind and loving deeds, they found the kingdom of heaven was within, and one who had accepted Spiritualism in its truest sense, could say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Mr. A. G. Kip gave some very interesting experiences of Spiritualism, but the results of his home circle, which was held every Wednesday evening, and which was blessed with the presence of the angels.

Mr. Le Grand Douglass, Jr., gave an account of a materialization which he had witnessed under circumstances precluding imposture.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, S. B. Nichols; Vice President, D. M. Cole; Secretary, J. Jeffers; Treasurer, W. H. Rynas; Executive committee, E. Nuttall, Hon. A. H. Dalley, A. G. Kip.

#### Tests of Spirit Presence.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Some thirty-two years ago in the town of Clinton, Illinois, the angels first manifested to us their interest in my family in this wise: My little boy, two years of age, lay very sick. We, of course, employed doctors, but after his health had failed, called a council of physicians to consult in the case, but all concluded there was no hope; he must die. The child had then laid unconscious for three days. Well, at this time the glorious gospel of spirit intercourse was so new that the brightness of its glory had scarcely reached the central portions of Illinois. My wife, always so truly devoted to the care and comfort of the family, weary of watching over our sick child, seated herself and requested our youngest daughter, about ten years of age, to comb her hair, and while doing so, the rays were heard on the wall. The little girl, somewhat alarmed, moved quickly aside, exclaiming, "Mother what noise is that?" The mother replied that she guessed there was nothing, and requiring her to proceed with her work, which she did; but again the rapping commenced. "Why," said the little girl, "mother, there is something rapping. Is it not the spirits?" I was not present in the room at the time, but as soon as I entered they told me what had occurred. We then seated ourselves at a stand, and had not long to wait before the rapping began, but we were only then taking our first lesson, as we had no access to spiritual literature, but fortunately I had conversed with a gentleman who had been East and he informed me that our spirit friends would respond to the alphabet, so I commenced to call over the letters and wrote down the responses, and thus they gave us a prescription for the sick child, and added by way of a test, that if we would follow the directions that the child would in three days be able to sit up in bed and drink some soup. From this time on we followed the prescription of the physician from the higher spheres, who claimed to be Zera Wakefield. It is useless to add that the changes occurred as he had predicted, and my son is still living, and he will transcribe this communication and send it to you, as at my age, seventy-four, I cannot write a good hand. I have been one of the world's workers, and over work has injured my nervous system, so that I can scarcely write.

JOHN A. BEAM.

Bear, Arkansas.

#### Notes and Extracts.

Health is the vital principle of bliss.—*Thomson.*

Rich gifts wax poor when others prove unkind.—*Shakespeare.*

Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul, and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.—*Bailou.*

The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will in turn be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow.—*Washington Irving.*

A moderate self-confidence is the foundation of true manliness of character, and the source whence have issued most of the noblest enterprises in the world's history.

Poverty is hard, but debt is horrible; a man might as well have a smoky house and scolding wife, which are said to be the two worst evils of our life.—*Spurgeon.*

Knowledge is as food, and needs no less Her temperance over appetite, to know In measure what the mind may well contain; Oppress it with surfeit, and soon turns Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.—*Milton.*

Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character, are required to set up in the grumbling business. But those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint.—*Robert West.*

It is common to talk about the work of the school in making good citizens. The school can and in this work, but the homes of a country, far more than the schools, determine the character of its citizens. It is in the home that the foundations of character are laid.—*Geo. McDonald.*

Hope and daring will not accomplish a great deal unless toil is their handmaid. Duties and toil may not be sought; they are always near at hand, if our eyes will only see them. Well directed toil will insure success in every walk of life, high or low.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint and the hero, the wise, the good and the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light.

### CAUSE FOR APPREHENSION.

#### Why Mysterious Physical Troubles Arouse Special Dread—A Professional Experience.

Few things give more pain than dread or apprehension. Most people are able to face apparent danger heroically, but the sudden and unexpected coming of some indefinite calamity very naturally strikes terror to even the bravest. For this reason lightning and tornadoes are considered terrible their coming and going are so sudden, unannounced and unknown. For this same reason an unknown disease, some poison in the blood, some malady that is gradually undermining the life, is specially dreaded by all thinking people. And, indeed, there are good reasons for such dread, for modern science has discovered that some virulent disorders show the least signs in their beginnings, while they have the worst possible symptoms. We know of many persons who have dull and uncertain pains in various portions of the body; who are unnaturally tired one day and apparently well the next; who have an enormous appetite at times and a loathing of food soon thereafter. Such persons are really in a dangerous condition, even though they may not realize it. The following statement of a most prominent physician, who has had unusual opportunities for investigation is of so striking and important a nature that it will be read with interest by all:

#### ASSOCIATED CHARITIES OF CINCINNATI.

##### BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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OFFICE: No. 27½ WEST EIGHTH STREET, O. ANDERSON, M. D., SUPERINTENDENT. CINCINNATI, O., DEC. 2, 1882.

##### Medical Editors:

I have during my professional career of many years' practice, treated a large number of various disorders, of which, perhaps, none have given me more trouble than the mysterious disease known as acute nephritis; and while it may seem strange, it is, nevertheless, true, that the physician is generally greatly annoyed by this mysterious trouble (especially when the case is of hereditary origin). It is doubtless, the first stage of the well-known, but terrible Bright's disease, as the kidneys contain large quantities of albumen; and while children and young people are especially liable to its attacks, it is prevalent with all classes, and usually continues until late in life.

One obstinate case which came under my observation, was that of a fireman of this city who applied to me for treatment. The case was diagnosed parenchymatous nephritis. The man was twenty-four years of age; plethoric and light complexioned. He stated that he had suffered from urinary troubles from childhood, and that he had "doctored" a hundred times, each time improving somewhat, after which, in a short while, he would relapse into his former state of misery. I prescribed the usual therapeutics known to the profession with the same result that my colleagues had obtained. He got better for a while and then worse again; in fact, so bad that he had to lay off for some time. He suffered intense pain; so much so that I confess I had to resort to hypodermic injections of morphia. My drug, possibly as my knowledge deepened, was with the case, although not willing to desert the man, advised me to try a remedy from which he (the druggist) himself, had derived great benefit. As a druggist man catches at a straw, I prescribed this remedy, not letting my patient, however, know what I was giving him; and, although not a believer in nor a patron of "patent medicines," I must confess that after my fireman had taken one bottle he grew much better. I made him continue its use for a period of two months, with the most gratifying results; it really worked wonders and, what he had "doctored" a hundred times, each time improving somewhat, after which, in a short while, he would relapse into his former state of misery. I prescribed the usual therapeutics known to the profession with the same result that my colleagues had obtained. He got better for a while and then worse again; in fact, so bad that he had to lay off for some time. He suffered intense pain; so much so that I confess I had to resort to hypodermic injections of morphia. My drug, possibly as my knowledge deepened, was with the case, although not willing to desert the man, advised me to try a remedy from which he (the druggist) himself, had derived great benefit. As a druggist man catches at a straw, I prescribed this remedy, not letting my patient, however, know what I was giving him; and, although not a believer in nor a patron of "patent medicines,"



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To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

point for one to set up a standard of morality for another, yet we can point to the necessity for each one to live up to their highest convictions of right and fulfill their moral duties as they present themselves to their comprehension. I have said that true justice is the basic foundation of morality, and how little true justice we find in our journeyings through life. I do not touch upon this virtue as the time is too short for a comprehensive elucidation of the subject. Of all the words in the English language, justice is to one the most sacred of all virtues. Justice is the most divine; of all the principles in nature, justice is the most holy. I no relation of life is there greater injustice done by men to their fellow men than is done by the tongue of gossip and slander. All are ever too ready to impugn another's act; to controvert their motives and thereby blast their reputation. All classes of people have to great a tendency to malign each other, if not by an unvarnished tale of slander, by insinuation, innuendoes and significant glances or shrugs of the shoulders, all of which pass current as positive evidence of some wrong committed, some act, motive, or design entertained not in accord with the highest standard of morality. Suddenly the victim of this great injustice is awakened to the fact that his or her reputation, once fair, has become clouded, and they feel the antagonistic elements closing round them. How rarely stop to ask of the truth or falsity of the evidence of wrong, and how many seem only too glad to be able to rehearse something of an unpleasant character to their eager listeners.

### A Question.

*"Coming Events Cast their Shadows Before."*

To the Editor of the *Religion-Philosophy Journal*:

When it is stated that, she had not the slightest knowledge that Mr. H——g had formed any purpose to leave his present situation (as at the time he had not decided even to himself that he should do so, or in what direction his interest might lead him, if circumstances occurred to bring it about), it will be seen that the knowledge she had displayed must of necessity have come from some source outside of normal conditions. But the most remarkable phase of her unfoldment in this affair is that some months afterward, the affair of Mr. H——g came to such shape as evolved the necessity of his seeking some other field of labor, when he first came to Cleveland; but not securing such a situation as he desired, he retraced his steps as far as Norwalk, and there accepted a temporary place to work. Here the woman had come to view the large manufacturing city and the small towns where he would have the short stay; and soon after came an additional fulfillment of her forecast, in the offer of the situation he desired at the large city. Still more remarkable, he found that the firm he was employed by had just vacated an old wooden building, to take possession of a new brick factory that was not even erected at the time Mrs. Smith had so minutely described it! More than this, the description of the two proprietors, and especially of the young man in authority who would extend to him a hand of welcome, proved true to the life; and if she had stood in the building, she could not have more accurately pointed out the locality of the stairs

### Kitchen Economy.

*Interesting Tests Made By The Government Chemist.*

### A Criticism of Dr. Thomas's Sermon.

To the Editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*:

Dr. Thomas says: "But because there are portions of the Scriptures that I cannot explain nor accept, shall I, therefore, reject their whole great drift of teaching and the steady progress to a great end?" and answers "Certainly not," and I would echo, "Certainly not," if "these Scriptures" were recorded

### Hypercriticism.

To the Editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*:

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